

East And West

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EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Prime Minister has sounded the call and the Viceroy answered it on behalf of India. His Excellency has summoned a conference at Delhi to give the lead to a waiting people, and to consider the problems of defence—His Excellency made a noble speech, the gracious message of His Majesty stirred the inherent loyalty of the Princes and People and India re-offered its devotion and desire to serve the Crown. The Conference, however, does not seem to have decided on a definite policy. It did not take into consideration the necessity of educating public opinion and to make the people realize their duty and their danger. The time for ruminating on the hill tops about the shortcomings of Indian politicians has gone. The men who are throwing away their lives in the fields of France and Flanders and other important theatres of the war call for unity, co-operation and immediate action. To delay is to betray the dead, and to barter away the future for which they gave their lives.

Since the collapse of Russia the doors of the East have been opening to our enemies.

Incongruous Days. The Government of India must have been aware of the danger, but it cannot somehow come to quick decisions and our politicians do not seem to recognise that constitutions are merely means to an end, to secure the free and safe enjoyment of the boundless bounties of God. India is not in immediate danger but active preparation is the surest guarantee of peace. It has been said of old "Where there is no vision the people perish."

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Things in India move slowly. The new recruits will not fall into shape readily. There are

The Pace. no manufacturing facilities to meet the demand for equipment and munitions of war at a scale required by modern warfare. Our resources, therefore, in men, money and munitions cannot expand at a bound. The Conference has given no indication how a given number of men are going to be raised and trained in a given number of days. Four years of war have proved the futility of counting on our side help and favouring circumstances, to meet the relentless preparations of the enemy.

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The modern weapons have made warfare a real inferno, raining death from above and below, through the air and underneath the seas, and brave men very often die without encountering a foe. The

The Lessons of the War. way to victory, as before, has to be hacked through enemy

forces, regardless of losses, which have enormously increased. Has the Government of India come to a correct appraisal as to the men and munitions it needs? The Germans, profiting by the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war, made adequate arrangements while we waited and watched, depending on starving them into submission. India has never fought with success with her back to the wall. The preparation, therefore, must be for a strong offensive. Indeed a third army must be ready to take the field, supported by large and strong reserves while our forces in Mesopotamia and Egypt should be fully and adequately re-inforced.

If India is to be awakened from its apparent sense of security, to the needs of the situation
Living Issue. the question of defence should be made a living issue. It is idle to expect perfection from Indians; to act without lead; to construe a hint, and unasked force their opinions and their co-operation. The psychology of the crowd does not differ materially anywhere. England did not fall into line till her statesmen gave the lead. Men of light and leading of all shades of opinion joined hands and started the campaign in which all the leading newspapers co-operated. Why should not our ministers and public men do the same? Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the Punjab has been long alive to the situation, his success is an object lesson for provincial Governments and the Government of India. The response which the Province has made is no less due to the lead he gave than to the war-like traditions of the people. Surely there is something for India to learn from four years of war, the price which the Empire is paying for over confidence and inadequate preparation.

If India does not move, the blame will not rest entirely on Indian shoulders. No persistent effort has been made in India to bring home to the people, the ideals for which England is fighting, and what India is likely to lose with the Empire. In England all the leading men and the leading newspapers keep this aspect of this question before the public. In India nothing has been done even to interpret the declared policy of His Majesty's Government regarding responsible Government. Nothing has been done to strengthen the faith of the people in the great things that are coming, and faith is the foundation of loyalty. A campaign to capture opinion in favour of Government should be started, and every office of the Government should have instructions to place in the clearest possible light what the promised goal of responsible Government means, and how it was the wish of every Englishman to prepare India for the great boon and how it was necessary for India to throw its weight in the War to secure it. It would help matters not a little if Lord Northcliffe were asked to include India in his field of operations. He could help immensely in rousing enthusiasm and sounding a clear call to wage Dharma Yudha.

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'Never under-rate your enemy' is an old saying. The sooner the preparation begins the more strength it will bring to soldiers grimly holding on in France. It must be remembered that besides politics India has imperishable ideals of loyalty and devotion which have survived through ages. As a first step towards

Defence Association.

organisation, an Imperial Defence Association should be formed, with branches in all Provincial towns working in full knowledge of the changing war situation, and in close co-operation with the Government. The Bazar is always full of rumours, and like the palmist gets credit for things that turn out true. The presence of Indians in the Defence Association will dispel the nervousness which these rumours occasion, and at the same time afford the advanced politicians an opportunity to begin by learning to defend their homes as a prelude to Home Rule. There is work for all, the Home Rulers, the natural leaders and their followers; for the poets and politicians, and the humble ploughmen, who must leave the plough and take the rifle. All must learn to do and die for the Empire, to secure equal partnership in the Commonwealth.

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India needs a large army, immense stores of war material and a great improvement in its communications. A single Railway line, which even in times of peace is congested, is not likely to meet the needs of the war. India ought to be entirely prepared and independent in the matter of supplies. The Munition Board has done much to organise such resources as could be mobilised. The time has come to go a step further. Import the necessary workmen and plant from America, and manufacture all the munitions of war in India itself. The initial cost will be great, but it will be a permanent gain to the country.

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Voluntary recruiting did not meet the needs of the situation in England and is not likely to meet the needs of India. I am not, however, advocating immediate conscription. A large army can be raised by organising district militia, officered largely by Indians. Every district should provide its quota of soldiers and train them in the district itself. The permanent police reserves should also be expanded. India will not object to the youth of the country being trained. Indeed this training will serve her well even in time of peace. The pay of the army has been raised in England and ought to be raised in India; the *Izzat* and prestige of the soldiers restored; King's Commissions should be granted without delay and a training Corps of officers immediately started. Only those who dare, win great battles. Trust India, take leading men into your confidence, let them share your burdens, provide the organisation and India will provide men who will die for their King and their country. Men are not moved by cold words only. They need noble and great motives to move them. For God made man in his image, and victory comes to armies that fight the battles of God.

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The passports issued to the Home Rule Deputation have been cancelled by the War Cabinet. The Government of India, it appears, interceded but the War Cabinet refused to reconsider its decision.

The Home Rule Deputation.

In these critical times the action of the War Cabinet is not without justification. England needs all its strength to meet the enemy and to guard the gates of the Empire. A

great battle is proceeding in France. This is hardly the time to receive a deputation from India. You may as well expound schemes of reconstruction to a man in high fever. It is reasonable that His Majesty's Government having declared its policy must wait for Mr. Montagu's return, who is expected to mark the stages towards the goal of responsible Government. Mr. Tilak and his friends will do well to accept the wisdom of the decision. There is work waiting for them here to prepare India for its defence and wait for better times. India must now throw its whole weight in the mighty conflict. Incidentally nothing could give greater proof of the faith of even the Home Rulers in the strength, stability, and good intentions of the British Government than the proposed visit of their deputation to England. The clouds of war have failed to cloud their faith in the ultimate success of the British arms, and in the capability of the British public to hear the deputation speaking in the name of India. The Indian army in various theatres of war has played a glorious part in the past, and it will be a glorious day for India if our armies retrieve the day and bring victory to the great cause. So let India prepare itself.

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I have the highest regard for Mr. Gandhi, for his unselfishness and his sense of service, though I have never met him. The condition of things which attracted him to Behar are not confined only to Indigo planters but can be traced elsewhere. The partial failure of crops is not an uncommon feature of Indian agriculture. Crops come to full maturity only where irrigation is guaranteed. But is Mr. Gandhi quite sure about his remedies? Does he really believe that passive resistance in

**Mr. Gandhi and
Passive Resistance.**

the hands of an illiterate population will conduce to good government, on which depends the prosperity of the people? He knows how disorder in these days of war has a tendency to increase, and how security is essential for the improvement of the people he loves. Does he not realise that the roots of the evil lie deeper and must be reached to effect a permanent cure? The cure of chronic poverty is in the organisation of agriculture and industry, in helping the agriculturist to grow better and more paying crops, and to place his produce in the most advantageous market, and in securing for the country a more reasonable Land Tax policy. No suspensions and remissions of revenue can do this. Let the agriculturist learn to help himself before he learns to resist, and grows out of acceptance which have been the solace of his life in the past. On the other hand there does not seem any reason why the Government of Bombay should refuse to suspend revenue in tracts where crops have wholly or partially failed. Suspension does not mean remission. Sir Antony (Lord) MacDonnell when he administered Famine relief in the United Provinces often discovered that official reports were wrong. He visited the Districts himself. Could not His Excellency Lord Willingdon pay a visit to the affected areas? The fields will speak and reveal to his trained eye what they produced. The official valuations are generally too optimistic to be depended upon.

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Sir S. P. Sinha in the Local Legislative Council introduced a Bill to establish village Self-Government in Bengal. The villages are to elect their own village councils, to manage the village affairs. The Bill is conceived in a liberal spirit and will lay

firm the foundations of Self-Government. Lord Ronaldshay supported the Bill as a foster father, thus proving that the Government was no less anxious to help the country to Self-Government than its advanced politicians. The difference between the two is that of means and methods. The Government say it must move slowly till the people in the villages learn the meaning of responsibility. The politicians think that once the superstructure is raised it will slowly settle down and stand firm. A larger spirit of confidence and trust between the two will insure peaceful progress. * * *

The Patrol Bill. The village Patrol Bill introduced in the Punjab in contrast with the measure of Self-Government in Bengal seems something of an anachronism. The village Panchiat to begin with is not to be an elective body, its decisions are not to be final. The all seeing Deputy Commissioner is to have absolute authority. It is true that an appeal against his decision can be made to the Commissioner, but with the report of the Deputy Commissioner is he likely to interfere in such an executive affair? The Punjab will do well to give its Panchiats more power and make them responsible to the villages, instead of making them responsible to the executive, so that the move towards responsible Government may begin in the villages. * * *

The Partnership Scheme. In the April issue Mr. E. Cotes published his scheme of partnership, which is an improvement on the scheme of Mr. Curtis in this sense, that it does away with diarchy and makes the growth of responsible Government, dependent on education. In

theory India is to get responsible Government immediately; in practice the franchise is to include only the literates, and for the illiterates the Government is to select and nominate representatives. The franchise is automatically to grow with growing education. The scheme is extremely practical and the Home Rulers are only asked to educate the country to receive complete self-government. We can give it our full support.

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For the last eight or ten years politics have been absorbing all the attention of the Government as well as of public men. The great problem of economic development of the country and agricultural organisation have gone into the back ground. Every district has its problem of drainage, irrigation and communication which need urgent attention. The pressure of population has grown with every decade, rents are increasing, the cost of production and the cost of living more than doubled, while the productive power of the soil remains unchanged. A fair proportion of the population is always on the verge of starvation. You can easily distinguish between men who get food and those who do not, by merely looking at them. There are parts of the Province, which suffer from drought. There are others which are turned into an unhealthy swamp for hundreds of miles. The control of water which adds so much to the value of crops must be considered for every district as the most urgent measure. The Sardha Canal which has been waiting since the days of Lord MacDonnell will do it for a large area, but the needs of other areas should also be surveyed and means provided. Take the principal

crops, wheat, rice, oil seeds, cotton and sugarcane. It is the worst possible seed that is sown. There are no facilities for the tenants to grow better wheat, rice and other paying crops, and when grown, to market them to any advantage. Local weights and measures puzzle even the educated, and the operations of the middlemen allow no direct relation between the producer and the buyers. The publishing of daily prices in the market and introducing of standard weights and measures will be a great help, but even this has not been done. The waste from the cotton seed, and in the manufacture of sugar, runs into many figures. Most of the Taluqdari Estates are in debt, the tenants are poor, the labour immobile, and yet we hear of nothing but constitutional reforms. It is time that the attention was turned to the needs of the Province, to the happiness and prosperity of the people which is the goal of all politics. The Taluqdars need a Land Liquidation Bank, the tenants a larger security of tenure. The sons of Taluqdars require occupation and training in an atmosphere in which the old and new ideals of life combine. The landless village drudge needs relief from debts which he cannot pay. Village education needs the breath of life. There is stagnation in all directions. Now, of course, war overshadows everything, but there is no reason why an agricultural and industrial survey of every district should not be undertaken. It will afford material for constructive work after the war. Sir Harcourt Butler has the reputation of taking up new things. If he takes up organisation of Agriculture and Industries he will leave his Province much happier, and change the idle discontent into active co-operation. The future is full of immense possibilities.

The belief in the immortality of the soul is rooted deep in the human heart. Men like Herbert Spencer, who for long fought against it, in the end came to believing that the Life principle could not die. Life on earth is like the shadow of a bird that is flying. "Away flyeth the bird and there is neither the bird nor the shadow," is an old saying but it only means that the bird has taken wing and not that it ceases to be. Now do we meet again? How many are even here truly united? Possessed of self, conscious of nothing else, men and women rarely seek or find eternal unions. They are like travellers that gather in a railway compartment meeting to part and take their different roads. But those who have set their hearts on the same goal must travel together whether on earth or across the border and can never be parted. They leave the divergent paths which intersect the tangled jungle of existence and take the straight road leading to His feet. True union can only be found in the heart of God.

**Do the Parted
Meet?**

حسرت نظر کو دل کو تہش لب کو خاشاکی
انعام ہوتی رہے ہیں تیری بارگاہ میں

"Heat to the heart, hunger to eyes, and silence to the lips.

These gifts are distributed at Thy gate."

INDIA AND THE EMPIRE.

BRITISH Imperialism as a political belief has undergone a great change, since the time when Chamberlain was its high priest and Rudyard Kipling its strident oracle. In those days of rampant Jingoism, it was of the aggressive Hun-British type. The conception of a federation of free nations did not and could not under these circumstances come within the range of these Imperialists, who assumed that all alien peoples must in their own interests be willing to subordinate themselves to British rule. In spite of the efforts of great Englishmen like Sir Walter Raleigh and G. K. Chesterton to banish this superstition, it still obscures the mental horizon of a good many Englishmen, and especially of those in this country (of which) *the atmosphere* is not conducive to the development of a sense of humour. But as any kind of a belief, however absurd, held in common constitutes a bond, so this Imperial Jingoism did for a time strengthen the bonds between Great Britain and the Colonies, and seemed to justify the hopes of its protagonists. Its decline, however, produced a reaction, and intensified the weakening of racial unity which the growth of Nationalism in the self-governing Colonies had begun to effect. The consideration is

of importance when the future position of India within the Empire is to be conjectured for in the absence of any formal bonds of union, it is the milieu or atmosphere which will determine the harmony or otherwise of the union of the different elements.

Leaving aside the legal status of the self-governing colonies with reference to the mother country as this condition affects each colony as an individual and without reference to the others, the links which bind the colonies are three—mutual attachment to the Crown, racial ties, and mutual self-interest. Now, although the present war has served to bring more closely together the components of the Empire, it doesn't follow that all these factors in the making of this unity have increased in strength, such evidence, as we have, tending to show that the strength of one if not two has declined, but that the increase in strength of the third has more than compensated. Apart from the reasons already given, the weakening of the bond of race was accentuated by the formation of a new self-governing colony, South Africa, the majority of whose people are non-British. It became obvious that racial unity was not an essential condition to the unity of Empire, and this argument was driven home when South Africa not less than Canada or Australia took on the burden of war against the common enemy. Finally, the conditions under which the self-governing Colonies have taken their share in the war in common with Great Britain and her allies have tended to emphasise not racial unity but racial diversity. It can be safely concluded, therefore, that the influence of a common racial origin in preserving the unity of the Empire has considerably decreased, and that one or the other of the

remaining factors must have more than proportionately increased in importance.

There are evidences for and against the belief that the Imperial Crown has increased its significance as a result of the present war, and for the purposes of this argument it does not matter which is correct. In India, certainly, the glamour of Imperial majesty has not declined nor is there any reason to believe that it will decline by a change in the political condition of this country. But on the contrary, with the growth of free institutions, and with a wider and clearer political horizon there will develop a surer and, therefore, stronger appreciation of the importance of the Imperial Crown in conserving the unity of the Empire. A servile India gives the unwilling obeisance and lip loyalty of the slave, a free India will enhance the strength of the dignity of him who rules it as a free people. But what is of importance to the present consideration is this that the element of social exclusiveness having lost its strength the imperial atmosphere is freed from that factor which might have rendered India's entrance into the comity of Empire regarded in the light of an intrusion. On the contrary, when the responsibilities of Empire are more equally distributed and when the centre of gravity tends to shift from the Parliament of Westminster, it will be well nigh impossible to formulate a scheme of Imperial Federation into which India can fit in any other capacity than that of a self-governing people.

With the nation as with the individual the consideration of self-interest grows with wealth and power. The man who has nothing to lose neither fears the covetousness of his neighbour nor does he regard with anything

but indifference the services of the policeman. When, however, he has accumulated property or won security, he begins to value the means by which what he has obtained is assured to him. Regard for their self-interest has grown with the growth of the self-governing colonies, a gradual realisation of possible dangers threatening their security and a more critical examination of the means which exist for their protection. The war has completed the process of enlightenment. For the first time in the history of the Empire, it has become plain to all men that the Empire rests not solely on the strength of the mother country, but on the security of each individual colony and that as the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, so the weakness of any constituent of Empire endangers the safety of all. And in this connection the example of South Africa is most apposite. Had the reactionaries who bitterly opposed Campbell-Bannerman's measure of self-government for the Boers had their way, the opening of the war would have found the Boers ripe for revolt, a condition which Germany could have utilised with incalculable advantage to herself. When the reorganisation of Empire is made after the war, this question of the strength and security of each individual element will come up for examination. It is obvious that a weak and discontented India would be a source of danger, and that it is to the interest of Australia and South Africa especially to see that such a danger is avoided. A great self-governing India whether in the form of a single State or of a Confederation of States linked to the other Empire States by the ties of self-interest and attachment to the Crown will be of primary importance. In view of the present conditions in the East, and of the

future possibilities that may be forecasted, it would not be too much to say that such a state is inevitable and essential if the British Empire in the East is to continue to exist.

That a self-governing India will be morally and materially stronger than the India of to-day has been assumed, and the assumption is warranted not only by the teaching of history but by the policy of the Government of India which places the establishment of popular assemblies amongst the most important evidences of India's progress. It has been also supposed that a free India will be willing to keep up the connection with the British Empire, and this hypothesis can be regarded as invalid only by those who would deny to responsible Indians the average share of common sense. Indian politicians recognise as clearly as any one does on which side their bread is buttered. India will need all the help she can get from the British Empire, and Indians know perfectly well that help and support will be forthcoming in greater measure and on easier terms than it can be had elsewhere. On this ground alone it is absurd to contend that the British Empire will be weakened by the grant of self-government to India. But there are higher grounds than this, and if the opponents of Indian Home Rule impute to Indian politicians in general a desire to get rid of the British connection, they not only arraign the common sense of India, they depreciate English civilisation itself. For if English education has not created a bond of sympathy between the educated Indian and England which will remain and revive when political differences and racial inequalities have been adjusted, then English civilisation confesses itself a very poor thing. But it is not so. There is no racial antipathy in the real sense amongst Indians.

Such antipathy as does exist is not directed against the race, it is directed against the arrogance which would keep India in a condition of inferiority, and would deny to Indians the status of free men, in a free country. When that arrogance has subsided beneath the surface of accomplished facts, racial antipathy will disappear, and Indians and English can work together with enthusiasm for the good of India with the consciousness that India's progress contributes to the strength of the Empire.

MACLIR.

TO JOHN CHRISTIE.

He walked as one who walked with God
He shed on all a radiance sweet
Would shield a worm where rough feet trod
The Genius of Disraeli Street.

He soared to heights on eagle wings
He spanned the stars with vision fleet
Yet drank from youth's eternal springs
The Genius of Disraeli Street.

So in God's garden now he walks
Where flowers look up to bless his feet
And angels listen while he talks
The Genius from Disraeli Street.

J. S.

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

LADY Jeune writing in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (10th Edition) declared herself as follows on the question and prospects of the enfranchisement of women in the United Kingdom :—

“ The question of women’s suffrage has not advanced in the United Kingdom. There is an active and enthusiastic minority of the female community which attaches great importance to the question ; but the great majority of women in England are either indifferent or opposed to any change in their political position , ”

She goes on :—“ The question has not made any advance with either political party, the magnitude of such addition to the electorate and the uncertainty of the effect it would have, making both parties unwilling to adopt it; and while women show so much indifference on the subject, there is no reason to suppose that they are in favour of having the suffrage extended to them. ”

These statements of fact were made with a full knowledge, on the part of Lady Jeune, that New Zealand and South and West Australia had long allowed franchise to their respective women citizens. In New South Wales and Victoria matters were still undecisive. But the movement was in full swing in both these places: their respective

Governments were busy bringing in their Bills to enfranchise women, which Bills, however, had not yet passed into the law of the country.

In the face of the knowledge of all these facts on her part, it were vain to urge that Lady Jeune had understated matters with a view to discourage a departure, the effects of which could not then be forestalled, in English Politics That departure had already taken place in parts of the Empire and, if report went true, worked well. We have a right to believe, in these circumstances, that in making her statements of fact quoted above, Lady Jeune was accurately depicting things as they were in England about the beginning of this century.

What do we find to-day? A complete metamorphosis ! Not only has the "active and enthusiastic minority" of about a decade ago turned into an apparently equally active and enthusiastic majority of 1917 ; not only has the question made tremendous advance with all political parties ; we find that the Commons of England, acting upon the recommendations of the recent Speaker's Conference, have actually carried the question of women's suffrage by a large majority. This indeed is a remarkable transformation. And from it two inferences seem to me indispensable :—

(1) That great movements in history need not necessarily follow the rules of Arithmetical Progression. Indeed nothing is more truly illustrative of this truth than the rapidity of the growth of Woman's Movement itself—"barely the work of fifty years."

(2) That the position the woman occupies to-day in English life and law was not so occupied always. This is true, of course, of suffrage. But it is equally true of the legal, social and educational position that she now occupies.

I propose in the course of this article to take up a general survey of the legal, social and educational position the Englishwoman has occupied from time to time in the successive stages of national evolution. Some of our Reformers engaged in the sacred cause of the uplift of Indian Womanhood are apt at times to be discouraged by the mere magnitude of the work before them. A great deal indeed—no manner of doubt about that—of spade-work would need to be done and lots of silent, unobtrusive, patient work, if our dream of an educated, intelligent and God-fearing Indian Womanhood is ever to come true. But a brief and a running review of how things went in England, in this respect, may help to brace up many a good fellow who can only think in terms of centuries—nothing short of that—of any reasonable improvements in the existing legal, social and educational status of Indian Womanhood. The following observations are intended to bring out the fact that the beginnings of the movement that has secured the Englishwoman her present legal, social and educational position of vantage, date only from the second half of the 19th century.

It is not intended nor, of course, possible here to catalogue the whole set of legal inequalities or disabilities, that women of England have from time to time been subject to as wives, mothers, workers or in various other relations of life, and to trace their subsequent history. All I can do is to take up a typical case, and I propose to show very briefly under this head how English married women have fared under the law of the land in respect of their proprietary and contractual rights.

Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him
more than she gave Congreve."

Of this Congreve, Thackeray says, "though he (Congreve) can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and, destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man." Among the Augustan prose writers we find Swift voting woman an absolute fool. He 'tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment'; and observes that 'not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue.' Truly may Thackeray remark as he does that no lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit as the Dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. This was equally true of gentle and polite Addison. He could not, of course, be as downright in his statements as Swift—that was a question of temperament. But Addison, equally with Swift, regarded women as 'harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings.' We must, however, make an honoured exception, among Augustan writers, in the case of Steele (1672-1729). His treatment of women is characterised by a very human and generously broad outlook, that belonged neither to his contemporaries nor to his predecessors. He 'admires women's virtues, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty.' He, observes Thackeray, was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them, which should win the good will of all women to their hearty and respectful⁸ champion. Steele had set the ball

rolling. He had struck out a new line of thought and propounded a new philosophy with regard to men's treatment of women. It needed some time for his new ideas to catch on. As the first half of the 19th century drew to a close, we find the labours of Steele and that of his subsequent co-workers on behalf of the women's cause beginning to bear appreciable fruit. Remarkable movements of thought, among them the Humanitarian movement, that characterised the middle of that century, helped to secure for Englishwomen the social position they now enjoy and richly deserve.

It is remarkable and none the less true that before the accession of Queen Victoria, there was no systematic education for Englishwomen. This may partly be realised from the fact, that, even so recently as 1845, there were, in England and Wales, 48·9 per cent of women who signed the marriage registers with marks, being unable to write. In 1875 this number had gone down to 25·2 per cent. It was only about the middle of the 19th century that the right of women to instruction was recognised. This movement, aiming at a fuller recognition of the rights of women, owed much in England to Frederick Donison Maurice, who was the founder of Queen's College, 'the first to give a wider scope to the training of its scholars'. Other colleges followed in its wake—like Bedford College, Cheltenham College, Girton and Newnham at Cambridge, Somerville College and Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, and so on. The London University opened its gates to women scholars in 1877. Dublin, Victoria, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews Universities followed suit and they all now grant degrees to women. Not so, however, Oxford and Cambridge, which still retain the old prejudice against women. Then there

was that famous Statute of 1870—33 and 34 Vict. c 75—to provide for Public Elementary Education in England and Wales. Thus the movement that started about the middle of the last century has within 50 years of its origin laid a firm basis for universal female education.

Such, in brief, is the story of the struggle, that has resulted in making Englishwomen, legally, socially, educationally, what they are to-day. It will be noticed that the initial stages have been a weary process. They have taken comparatively longer to get over. But when the flood-tide of women's movement set in in full force, it took about 50 years all told for English womanhood to realise in actual practice her higher destiny. Indian womanhood of to-day is, in many respects, much more happily situated than were the women of England when, about the middle of the 19th century, new hopes and new visions as to their future began to disturb settled equilibriums of thought and custom. In that sense, devoted and consistent work on behalf of the cause of the uplift of Indian womanhood can anticipate the dawn of the fuller day in this country in the near future, nearer than many of us may incline to concede. That is the message of hope and good cheer, that these notes are intended to convey to the Indian worker on behalf of Indian women's cause.

Amritsar.

GHOLAM YASSEN.

MODERN GERMANY

TO study Germany to-day, we must look back a few centuries and see how the federal union forming the German Empire was brought about. Although the German nation is one of the very oldest in Europe, the German State is still in its infancy.

At the time of the French Revolution Germany was composed of 360 different States. Some were Kingdoms, others Electorates, others Archbishoprics, others Duchies, others Free Cities. These possessed different customs, coins and duties. Many carried on bitter feuds with their neighbours, and all were jealous of each other. Napoleon intruded with his victorious armies and brought about many important changes. To curry favour with the greater States, he joined several smaller ones to each of them. The greatest change, however, took place in the minds of the people, who became revolutionary in their ideas; and, seeing that Napoleon's ideals of liberty closely resembled tyranny, they rose against their former friends between the years 1806 and 1813—when the French yoke was thrown off at the battle of Leipzig.

The Congress of Vienna, which met at the end of the Revolutionary Wars to re-draw the map of Europe, did

not take the spirit of nationality into consideration, but considered only the legitimate rights of ruling Houses. The larger States, however, built up by Napoleon, helped themselves to numbers of the smaller Principalities ; Prussia distinguished herself by amalgamating the rich provinces of Westphalia and the Rhine. A Confederation of German States, which went far outside the boundaries of Germany as we see it to-day, was also formed, and in this Austria, under Metternich's able leadership, was predominant. This union lasted from 1815 to 1866 ; the foreign kings who were members of it were the King of Holland for Limburg and Luxemburg, the King of Denmark for Schleswig-Holstein, and the Emperor of Austria for Bohemia, Moravia and the German part of Austria, including Vienna.

The most important result of the Confederation, however, was to introduce the Zollverein, or Customs Union between practically all the German States with the exception of those under Austrian rule. This in turn paved the way for German unity.

The general upheaval of 1848 naturally had a great effect upon Germany. The national and liberal spirit which pervaded the age now began to incline the minds of the German people to a free constitution and parliamentary government. Local Princes were in many places forced to bow before this spirit of liberalism, and local Constitutions were formed. A National Parliament assembled at Frankfurt with the intention of drawing up a democratic German Constitution, but it fizzled out in 1849, mainly through lack of enthusiasm and the natural opposition of the Princes.

The Germans now began to see that the only way of attaining German unity was to recognise the supremacy of

one of the States. Austria and Prussia were rivals ; but it was apparent that Prussia was better suited to the *role*, as the predominance of Austria was likely to cause entanglements with her non-German subjects. It was, then, in 1862 that Prince Bismarck took over the reins of German policy. The excuse for a quarrel between the rival States soon arrived. In 1864, owing to the death of the King of Denmark, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which were still within the German Confederation, found themselves without a ruler. Austria and Prussia intervened in the name of the Confederation, Austria taking Schleswig, and Prussia Holstein. But in 1866 the two robbers fought and Prussia succeeded in expelling her rival from the Confederation and annexing several pro-Austrian States. This quarrel was evidently pre-meditated by Bismarck, whose policy was, as he declared in the Prussian Diet, to settle the great questions by blood and iron.

Now that he had placed Prussia at the head of the German Confederation, Bismarck looked about him to see how he could achieve German unity. He saw that Prussia, to accomplish this, must have an opportunity to lead the lesser States to victory—so that the latter, flushed with success, might agree to the formation of a Federal Union with Prussia at its head. The insolent steps of the French Emperor in 1870 gave Bismarck what he was looking for; his hopes were fulfilled, and after the capture of the French capital in January 1871, the King of Prussia, with the title of Emperor, became the chief of the new National State.

We now turn to the methods by means of which the affairs of this new State are carried on. There is an

Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag, which is elected by male citizens over twenty-five years of age. This body is practically powerless save for the power of veto and refusal of supplies, as the Government easily procures its own way by making concessions to different parties. The Reichstag has nothing to do with the Kaiser's choice or dismissal of Ministers, and cannot put forward any Bills. In addition to the Reichstag there is the Federal Council, or Bundesrat, in which all the States are represented; but as Prussia has seventeen members to the twenty-five of the other States, she is by far the strongest. That is why the German Government is intensely undemocratic.

The meetings of the Bundesrat are secret, and the members, who are appointed by the different State Governments, vote as they are instructed. All Bills originate in the Bundesrat, pass through the Reichstag where they are amended, and being re-submitted to the Bundesrat are either passed or vetoed. The Imperial Chancellor is President of the Bundesrat, and as he is merely the tool of the Emperor, who can dismiss him at will, it will be seen that the latter's power is enormous.

All the States, except the Imperial territory of Alsace-Lorraine, retain their own institutions—Bavaria, the second-largest State retaining even her own military organisation in time of peace; Prussia, however, is easily predominant on account of her great national influence and military strength. The Southern States, ever threatened with the vengeance of France, are only too content to allow Prussia to shield them; they naturally admire and look up to the State which made Germany one and crowned with laurels in the campaign of 1870.

When we look at the people themselves, we see in non-Prussian Germany a race of hearty, industrious workers, and of good and steady citizens, who have made the best of settlers, both in British dominions, and in other countries.

Prussian tyranny has made these people unpractical, dreamy and docile, whereas their oppressors are conceited in the extreme. The Southern and Western Germans belong to the real old German race; both their customs and their architecture are utterly unlike those of Prussia and of modern Germany as a whole.

We have then, in Germany, a nation ruled by an autocrat; a nation wherein the Press is entirely under the control of the Government; a nation which is but partially self-governed, and where the citizen bows before the soldier; a new State, but one which has already earned fame for her strength and commercial enterprise; a country which was yesterday one of the leading nations of the world.

E. R. LINGEMAN.

FROM HAFIZ

بسوز آن دم هر شبے آتش سوز زده کردم . اوئے خوش

Each night away from thee
The fire of love
Consumes my life, I well
igh cease to be.

And every morning, with the hope reborn,
Thy fragrance reaches me and I revive.

J. S.

EAST AND WEST.

— — — — —
(Facts without comment)
 — — — — —

Look here upon this picture, and on this :

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

Hamlet.

THE east is old. Does not every one call it 'the hoary east'? Can any one trace out its origin, and its infancy? The west is young. Does not every thing that is new come from there? Does not every one know the history of its origin and its infancy? In the great horologe of the universe the east is every day one day older than the west. The east is immoveable : all call it 'the immoveable east'. The west runs along, making one change follow on the heels of another, as fast as mill-wheels strike. The east can sleep for centuries at a time, and get up for a little while, and rub its eyes, and say—'Why—we are but where we were before—and no bones broken'. The west, when it falls asleep does not get up again. The east no doubt grows, but you can no more see it growing than you can a calabash. The west grows, and you can see it growing, for its growth is marked by notes of exclamation: it grows by revolutions. The east evolves. The west takes on. The east has no history. The west—alas!—has one. The east takes up its position on a piece of earth, and says—'Here shall I

remain, and spin round in the same place for ever.' The west, having but newly arrived, says—'Go to—I will go farther west,' it thinks it is going there, but it comes back to the east—for the earth is round, and every thing, says Emerson, is a circle. The east loves the same constellation, and hitches its car on to the tail-piece of old Bootes. The west loves the garish day, and steps into the car of Phaeton. The east moves by the diurnal motion of the earth. The west moves by petrol.

Man, and the whole outfit of man, have their home and origin in the east. Science and revelation are at one on this point. On its own wonderfully constructed land and water-ways, and macadamised roads, the west goes on well. The east itself, lost in wonder and admiration, says 'Wah! how well it goes?' But when it loses its track, it comes back to the east. This is what made Coleridge and Carlyle call it all a 'beaver' science. The young bird steps off from its nest, to try its wings, but it flies round in a circle, and comes round to its nest—it cannot do otherwise. The man lost in a fog, or in a forest, moves in a circle, and comes round again to his starting point. The sledge horse itself does the same: and the morning sun shows the track of the sledge—and this is a circle. The hare pants for the place from whence at first he flew. Many ingenious explanations have been given for these singular phenomena but none satisfactory. When the stars are blotted out, man moves in a circle. It is a kind of 'homing instinct'—and man, and the whole outfit of man, have their home and origin in the east.

The west, so that it may not forget the fact, keeps always saying to itself—'I am west—but you?—you are east.'

The east is there, but says neither 'I am east,' nor 'you are west.' It bothers not itself about this anthropological polarity, nor vexes itself to find out the isothermal line of races, nor their lines of cleavage. With all its caste, and ceremonial water-tight compartments, it has a genuine, broad, metaphysical, universal brotherhood of man. The east is a born metaphysician. The west had to be birched into metaphysics. That poor outcaste Mahar there, standing in the unfinished furrow, because he is getting his chillam ready for a rejuvenating pull—don't despise him simply because he is clad in a loin cloth and a tattered dull red turban of dosuti—ask him, but kindly, the old old catch question—

Resolve me this one question friend -

What are thy thoughts of Jove?

and then you will receive an answer which Cincinnatus himself could not have given—no, nor Plato, nor Socrates, nor Thales, nor Epicurus, nor Epimenides—but which Pythagoras might have—perhaps—and then also, if you are not used to such things, your hair shall 'stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine,' for you shall hear of Brahma, yet, and of Mayi, of Karma, of Om, and of 'cutting short the 81'. And this man is not a gymnosophist, nor a Troglodyte, but only a poor Pariah of India. Put the same catch question to his brother of the west, similarly situated, and you will get for answer—'I don't know nothink'—which made the generous soul of Dickens weep out into a pathetic lamentation in one of his novels.

The east looks all difficulties full in the face, and answers them somehow or the other, and, whatever others

may think, certainly to its own satisfaction. The west shirks some of the most vital questions, and will not answer them, either to its own satisfaction, or that of others. The east has from the earliest times grappled the problem of sex, and has ever since rested satisfied with its own working-plan solution of this Sphinx riddle. The west is still paltering over it. The east is well satisfied with its laws of marriage. The west is not. The east, with one bold step, sanctioned and regulated polygamy. The west keeps one eye fixed on monogamy, and uglily, and wickedly, and furtively ogles polygamy with the other. On some of the most vital questions the east, with all its wind and metaphysics, has steadily pursued its course along the solid beaten track of the practical, matter of fact, common sense, and the golden mean. The west, in respect of these same questions, has pitched its ideals so high, that it stands aghast at the lofty summits, and says,—‘I cannot get there,’ and turns and flies from them, like Actæon pursued by his own hounds.

Long ago the west bore down upon the east, but in a little while the east sapped the vigor and brought down into the dust the noble edifice of the west by the inconsiderable means of Heliogabalus and his cooks. (See Gibbon). The east faces, in broad daylight, the question of idolatry, and says boldly, and emphatically, and unequivocally ‘there can be no worship without images.’ (See the glosses of Medathithi, Jaganandhan, and Jimutavahana). The west brings reason and scripture to denounce idolatry, and sets up images, pictures, icons, and things of marble and plaster of Paris in its places of worship. Which of the two is more consistent ?

The east remains where it is. The west comes to it, and says—'Give me your earth—I will give you my heaven.' The east, like a great booby, says—'Take it.' But after a little while the east discovers that this heaven does not agree with it—that there was more in that earth than it dreamt of—thinks that it has been over-reached—that it has made a bad bargain, and the horse is of another color—that the other party had in fact no heaven to give—or not of the requisite kind—that it wanted Rachel, and lo! it is Leah—and says—'Give me back my earth'? The west then makes up and administers to the east a diluted compound and muddy mixture of earth and heaven—and so it goes on. Thus did the west once go further west—thinking it was east—and, disembarking in another hemisphere, plant on the shore a standard, as symbol of its mission, and rifle the cash chests of Montezuma and Athahualpa.

The east has its poor, but not poverty. The west has both. The east has a lot of poor, but no slums. The west has a lot of rich, and has slums. The east has no 'society.' The west, alas, has. The east can live on one pice a day, and does it. The west can live on a penny a day, but will not allow itself to do it. The east has opium and ganja, but not much grog. The west has no opium, no ganja, but much grog. The east does not send its opium, and its ganja, to the west. The west sends its grog to the east, but does not teach it how to drink it. When the east goes to the west, it leaves its bad things at Aden. When the west comes to the east, it leaves its good things at Aden. Only by going itself to the west, can the east find out what these good things are. But the west, returning, finds the things all sold by public auction, and then

rides at anchor in Bandicoot Club. (See Ali Baba's Tour in India, by Aberigh Mackay).

The east has fanaticism. The west has enthusiasm. The east knows, but does not like to tell. The west tells, but does not like to know. The east is. The west becomes. The east exists. The west lives. The east learns by a wise passiveness. The west will not learn, except through Aristotle's, Mill's, and Watt's logic. The west is always cudgelling its brains. The east is always placid. If you doubt it look at that man sitting on the chabutra, under the neem tree, and smoking his chillam. A learned Brahmin himself, who once pointed him out to me, remarked that Locke was wrong when he said, 'men think always.' The east, with all its blunderings in political economy—what does it know of political economy?—has clearly grasped, and acted on this vital principle—'there is no wealth but life' ? The west, with all its knowledge of political economy thinks and acts, as if there is no wealth but gold, and, stones, and stuffs. The east is a generaliser. The west is a specialist. The east sees man in masses, and collectively. The west fosters the individual.

The east is on one side of a 'certain' meridian. The west is on the other side of this 'certain,' meridian. But what is this meridian? And who put it there? The east never asks, 'Why am I not like the west?' The west is always asking, 'Why is not the east like me?' and goes out, and tries to make it so. The east never proselytises. The west, like an old chuckler, is always praising its own leather, and says to the east—Come—I will tan your hide for you—or make you tan it like me? The east sits hard, and never compares. The west compares, and thinks it

sits on the hub of the world, and like the fly in Aesop's fable, says—'See what a dust do I raise.' The east sees this dust, but never asks 'Where is this fly'? The east overflows. The west conquers, and, like ancient Pistol, says, 'the world's mine oyster'—which it opens, and finds to be a sick oyster—but there is a pearl inside—it takes the pearl, but leaves the oyster. The east believes whatever it thinks fit—and the devil take the rest. The west thinks it believes, and, foisting its beliefs on the east, wonders why the east does not believe what the west itself really does not. The west is a great egoist. The east is neither egoist, nor altruist—but resolves everything, and everybody, into old Maya, Karma, Brahma, Prakriti, Prajapati, and Om.

The east stays at home. The west is a gadder, and is ever longing for other skies, and other stars than its own. The east would never have found America. The west went out on mere 'spec', and found it. The east says, 'We have all come from different parts of the same Brahma.' The west says, 'We have all come from Adam, and are all brothers.' The east, acting on this dictum, calls the west brother. The west then subjects this dictum to the test of philology, anthropology, palaeontology, and the 'higher criticism', and says, 'I have my doubts about it.' The east is black, or brown, or tawny, or yellow. The west is white, or reddish-white. But the east says to the west, 'You have got everything from me—they are all in the Shastras.' The west comes down upon it like a thousand of bricks, with a steam-engine, an aeroplane, a cinematograph, and a great barrel of gunpowder, and asks—'Have you got these? The east says 'No'—of course not—but who taught you algebra, and geometry, and arithmetic, and

alchemy, and astrology?'—and runs through a score of old words like Surya Sidhanta, and Bhascara Acharya, and Brahma Gupta, and Aryabhata, and Varaha, and Mihira—and lots more. The west does ditto with Euler, and Clavius, and Kepler, and La Place, and Tycho Brahe, and Euclid, but cannot get beyond Diophantus. 'Pooh !' says the east, 'they are children compared with Parascara.' The west likes to be original. The east simply points to old Egypt, and Bharatkund, and Phoenicia—and leaves the west to draw its own inference.

The east seems never to have been young, and never to have had any cheerful spring time of youth—it has always been man and metaphysical. The west is a child that plays at man and metaphysics. The east does not bother itself as to whether the earth is round, or flat. The west has found out that the earth is round, but acts as if it is flat—for it never forgets to say—'I am west, and you are east'—whereas east is west, and west is east, just as you happen to fix your meridian. The east once had two most beautiful vessels—a casket filled with manna, and a goblet filled with wine—and did not know what to do with them. The west took away this casket, and this goblet, emptied them of their contents, filled them up again—one with gunpowder, and the other with potato whisky—and hawked them about the east.

The east wears dhotis, and thinks no more about it. The west wears pants, and says to the east—'You must wear pants—or you will never get to heaven.' The east then throws off its dhoti, gets into pants, coat, boots, stiff collar, red tie, and a panama hat, and, well pleased with the

job, holds out its hand to the west, with a cheery—'Hau-di-du—godam,' and other such things picked up in the same place. The west, startled at this apparition, steps back, and with eyes jutting out of its head says—'Who the devil are you?', thereby exemplifying the shrewd remark of Goethe—

Find one exactly like yourself, and you
Will fly abhorrent from the view.

The east sits down on mother earth, and eats its victuals from plantain leaves. The west says to the east—'This will never do—and unless you sit on a chair, and use a knife, and fork, and spoon, and napkin, and drink brandy, and whisky, and soda water, and learn to eat your victuals like a Christian, I shall, in fact can, have nothing to do with you.' The east tries it, and likes it, especially the brandy—and gets under the table. The west then reads out a long lecture on the 'alcohol question,' from the several stand-points of morality, economy, ethics, physiology, and metabolism, and says—'Do it gently—like me.'

The east is free without liberty, and happy with despotism. The west puts the east to school, and crams it with text-books, and histories of Europe, of the French Revolution, of representative government, and biographies of Oliver Cromwell, and Mazzini, and Garibaldi. The east, with amazing receptivity, takes in this pabulum, but cannot digest it, and its undergraduates, with generous emulation, all say—I will be Cromwell—and I Mazzini—and I Garibaldi—and I Titus Oates—and I Simon deMontfort—and I Napoleon Bonaparte—and so on. The west again gets surprised, and says—

O this is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brow. Mammilius
 Art thou my boy?
 Of course he is—who else's?

The east has no pride, almost no hypocrisy. The west has both, and is always praising its own. "The east goes to the west, to see these good things—has heard so much about them—and comes back with the essays of Hume, the works of Voltaire, the newest things in the shape of grog, and brand new goods made in Germany and Birmingham. The west comes out far, far away to the east, and says—'Become Christians—like us.' The east, looking at west in east, has doubts on the matter, buys books, studies them, goes to the west to compare notes, and comes back, and writes in an Indian magazine, as follows—'Christianity is the great hypocrisy of Europe.'

What then is the upshot of it all? Hard to say—but so much one cannot help but say—would it not be better if each said to the other—'We are after all in the same box—the same blue sky is over us all—we are much the same—neither better, nor worse—but I have some things which you have not, and you have some things which I have not, let us join hands, and go along together.'—The best on both sides will then come to the top like oil in water. This would indeed be a solution of almost all the trouble that now exists. Heaven grant the day may come soon. 'For as yet labors the twelfth hour of night : Spectres uproar : birds of darkness are on the wing. Then Eternal Providence will make the day dawn' .

GRYLLUS DOMESTICUS.

SOME ENGLISH TRAITS.

IT is a common place among the Germans that the British character during the last forty years has been changing. This change again (they say) is fundamental and not merely a form of deterioration, though that is present also. Certainly characteristics which used to form the basis of their nature have now been plucked quite away. The Germans affect to admire very much the Englishman of yesterday, and hope some day he will return to his old sturdiness and honesty. In how far they are right if—they are right at all—has now to be considered. Has the British character deteriorated by a too long period of security, undeserved also seeing that that security is due to geographical position alone? Lloyd George in speaking of after-the-war problems has pointed out that these must be tackled immediately after peace is declared or else the nation will slip speedily back into its old conditions. There is a confusion of weakness, of course, in this very statement. One feels that there is something lacking in a nation which cannot afford to wait for its own cooler moments. War may have an ennobling effect, but it is certain that this ennobling effect will not come if we simply wait for it. The British people waiting for the war to effect some miraculous improvement on their character present a somewhat absurd spectacle.

How far has the English character changed, (weakened may be) from what it was in old times? Writing some fifty years ago Emerson standardized the British character for some time to come—phlegmatic, arrogant, lord loving, hating subtlety, the Englishman's chief fault being a love of material success. Said Nelson "The want of fortune is a crime which I cannot forgive," while Sydney Smith declared that "poverty was infamous in England." Another writer of that day refers to the "moral deterioration which always follows a depleted exchequer." These sentiments are not frankly expressed in England nowadays. On the contrary Holy Poverty is honoured—sometimes—as in mediaeval times, but it is lip service only. The sight of a follower of Holy Poverty brings back the old contempt. The whole trend of English life is to make non-success in material things of life a degradation. No other success ever atones for this failure. But more pretence is expected, and foreigners who step on English shores with the old reliance on British outspokenness sometimes get a shock. For instance, Elizabeth Banks, the American journalist found herself almost ostracised by British women because she confessed that she had taken up a new form of journalism for her own success and only secondarily to assist the Women's cause. "At least," said one lady, "you needn't own up to it." This idiosyncrasy shows itself plainly in English conversation, and causes the well known dulness of social life in that country. In France the people converse, in Germany they do at least talk, but in England conversation consists of the parties handing one another verbal formulæ which have no relation to the speaker's real thoughts and indeed are not expected to have. This is called Good Taste. If a speaker ventures a remark which

does not at once get a following he or she is disconcerted, and begins to hedge. This habit may be due to the unintelligent rather than malicious misuse of any remark that may be made. I have heard an Englishwoman say in all seriousness of another who had just left the room—"That woman has a bad mind," the woman in question having merely made some observation to that little circle of women on the existence even in England of marital unfaithfulness. What she said and more than what she said might have been spoken at another time without rebuke, but she had failed in the conversational game of Follow my Leader and was socially disgraced in consequence.

Not only do the British hate non-success and practically consider it a crime, as did Emerson's Englishman. He has gone further.

The curious quite modern admiration of the British for unscrupulousness in private life has been noted by H. G. Wells and others, while popular fiction feeds this new ideal. Public feeling that tended to deprecate any judicial leniency now runs far ahead in sentimentality. During my seven years residence in England I was struck by the extraordinary feeling of sympathy manifested towards the dishonest as compared with the almost bitter scorn or at best indifference towards those who bore their burden of poverty without resentment.

At a certain Women's Club in London the waitresses, non-residential, received seven shillings a week as wages. The members of this club, all pushing, ambitious, hard-working women expressed the utmost contempt of those girls for accepting so little. One of those waitresses,

brought some drama into club life by running away, taking some club cash with her. She became popular at once; and many hopes were expressed that she would not be caught. I "would have done just the same in her place," said one broad-minded member. There was still, of course, the old contempt for the other members who accepted so little and did not run away. In a previous article in *East and West*, I dealt with the Suffrage Question. I touch upon it again only to show how it illustrates the obtuseness and arrogance that characterize English men.

This obtuseness he probably shares with his brother Teuton, the German. At the time of the suffrage riots when the smoke of blazing (empty) churches went up to Heaven Englishmen generally believed that this violence on the part of their women was due to something evil in the women themselves. Even those who were on the women's side believed that they thus acted because men had been unjust. The women themselves honestly thought so, but as a matter of fact the matter lay far deeper than that. Remember that a few years ago in a civilised country Mrs. Pankhurst could publicly make such remarks as the following:—"I incite this meeting to rebellion. The policy of our Union is destruction. Those of you who can still further attack the sacred idol of property, do so. We do not want another week to pass over our heads without thousands of women all over the country using up and destroying property!" And they rose up, women of good position and character. Had such a thing ever happened in the world's history before? It was really far more abnormal than the World War. Women in some other countries suffered greater suffrage deprivations than in England. It

was not the suffrage reprisal or even other wrongs that roused the women. The revolt happened because England led the world. When a country leads the world its women in reality though not always in seeming are worse off in consequence. National superiority all vests itself in the male. It is the "conquering Englishman" we speak of "not the conquering Englishwoman." When a country is beaten down, out-distanced or at least vexed with fears of conquest, its women regain their old power. There is a saying about being the slave of a slave; but a slave's wife is really important to him. It is better to be the wife of a slave than the slave of a conqueror.

The war will end (let us hope) on the side of the British, but at best the Englishman will emerge as one who has known the fear of a great defeat. That this will give him a new tenderness has often been said by our sentimentalists. As a matter of fact it will give him a new manliness. The old joking, rather flippant, stupid Englishman, inclinations not always so manly as he thinks will disappear, and a type more serious and sincere will result—a type which women will really admire. Is it not characteristic of male arrogance in England, that the moral results of the war are held to include the regeneration of women in England only. It is the woman who is improved and ennobled and made more a companion to him. Not a hint that the Englishman as a whole, (not merely the "knot" section) needed regeneration, that without knowing it he had declined far from the active chivalry, the real mental strength and manliness which characterized him forty years ago.

Had he not thus declined it would have been totally against woman's instinct to rise in violence against him.

When such a thing occurs it is a time to ask What is Wrong with Men, not what is Wrong with Women ?

In another respect the British character has insensibly changed this last generation. Emerson's Englishman hated theories ; he was a practical man. Certainly Emerson rather qualifies this statement as if even then he saw the new Englishman in the making. His main contention is, however, that the British temperament is practical and matter of fact. All this now is changed. A beautiful law on the Statute Book often satisfies the Englishman. In Home politics he is quite as theoretical. The other day Sir William Robertson in his address to workers dwelt on the fact that he himself had risen from working people. He did not mention, however, that he was practically the only man who of late years had done so. In England to-day it is impossible for any man below the rank of gentleman to rise in the Army or the Church, and scarcely possible in the Navy or the Law. The military and naval genius that must exist in some sixty per cent of the nation—genius so badly wanted to day—has been lost. The Englishman, contents himself with pointing out that there is no actual law on the Statute Book making such a rise impossible, is satisfied. His wife, the provincial Englishwoman, talks nonsense about the "hereditary power to command." Both live in a world of dreams. The dream is put aside while the war is on, but will they go back to it later or go on with the business. And that business is to utterly pull to pieces and then rebuild an England wherein now only the outside is democratic while within is all that aristocracy and class prejudice which finer countries such as Russia merely use as a covering over genuine democratic workings beneath.

What is ruining England is its creed of individualism. It is true that there have been slight modifications of this creed during the last forty years. What other countries call State Socialism has expressed itself in the education system, old age pensions and other ways. The industrial world is not quite the hell of lawlessness that it was in the Dickensian age ; but as a country gets older and more crowded it must, (if it is to save itself) become less individualistic than before. Individualism may do in youth but not in old age. Now the attempts made to increase the spirit of the hive in England have not been important enough to make up for the greater natural tendency towards confusion. An old country is always in a sense a country going downhill. Even more powerful brakes are needed to keep it from plunging downwards, who knows, keep it steady till, it comes back to the level—so at least we hope. England just now, if we may believe the papers, is suffering from a delirium of religiousness, sentimentality, belief in war-purification and its own ultimate regeneration by means that nobody seems able to define. After the war will England's Government realize that to be great once more the country must cease to be ruled on individualistic lines ; it must become paternal. It must both give to and exact from, every individual a *raison d'être* and pursue him as it were with half angry solicitude from the day it prevents him from entering a blind alley occupation to the day when it supervises his will and sees that all is not left away from wife or child to cats' homes or churches. To say that the adoption of German State ideas will turn us into Germans is nonsense. If we could legitimately adopt a bad thing, like poisonous gas we may with more

reliance on ourselves adopt that which is good. There is a hazy feeling that individualism has something to do with individuality, and that if we adopt the former, we will become as much alike as nine-pins, rigid unconventional, without flux or flow of temperament. The contrary is the case. England compared to Germany is a land of gipsies ; but Francis Thompson, a true gipsy, fared badly there. He would have been more understood and had more allowance made for him in the land of Heine and Schiller. Minds are more cribbed and cabined in England than on the continent. Because there are no officials, everyone is an official, and the private employer may prove as great a deterrent to free speech as any law on the Statute Book. The English are tolerant on every subject except the one which is to the fore at the moment and there one is wise to go with the herd. Individualism breeds these defects.—social chaos in the industrial world, in the individual narrowness, bigotry, and want of individuality. To individualism alone all the faults of England, all her present defeats and miseries are due ; and individualism must go.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

THERE can be little doubt that the Briton's love of roaming is responsible for certain good points, as well as for certain weaknesses in his character. The weakness which has been most prominently brought to the fore by recent events is, perhaps, that cosmopolitan attitude of mind which makes him apt to appreciate his own country too little in his enthusiasm for 'fresh scenes and pastures new'.

It is only by taking this view that we can account for his strange obsession by German 'system', German thought and German art, to the detriment of his own organisation, his own philosophical and critical powers, and the development of his own artistic sense, especially in national music. This has led him in the recent past to disbelieve so profoundly in his own racial ability as to be hugely surprised when Great Britain and her far-scattered relations proved able to rise to the task of turning unpreparedness into that mighty effort to hold despotism in check that she has been able to oppose to Prussian militarism for the past three years.

But the strong points of character which have been fostered by the love of adventure, travel and race-study

may be held responsible also for that attitude of comprehending sympathy which the educated Briton is capable of displaying towards other races, even where the temptations of rule might be supposed to lead him into the pride and arrogance of despotism. This sympathy has never been more marked than it is now ; and we may feel sure that it will only be increased to an even greater extent, by the throes of war which have come upon us, pangs which by the common bond of human suffering, have drawn heart out to heart in a way that no other human relationship can do.

This may be held to be particularly the case with Great Britain and her sister-Empire of India. I say sister-Empire for two reasons : firstly, because it seems to me to express truly the origin of the connection which has existed between us since the days when the stronger sister took in hand the task of bringing up the weaker : with much of the harshness of inexperience and ignorance at times, but never without some underlying sense of responsibility : and secondly, because to claim India as a daughter is to ignore the historical truth of India's antiquity as regards civilisation, literature and art, and to repudiate the debt that West owes to East.

This undercurrent of sympathy is being shown at the present day in the three spheres of human conduct, of thought and of art. Of conduct, as may be readily seen in the voluntary self-sacrifice of life for a common cause, and in the avowed desire of all, from Sovereign to labourer to see some more adequate result in the education and development of India in return for our many years of guardianship. Of thought, in the care and devotion with

which students of both lands have applied themselves to the exposition and translation of each other's religious and philosophical systems, as well as in mutual appreciation of literature : and of Art, in the fuller recognition of the genius of Indian architecture, and in that love of Indian scenery, which leads many an Anglo-Indian Military or Civil Servant to return to England with a treasured portfolio of sketches, which, albeit of amateur standard only, testify to the fact that India has touched the springs of his æsthetic sympathies.

A personal incident may help to emphasise this point. Not long ago, I received a card of invitation to inspect a display of Oriental work in an English town. To say that on entering the hall one was dazzled by a blaze of colour is no exaggeration. Beautiful specimens of antique tapestry, rows of delicately coloured Japanese prints, hand-work in jewellery and the precious metals, carvings in ivory, and woven fabrics, all transported one into a climate where the sun is lord, and colour springs from the earth in ready homage.

But my own attention was immediately drawn to what seemed the sunniest plot in this garden of colour. One corner of the hall seemed to evoke my admiration even from a distance, and, when I reached it, rivetted my feet to the spot. Again and again I drew aside to allow other visitors to pass and admire : again and again I returned to gaze spell-bound.

The corner was devoted to a set of six prints in colour. So bold, and almost incredible, was the colouring that one felt that there was no halfway in judgment : either these were worthless, and offensive in their gaudy

excess of colouring, or else they were works of genius. A few moments' consideration told even the amateur that they were not antique: these were the work of a modern artist, who either strove unsuccessfully to outdo the ancients, or who by some modern instinct chose to let impression break out into expression that was startling in its originality and truth.

I made enquiries of the exhibitor. 'Yes, modern prints, done in India by an English artist'. The discovery that an Englishman had become so enlightened by sympathy with his surroundings as to produce these beautiful prints only stimulated my desire. I knew I coveted them. Their price, however, though quite reasonable—nay, trifling—viewed as a reward for art, appeared prohibitive for myself: and after many final glances I sadly tore myself away.

But who can describe the ways by which a man wins a maid who has crossed his path, wooing her by sheer force of his desire? A fortnight later the set was in my possession.

So precious they seemed that I liked to enjoy them secretly. Then timidly, and with some diffidence in the value of my own æsthetic perceptions, I showed them to my friends, choosing in the first place those who knew India, and then those who were gifted with the sense of colour, and with the power of expressing themselves through its medium. But the gratifying results of these quiet tests led to a growing confidence, and to a firmer conviction that in my artist I had found one whose inspiration was not only artistic perception of colour, but supreme sympathy with his surroundings. This was the more

evident in the fact that his work displayed difference of style and treatment so wide, even within the narrow compass of a set of six pictures, as to make one at first sight wonder if the same hand produced them. The gorgeous colouring of a scene by the Ganges at Benares is violently in contrast with the delicate light and early-morning effect of a market scene at Amritsar. A glimpse of the Khyber Pass, depicting a motley crowd of natives, gives an impression of air and life and movement as vivid as the impression of heat and silence and passivity in the scene at Udaipur where a solitary figure prays by the riverside. The temple-scene at Madura is far removed both in colour-scheme and in suggestion from the no less beautiful landscape in which camels traverse a foreground of sand, whilst the Taj Mahal gleams white in the far distance. This leaves me, and my friends, in doubt as to the favourite picture in the set. And in addition to this striking power over colour and circumstance, there is evidence of great technical skill. The visitor who had never had the opportunity of studying the intricate methods of print engraving might wonder at the enthusiasm of others. He who has followed those processes, to however slight an extent, finds the emotion of reverence mingling with the emotion of pleasure. Upon further enquiry I gathered that this English artist has Indian collaborators in his work. Now his work may require anything from a dozen to three dozen processes of printing : and it speaks most highly of sympathy in collaboration between artist and engravers and colour-printers that so advanced a stage in artistic production has been reached. From both the æsthetic and the technical points of view we are brought to conclude that here we have work that is

inspired : that the fount of inspiration is sympathy: and that, where such skill and sympathy intermingle, there is promise of fertility in a closer bond between two races which, with all their dissimilarities, are possessed of such close affinities.

What can be done in art can be done in politics: what can bring such pleasure to the individual ought to be fruitful in bringing happiness—the happiness of honourable and loyal liberty—to the mass.

Wimborne: Dorset.

A.D.H. ALLAN.

FROM HAFIZ

گفتم غم تو دارم گفتا غمت سر آید گفتم که ماه من شو گفتا آگر بر آید
گفتم ز مهر و رزان رسم رفا بیا . و ز گفتا ز ماه رویاں اس کار کمتر آید
گفتم که هر فی زلفت گمراه عالم کرد گفتا که بندگی کن تو بندۀ بر آید

I said, I have thy sorrow
She said, your sorrow ends.
Be thou my moon, I whispered
She said but that depends.

I said, from faithful lovers
Learn thou some constancy
She said in moonfaced beauties
Such things can seldom be.

I said, thought of thy ringlets
Has led my soul astray.
She said, if you but knew it
The same would lead the way.

GOD SAVE THE KING

(A word on the Royal Marriage Act)

FOR a quarter of a century and more I have been urging that the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 should be repealed or modified ; or rather that the evil tradition it has handed down, which obliges our princes to marry foreigners, in effect Germans, or the scions of other royal families, German in blood, or belonging to States under German influence, should be set at nought. On January 6th I treated this subject at length in the *National Weekly*. That article initiated a general discussion of the matter.

I desire to set forth briefly, for the consideration of the readers of "*East and West*" the main reasons why this pernicious Act would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. I propose to content myself by making a series of statements, each one of which is supportable, I hold, by unanswerable argument.

The Act of 1772 was un-English. It was opposed vigorously at the time. It was passed to do away with scandals in George III's family also in all probability because that King was nervously apprehensive—the Act was retrospective—concerning his marriage, before he came to the throne, with Hannah Lightfoot. Under it,

and the Act of Settlement of 1688-9, which confined the marriages of our Royal House to Protestants, the practical effect was to throw our princes and princesses into the arms of Germans. The "royal" houses of Germany are very numerous ; the patrician houses of England are in every way, in blood, and in physical, intellectual and moral qualities, their superiors. Our earlier Kings often intermarried with the scions of such houses. These marriages produced some of our ablest and best monarchs. The fact of the German ancestry of our royal family is being used by Germans, pro-Germans, and Republicans as an argument against the exclusion of Germans. Whatever the blood of our Royal House, the last three occupants of the throne have been eminently English in feeling, and have served the nation loyally.

It is clear that if we are to live under a monarchy, and so live we must, that the present dynasty is the only possible one. The Legitimist King of England is none other than Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria!

It is essential, therefore, that the monarchy should be strengthened in every possible way. Under no other system can the Empire be held together : it is the keystone of the Empire. The Dominions would resent any other form of government ; the tribal instincts of the natives of India, Africa, New Zealand, and of the dependencies generally, demand that the headship of the Empire should be hereditary and monarchical. The Maharajah of Bikaner made that abundantly plain. The splendid services of Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George to the Empire make it quite clear that the kingship of the present dynasty is an imperial asset of incalculable value.

Queen Victoria created in herself, so to speak, a new dynasty, "broad seated in the people's will": the loyal adherence of that Queen and her descendants to the Act of Settlement, on which their right to reign is based, has given the reigning house an unassailable claim on our fealty and devotion. But in these democratic days, it is advisable that that House should be connected with houses of British blood, and freed from any suspicions, quite ridiculous and unfounded, but no less dangerous, of being bound up with a royal caste, and as such being more concerned with the interests of that caste, than with national interests. The extreme Socialists, who cherish such ideas, being conscious that they put the triumph of their own levelling aspirations, involving the obliteration of nationality, above allegiance to country, are, of course, specially prone to harbour these unworthy suspicions. Nevertheless it is true that history supplies numerous instances of the unfortunate results supervening on the intermarriages of royal houses. Therefore, and for many other reasons, the sanguine hope may well be expressed that when the Prince of Wales and his brothers seek brides they will look for them here at home. There are hundreds of British maidens, belonging to suitable families, who may be trusted to occupy the position with all becoming grace, dignity and success.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

THE LEGEND OF SATI*

I hope I need not apologise for addressing a Historical Society on the subject of one of the ancient legends of India. I suppose in all countries the legendary period merges so vaguely into the historical period that no hard and fast line between the two can be drawn. And again, the element of legend, that is, of imagination, survives into days when we would fain believe that historical accuracy is our chief object, so that our successors may well believe that the historical studies of the twentieth century were lamentably lacking in attention to significant detail on the one hand, or broadness of view on the other. And, finally, to come to my real excuse for appearing before you this evening, ancient legends, even in the most civilised societies, may be the basis of customs and the real cause of events, which are legitimately the subject of history in the modern sense. The legend of Sati, for instance, was the cause of that cruel custom of *sati*, of the self-immolation of widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands, which only became illegal in British India, when Lord William Bentinck in 1829, in face of the strenuous opposition of Hindus and Christians alike, passed his famous Regulation. Even now, a pious Hindu widow in Bengal will occasionally refuse to survive her lord and

*A paper read before the Historical Society of Newnham College at Cambridge.

master, and I am bound to say, her refusal seems to receive the tacit consent of her friends and relatives. I think it is of some historical interest to know what manner of legend it is that induces delicately nurtured women, bred in the safe seclusion of the zenana, to face the terrors of a painful and public end.

I shall take my account of the legend from a very popular little Bengali book, the author of which is my friend Mr. Dinesh Chandra Sen, who may possibly be known to some of you as the compiler of the standard History of the Bengali Language and Literature. And that you may understand what manner of man the author of the tale is, and especially what manner of influence good and pious women have had on his beliefs, I will begin by giving you a brief account of the life of my friend. Note that he is no bigot, that his patriotism does not take the form of hatred or suspicion of alien races and other creeds than his own. He is simply a well educated Indian gentleman, versed in vernacular and Western Literature, but possessing a mind so charged with the ancient traditions[†] of Indian religion, that what to us is simply shocking and cruel, is to him the most beautiful and pathetic story in all the Holy Writ of Hinduism. Understand, I do not defend his attitude towards the traditional beliefs and customs of his life. I know him to be a kindly scholar and gentleman, and I report his ideas to you as much as possible as I know he would wish himself to be presented to an audience for which he would feel the utmost sympathy and respect.

Dinesh Chandra Sen was born on the 17th of Kartik in the Saka year 1788 (November, 1867) in the little village of Bagjuri in the district of Dacca, in the house of his maternal

grandfather, Munshi Gokul Krishna Sen, who was then Government Pleader in the court of the district judge. In that capacity, the Munshi (it is interesting to see that Mahomedan titles of honour still survived) acquired considerable authority and riches, and a verse still runs the countryside in which he, with three others, is described as one of the local heroes, particular mention being made of his luxuriant moustache!

The Sens belong to the physician or Vaidya caste of Bengal, and hold themselves to be descendants of one Sáktidhara who came to Bengal from Kanauj at the invitation of the Hindu King Adisura in 720 A.D. Mr. Sen's ancestor Dhoi, from whom he is 18th in descent, was a renowned poet in his day, and enjoyed the friendship of Lakshman Sen, the last Hindu ruler of Bengal. Dhoi's Sanskrit poem entitled "Pavanaduta" (the Breeze-Messenger) is still admired, and he had the signal honour of being mentioned by his famous contemporary Jayadeva in the Gita Govinda (Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of which is probably known to most of you) as "Prince of Poets".

Mr. Sen's father, Iswar Chandra Sen, was a convert to the then new sect of the Brahma Samaj, though he never wholly severed his connection with orthodox Hinduism, or abandoned Hindu customs. He, no doubt, held that the Samaj was essentially Hindu, though at that period, it was regarded with distrust by old-fashioned people. He was a schoolmaster by profession, and had a scholarly knowledge of English, Sanskrit, and Persian, as well as of his native Bengali. He was even a frequent contributor to the Anglo-Indian "Englishman", then the leading daily newspaper in Calcutta.

Mr Sen's mother, Rupalata Devi, was on the other hand a sturdy supporter of Hindu orthodoxy, and, in spite of the traditional submissiveness of Bengali wives, made many gentle and half-humorous attempts to convince her husband of the error of his ways. She was naturally jealous of the father's influence over her only son, and succeeded, with motherly devotion and patience, in communicating her own religious ideas to her boy. She had borne no less than eleven girls, when as the result of prolonged prayers, fastings, and other austerities (so she piously believed) she gave birth to twins, one of whom was the future historian of Bengali letters.

Mr. Sen's maternal grandfather was a typical Bengali country gentleman, lavish in expenditure on the musical plays called Yatras, and other such amusements, which, being performed before the family temple, are held to give pleasure to gods as well as to mortals. All such dissipations were uncongenial to Mr. Sen's father, who thought them at once frivolous and irreligious. He was something of an authority on the doctrines of the Samaj and wrote books on the subject. He also composed hymns and spiritual songs, one of which is, roughly translated, to the following effect :—

"My soul, if you would enjoy the sight of beautiful dancing, what need is there to frequent gaudily-dressed dancing girls? What is more entrancing than the dance of the peacock? What bayadère's dress can compare with his splendid attire? And if you love the brilliant mid-night illumination of royal places, what can compare with the glorious firmament where the moon holds court among his minister stars? In courtly entertainment a pretty question of precedence may cause jealousy and

heart-burning, but here is an entertainment open to us all, king and cowherd alike."

Mr Sen's life-long love of old Bengali poetry originated in the teaching of his widowed elder sister, Digvasini Devi, who was a store-house of indigenous story and legend. When her little brother was only three years old, she had taught him to recite long passages from Kirtibas's Bengali version of the Ramayana. At seven, the boy already knew a great part of both the Ramayana and Mahabharata by heart, having picked them up from his sister's evening recitations to an eager audience of women and children. Digvasini Devi had married into a Vaisnava family, and had thus learned a great number of the Visnuvite hymns, charged with real religious emotion, which form an important part of medieval Bengali literature. One of these was a special favourite with the boy, and may be thus roughly rendered:—

"It was an August night, when the soft rain was falling, falling fast. I lay on my couch, asleep, my garments all discomposed in careless slumber. In the hills hard by echoed the peacock's cry, and the gay note of the *Kohil*. The frogs in the tank croaked their joy at the welcome showers, the beetle's drone mingled with the quaint chirrup of the *dahuk*. And all these happy and familiar sounds but gave zest and sweetness to my sleep. And so it was that I dreamt that the Lord himself came to me. His image was clear in my dreaming eyes, my heart brimmed over with love and gratitude, my ears were filled with the sound of His dear voice."

In later years, the boy's instructor, Purna Chandra Sen, taught him the mystical and theological interpretation of verses which at that time merely touched his hereditary love of beautiful and haunting sound. But an innate taste for vernacular poetry was already roused, and young

Dinesh read Vidyapati Thakur, Chandidas, (part of whose works were translated by the late Professor Cowell), and other poets. He also retained a great affection for the Visnuvite hymns. His native village of Suapur, like most Bengali villages to this day, contained many amateur choirs, who would walk the streets of an evening chanting the religious songs known as *Kirtan*, *hàthàkàta* and *Mangalgàn*. In these the boy took much delight, and acquired early memories which in later years helped to convince him that the indigenous poetry (scorned by bookish and pedantic scholars) was a beautiful and spontaneous expression of rustic religious feeling.

In 1886, when Sen was reading for his B.A. degree at the Dacca College, his father died, "while he was in his accustomed attitude of prayer," and the good wife, who had so often scolded him for his unorthodoxy and independence, survived him by only two months. It was a year of misfortunes. Two of Sen's sisters, seemingly healthy and happy girls of 14 and 16, died suddenly, one of heat apoplexy and the other of tetanus. Dinesh himself had a stroke of paralysis, and feared that this singularly early visitation had wrecked his prospects of a successful career. Slowly, however, health returned, and the young scholar recovered sufficiently to become a schoolmaster at the subdivisional headquarters of Habiganj in Sylhet. It was at this time that he became a diligent and delighted student of English poetry. He knew by heart many favourite passages from the plays of Shakespeare and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He read attentively the works of the Elizabethan dramatists, and had a special liking for the Lake poets. Like most men of his generation

in England and India, he was a fervent admirer of Tennyson's verse, and he tells me that on the day in 1891 on which the news of the poet's death reached Habiganj, he fasted as if for a brother or other near relative. He adds, with a kindly chuckle, that his good wife was so convinced that her husband could not be mourning for an unknown and unseen foreigner, but was really vexed with her, that she fasted also!

In 1889, Mr. Sen graduated, and was appointed to be headmaster of the Victoria School at Comillah in the Tipperah district, a post which he retained till the December of 1896. His duties left him leisure for what had by this time become the business of his life—the zealous collection and collation of the MSS. of the forgotten and neglected medieval poets of Bengal. With the indefatigable zeal of a true *pandit*, he laboriously built up the materials for his now classical “Vanga Bhāsā o Sāhitya”, an account in Bengali of the origins and growth of the Bengali language and literature, which was published in 1896 at the charges of the Maharaja of Tippera. There can be no doubt, on his own admission, that he indulged to excess in the congenial labour this work gave him. Often he gave himself only a couple of hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. It is hardly surprising that the result was an attack of extreme nervous prostration. In spite of ill-health, however, he managed to compose the series of Bengali books, of one of which I shall try to give an account. Lord Curzon's government recognised Mr. Sen's services to Bengali literature and scholarship by conferring upon him a small pension, which was a god-send to the exhausted and impoverished scholar. But brighter days were in

store. His works brought him the regard and friendship of many influential persons, European and Indian. Some of his Bengali books were prescribed as text-books for schools, and obtained a comparatively lucrative sale. Among the kindest and most valued of his friends is the Honourable Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, who in 1908 secured for him the appointment of Reader in Bengali Literature. This resulted in the series of lectures out of which was compiled the "History of the Bengali Language and Literature".

In 1909, Mr Sen was elected a Fellow of his University, and was also made an Associate Member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He has since published a volume of "Typical Selections from old Bengali Literature", which will be a much valued boon to both European and Indian students of the language.

Few of the Indian literatures owe a greater debt to European influences than does that of Bengal. The epics of Madhu Sudhan Datta, the novels of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee are frankly based on English models. But at a time when all literary London has been admiring the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, when artistic London has been astonished by the delicate charm of the drawings of his relative Avanindranath Tagore, it is easy for even untravelled Englishmen to understand that Bengali art and literature can still find inspiration in indigenous sources. It was Mr. Dinesh Chandra Sen who rediscovered and restored forgotten and disused springs of Bengali poetry, and probably did a better service for his race than by indulging in literary ambitions on his own account, for which the not inconsiderable list of his published works of imagination might have given ample justification.

Now let me try and tell you what the story of Sati is as it presents itself to the mind of a pious, kindly, and learned Hindu. You must know that though there are millions of gods and demigods, who are emanations of, incidents in, the serene and passive existence of the Pantheos who pervades all and is all. There are three principal gods. (1) Brahma the Creator, who rests from his labours, and has, therefore, few worshippers. (2) Vishnu, the Preserver, who since the world after all continues to exist and is not a bad place to live in for ordinary folk, is the god of cheery and optimistic people. (His female counterpart, or "wife", is Lakshmi, the goddess of good fortune.) And thirdly, there is Siva, the so-called "god of destruction", who may, perhaps, be regarded as the *ista-devata*, the object of devotion, of those who are puzzled by the existence of pain, and sorrow, and sin. He is the god of destruction, it is true, but also of recreation, the impersonation of the curious antinomies of nature, of the fact that light and dark are complements of one another, that pleasure is hardly conceivable without pain, that the principal work of renewed life is to fill the gaps created by death. If Siva rejoices in storm and tempest, it is because he knows that the sons and daughters of men will be the more glad when sunshine and peace return. His feminine counterpart is the terrible goddess known as Kālī, the Dark One, or Durga, Hard of Access, of whom you may have read. She has other and pleasanter names, such as Mahadevi, the great Goddess, and most significant of all for my present purpose, Pārvati the mountain Goddesses. These varied names mark her dual character, as patroness of the evil from which flows good, of sorrow which is the shadow of happiness. But notice that Siva and Pārvati are

mountain deities, and that their paradise is on the peak of Kailasha, among the Himalayan slopes.

Well, long, long ago, a demigod called Bhrigu gave a magnificent entertainment to which all the gods and heroes of the three worlds were invited. One of the last to make his appearance was Daksha, son of Brahma, and father of Sati, the gentle wife of the hermit god Siva. Daksha in virtue of his birth, was held in high esteem in the society of gods and mortals. Also he was of a haughty and presumptuous temper. When he arrived, the whole brilliant assemblage rose to their feet, with three exceptions. That Brahma, his father, and Vishnu his father's friend, should remain seated was not only excusable, but in accordance with the rules of civilised society. But Siva, his own son-in-law, was absorbed in ascetic meditation on the vanity of transient events, and omitted a mark of respect which in his case was imperatively required. The proud and imperious Daksha hastily took the omission to be a studied insult. With blazing eyes, he burst into torrents of impassioned reproach. Why had he given his lovely little daughter, he cried, to this uncouth barbarian and foreigner, this unclean ascetic from the rude Himalayan Highlands, this uncivilised despiser of courtly rites and gentle breeding? Siva's divine meditations were momentarily disturbed, but only while he cast a mild glance of astonishment and regret on his furious father-in-law. Once more Daksha misunderstood his son-in-law, powerful with all the sublime self-abnegation of age-long austerities. The look of pity was mistaken for a fresh piece of insolence and Daksha burst into renewed oburgations. Never again, said he, if he could help it, should gods or mortals invite

Siva to the sacrificial gatherings by which the peace and happiness of the three worlds is maintained. Most of those present were horrified at the rash wrath of the worldly and ambitious Daksha, but Siva, summoning Sati to his side, departed imperturbably to his woodland retreat.

I omit a pretty account of the life of Sati and Siva in their mountain paradise, he engaged in his austerities, as famous in India as the labours of Hercules in Europe. (I am told that Siva has recently been identified with Hercules by learned scholars). Sati is the typical Hindu wife. In deference to her husband's ascetic ways she has doffed the pretty garments and ornaments once dear to her. But there are prettier things all round her in her sylvan home, and the gemlike insects and lovely flowers delight her eyes and her simple imagination.

Meanwhile Daksha's resentment is not mitigated, and he is determined to carry out his purpose to procure the excommunication of his ill-bred and semi-savage son-in-law from the rites and ceremonies of civilised deities. He cannot persuade gods or mortals to share his vindictive plans. They are too persuaded of the merit and supernatural powers acquired by Siva's asceticism and absorption in meditation. No one, not even the heavenly Indra, dares to organise an entertainment from which Siva shall be excluded. Finally Daksha is driven to issue invitations himself for a great sacrificial feast in which Siva and Sati (once Daksha's favourite daughter) shall not take part. By the inadvertence of a heavenly messenger and poet, Sati becomes aware of the great gathering in the home of her childhood. On previous occasions of the kind, she has stood proudly by the side of her father near the sacrificial

fire, glad of his love and approbation. A sad sense of homesickness fills her heart, in spite of her unquestioning devotion to her lord. The inanimate objects about her share her depression: the flowers wither, and refuse to shed their perfume: the birds cease from singing: the very brooks flow silent and sullen. Siva feels that his silent meditation is surrounded by untoward influences. He divines his gentle wife's wishes, and reluctantly suffers her to depart; sending with her his rough semi-savage attendant, Nandi, to guard her, if he can, from harm. Sati departs in haste so eager that she forgets to perform her daily obeisance to her beloved husband. She has already seen the midnight sky shining with countless meteors. They are the brilliant equipages of her sisters hastening to the paternal home. Her one thought is to follow them, to hear their news, to find herself in the delighted embrace of her mother, to be once more in the happy home of her childhood.

But neither she nor her sisters are girls any longer. *She* is a hermit's spouse, roughly clad in bark cloth, her only ornament a rosary of jungle seeds. *They* are haughty and fashionable goddesses, wives of the sun and moon and other celestial potentates. They receive her with an amusement and condescension which hurts her, because this may seem to imply a slight cast on her hermit husband. Her mother is rejoiced to see her, of course, but is nevertheless anxious and depressed. Sati begins to doubt if she ought to have come, an uninvited guest, among all these brilliant and worldly people. But she is consoled by the thought of the coming sacrifice, of taking her wonted place by the side of the father who, to her at least, has never been unkind or

harsh. When the stately procession moves into the sacrificial hall, glittering with jewelry and bright with celestial tapestry, the little hermit creeps to her father's side by the sacred fire, and waits for his notice and blessing. He turns to her with love in his heart and eyes, but behind her stands the rude and uncouth form of Nandi, her husband's faithful attendant. At the sight of this barbarian, the father's smouldering resentment blazes forth afresh. Once more he forgets prudence and decorum in irresistible anger. He denounces his uncivilised son-in-law, and bids his daughter choose between husband and father!

What more cruel dilemma for one who is the type of dutiful devotion? Once more, the thought of distant Kailasha, of her neglected obeisance, come into her perturbed mind. Before her blazes the sacrificial fire, and to it she addresses a mute prayer. The pitiful flame, cleanser of all impurities, the sole end of mortal sufferings and perplexities, gently touches her. She is not consumed, for it was necessary that Siva should again embrace her beloved form. But, in the language of human beings, she died, and her gentle spirit passed into the supreme essence which pervades all creation.

I can only tell you very briefly how Nandi, roaring with inarticulate rage and despair, hastened to his master and told him of an event which has waked the compassion and sorrow of many generations of Hindus: how Siva bore Sati's beloved form about the world, and at its touch came for a while into contact with the aching sense of bereavement which afflicts mortals when their beloved ones leave them. During his wild roamings, and his forgetfulness of his divine meditations, the world suffered. There was drought

and pestilence, and famine, and men neglected the holy sacrifices by which the gods are pleased. Finally Vishnu with his magic discus cut Sati's imperishable body into 52 portions, as her husband still ranged the world in immortal grief and agony, and they fell on the 52 pithasthanas which are to this day renowned places of pilgrimage, and especially for the devoted and pious little wives of Hindu India. It was then that Siva recognised the virtue of pain, then, apparently, that he became the god of destruction and re-creation, of pleasure and its brother pain, then that he was recognised as the cause of the otherwise unaccountable antinomies of a puzzled world.

This is the legend, crudely and rapidly related, which is in Bengal connected with the rite of *Sati*, of which you have all heard. How it came to be applied to the ritual suicide of widows I do not know.

An attempt to commit suicide is now a punishable offence, and one much more rarely committed than it was even fifty years ago. But, even now, no orthodox and pious Hindu, man or woman, would experience the smallest feeling of reprobation for a widow who should refuse to survive her husband. On the contrary. You know the sense of patriotic pride with which we think of the death in battle of a Nelson or a Wolfe. It is difficult for us Westerns to realise that it was with some such sentiment that the Japanese regarded the self-slaughter of General Nogi, that when a Hindu hears of the *Sati* of a Hindu woman, his comment is probably, "A true daughter of India, an inheritress of the traditional virtue and valour of her race."

Well, I have told you what to us is a mere fairy tale, an old-world legend of the days when gods and goddesses

moved radiant among mortals, when heavenly nymphs distracted saints and sages from their austerities, when kings mated with immortal queens, and mortal women bore future heroes to divine husbands, a time and a land of fancy and fable. But a nation's social life is moulded not only by its history, but by the legends boys and girls hear at their mother's knee, and I thought it might interest you to know that the old story which led to the now forbidden rite of Sati still influences the imagination and the patriotism of Hindu men and women. My friend's little book about Sati is a text-book in the schools of Bengal. He says in his modest preface that he re-wrote the old tale that he might remind young readers of the wifely devotion of the Hindu women of old time, their steadfast and patriotic admiration of the traditional usages of their race. For us, the legend contains hints of interesting anthropological matters, of the adoption into an Aryan religion of some half-comprehended Himalayan cult, of the promotion to supreme honours of a barbarous divinity. But that is not how the educated Hindu looks at what to him is still holy writ, a revelation vouchsafed only to his ancient race. Hinduism is, of course, influenced by Western contact. We have the Brahmo-Samaj and the Arya Samaj and other manifestations of a Neo-Hinduism which, in the guise of a return to Vedic or Vedantic parity of doctrine, adapts ancient beliefs to European ethics and a borrowed rationalism. But, after all, the Europeans in India are few, and there are millions still who have only seen a white face from afar if at all, especially among the women. Hence even among the educated classes there are still many who cling fondly to their ancestral beliefs and

astoms, and sturdily refuse to admit that they have anything to learn from the West. The situation is one which should interest students of history, since it may throw light on the days, not so very distant from an Indian's point of view, when Western Christianity was still struggling with pantheism and polytheism, with the heathen philosophy of the educated, and the crude, but often not unkindly superstitions of the humbler classes.

May I say, in conclusion, that I know my friend Mr. Sen will feel real pride and pleasure in the thought that his tale has been introduced to the audience I see before me this evening? Hindus of his type cling obstinately to their own beliefs, but can feel an honest respect and admiration for the qualities of the best English men and English women. I have heard such a Hindu say, in tones of warm praise, when speaking of a distinguished English lady who had spent herself on famine duty in India, that she was "a true Sati, a right help-meet for a husband who was a real friend of India." He could imagine no higher praise, and I am sure we shall all wish that England may send to India many English women of whom their Hindu friends may speak with like admiration and gratitude.

J. D. ANDERSON.

THE HAUNTINGS OF THE UNSEEN.

(A Psychological Study of a Sentimental Mind.)

I have ever been a good husband and have the good fortune of possessing an almost ideal wife. We love each other exceedingly—not dotingly, not passionately, but with the calm of true and sincere love, selfless, happy, peaceful love.

After a few happy years of our conjugal life our heart's desire was to have a child, which we might call our own. After a time this wish was gratified, our hopes grew, and our joys increased.

Then we had to part, my brother-in-law came and took his sister to his house; and with her went the joy of my life. I was left alone—lonely and morose. But there was a joyous hope—a hope of seeing my wife smilingly kissing our baby. Oh! I used to say to her, “I will kiss your baby in your lap.” And she would smilingly reply, “My baby, say, *Our* baby!” And then we both would laugh. When my wife had gone to her father's house, it was this hope that soothed my heart, that made me smile even in separation.

At last my wife's sister wrote to me—the happy news that a daughter! A daughter! had arrived. Oh joy! Oh

“happiness ! She is healthy, she is beautiful, she is sweet,” my sister-in-law wrote to me.

My joy was great, my happiness greater. I felt I saw her, I felt I kissed my child, I felt I heard the crying of my baby.

I prepared to go to see my wife—with our baby on her lap. But . . . ‘Oft where we most rejoice may be the seeds of some approaching sorrow sown.’ I realise the significance of this line. I myself wrote it in my drama some time ago but I had never realised its significance so well. Before I arrived the child had passed away.

I never saw my child, I never saw my heart’s desire. Through the stream of her mother’s sight she has passed into the ocean of our memory; from the world of desire she has passed into the mystic and unknown. And I sit idle, sad, thoughtful. I am not sleeping, I am not dreaming, I am awake. My eye-lids are closed, yet I am seeing through darkness that prevails. And from the remotest fringe of darkness faintly beams a streak of light and up rises a little figure—a baby stretching forward its closed fists, shooting forth its rosy limbs in mirth. It looks towards me with fond and eager eyes as if asking me to take it in my lap. And I become thoughtful. Who is it? I do not recognise the figure, I have never seen it before. Is it my own child—my own heart’s desire ?

Then the whole scene changes, the figure mingles into darkness, the darkness vanishes into light. And what do I see? A beautiful landscape full of flowers and foliage. And a silent river is flowing. All is silent, even the waves of the rivulet are silent, even the wings of the

breezes are silent—all silent, peaceful, calm, save the occasional noise of the falling of the lily pollen, and the sound of the gentle breath of the half-opening jasmine flowers. And I become thoughtful. And from the depth of a rose's aroma comes the thin sweet cry of a baby. Oh! is it the cry of my child? It is the cry of my heart's desire—heard besides the silent stream of thought, in the garden of life.

RAM CHANDRA.

FROM HAFIZ.

گفتم دل رحیمت کے عزم صلح دارد گفتا بخش جفا را تا وقت آن هر آمد
 گفتم کہ بر خوات راه نظر به بدم گفتا کہ شہر و ست این از راه دیگر آمد
 گفتم خوش آن ہوائے کرباغ خلد خورن گفتا خدک نسیمے کز کوئے دل بر آرد

Thy kindly breast, when will it
 I said, make peace with me
 She said, endure oppression
 A time for that shall be.

I said, against thy image
 I now shall close my eyes
 She said, it steals by midnight
 And enters otherwise.

I said that breeze delicious
 Which comes from paradise
 She said, more sweet the zephyr
 That from my street arise.

WHY DO WE GROW OLD ?

II

By Carelessness .

"Old age is not a friend I wish to meet,
 And if some day to meet me he should come
 I'd lock the door as he walked up the street,
 And cry, "Most honoured sir ! I'm not at home! "
(From the Japanese of Chirsto.)

The sight of careless, slovenly dressed men or women prompts the thought: "In neglecting themselves they neglect the temple of the living God." Their sense of the beautiful is fading; they are growing old and indolent and are allowing themselves to become infirm and selfish by not filling their particular spot with freshness.

How many homes are made dull and unattractive by this sort of mental indolence. How many married women forget the wisdom of keeping themselves attractive ! Men love to see their wives bright and suitably dressed. It is refreshing after a day's work to come back, not only to a well-kept home, but to a bright, fresh, cheerful and carefully dressed wife. A man feels that this is a compliment to himself and he appreciates it. On the contrary, it depresses him to meet nothing cheerful or orderly, to find

that 'anything' is considered good enough for home and that no care is taken to beautify it. To accomplish this there is no need for the costly and rare. How much more attractive and charming is the simple home where the woman's loving and cultured thought touches all, than the mansion where everything is costly but the woman's personal touch—that indescribable psychic influence—is missing. This may seem to savour very much of the little things of life, but little things when multiplied have big effects.

To know the character with which we are in daily contact and the influences which draw out their best and repress their worst is to have learned the secret of home happiness. Ugly dress, ugly temper, ugly expression of any sort should never be seen in the home life, if that life is to be successful and happy.

How common it is to hear people say: "I am too old to learn." By those words they condemn themselves. It is because we stagnate by ceasing to learn and to create new thoughts that we grow old and, getting into grooves, close our minds against progress.

If we will not admit the new thought, the young idea, we wilfully atrophy the mind by refusing it nourishment. New ideas beget newer and fresher views of life. The whole object of existence is a never ending course of learning and enjoying the new. There is no period in the physical life too late for discovering and accepting truth or for the truth to commence its processes of physical renewal.

We can—if we cease to follow carelessly in the ruck of conventional thought—seek, and seeking find that we are made for far higher uses and far greater enjoyments than we have dreamed of hitherto.

We cannot by the mere wish change the physical life all at once, but we can change it gradually by holding the right ideas. The thought of being able to govern ourselves from within, instead of being governed by circumstances is a truth which has not always been recognised.

Thoughts of feebleness, discouragement and death must be met and vanquished at once, and in their stead must be placed high and brave thoughts of dominion over all things. No Victory has ever yet been won by carelessness.

III

By Lovelessness.

Love is life. Take it away and you take away from life its mainspring for living. As your years increase it is well to keep love fresh and active. It is not how much we are loved or how many love us that is the vital need of life, the nourisher of youth, but how much love *we* can *give*. It is our own loving which keeps us youthful and happy. Love exalts and vivifies the lover.

The following lines very finely and simply express one of love's duties.

"Comfort one another with the handclasp close and tender."
With the sweetness love can render
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken
While life's daily bread is broken—
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies."

Love should not be dumb, it should be carried into the daily activities to brighten them. Every kind word, every gentle expression dropped into the ocean of being spreads ripples of gladness over the rough sea of life.

"The sweetness of a kind look, the solace of a loving smile come of the correspondence of the features with the soul within," says one writer, and the meaning is that if the soul is nourished by its own kind thoughts and lively unselfish interests, the features will express these good and healthy emotions. The youth of the body will correspond with the youth of the soul. The good and the love—these traits of eternal youth—we express come from the depths of the Divine within us which never grows old.

It is because people allow themselves to become dull and apathetic or querulous and censorious, that they grow old. Why should added years mean a dull, useless existence? They need not. It is the hanging on to old habits, old customs, old thoughts—a giving way to negative conditions which obliterates youth.

We cannot find the power to love and the power to serve by self-pity or by looking continually on the dark side of life, nor by anticipating trouble and dwelling upon it. If we have grown feeble in this way, it will require some resolution and courage to assume a positive and constructive attitude of mind, and so fill our world with bright, loving, brave, upbuilding thoughts, but it can be done and the effect is rejuvenating.

It is the love we give that matters, not what others give to us. It is the want of sympathy born of love which causes us to mistake motives and to misunderstand and misjudge each other. How surely do shut doors open to the gentle touch of loving sympathy! How often is that opening of doors vital to the soul, enabling it to unfold and expand, just as the warmth of the sun causes tender buds to blossom into flower and fruit. Love gives us insight and

ushers us into the holy places of our fellow men. The lips and eyes that speak love, the hands and pen that express it are the channels of the outflow of God's love at the centre. And that is the Love which will keep us ever young.

'HEATHER.'

FROM HAFIZ.

گفتم که نوش لعلت مارا، آرزو گفتم گفتا تو زندگی کن گان بنده پرور آید
گفتم زمان عشقت دیدی که چون سر آید گفتا خورش ح'فظ گاین غصه هم بر آید

Athirst for thy sweet ruby,
I said, I yield my life
She said, serve and it cometh
To give thee back thy life.

I said, the time of raptures
How soon it came to end?
She said, O Hafiz patience
This sorrow too will end.

A POEM

She hath not spoken yet : the ripe fruit stays
Upon the bough, though summoned to the earth ;
The garnered fields are silent, but no dearth
Hath saddened them or hushed their songs of praise.
While o'er those hallowed accents birth delays
This instant burthened with Eternity,
The breezes listen, as when anciently
They mutely paused to learn their destined ways.
—A moment's pause: and then the wind leapt free—
God save her soul for speaking, once again,
The Word that ever hath renewed His Will—
Late Autumn flung, from every weary tree,
His treasure on our path; the vale did fill
With music as they piled the golden grain.

LAHORE.

M. RASHID.

THE ACCUMULATED PAST.

THE Mirror, which was of Renaissance design and workmanship, had been unpacked and stood in Thomas Howard's bedroom. It dominated its surroundings, partly because a mirror has a curious power of focus and radiation, and the room had only possessed a diminutive shaving glass before; partly because its implications were so alien to the stone octagonal turret chamber in Hexford Castle where it was placed. The Mirror, which Thomas Howard had picked up at a curiosity shop at Spezzia, had once bloomed with all the soft colour of a lady's boudoir, and glints of the gorgeous pageant of old Italy had flickered from its surface. To-day it reflected the bare walls of what had once been a prison; through the eight windows, seven of which were still mere slits, filtered the cold hard day of the Northumbrian moors, revealing an interior still prison-like in its arrangements—a simplicity of furniture which was almost ascetic.

Hexford Castle dated from Norman times. The ruins were extensive, but only a small part of the Castle remained habitable. A Norman spiral stairway still led to the turret bedrooms. Howard's ancestors had occupied for centuries the octagonal turret-chamber that had once been the prison; it was in fact the pleasantest bedroom available.

and to follow in the lines hallowed by age-long tradition was with Howard second nature. His somewhat spartan upbringing, his experiences of hardship on his travels, had led him to remove even the few luxuries that had accumulated in the bedroom, and his purchase of the mirror had been a sudden impulse, promoted by some almost subconscious feeling that it was time for a woman to come into his life,—time to find a mistress for Hexford Castle,—time to continue the line of Howards which had been unbroken since the eleventh century.

Howard was curiously ignorant of women, and the sentimental and the prosaic jostled in his dream of his future wife. The Mirror in the dingy old shop, gleaming with soft lights and shades seemed to him symbolic of the elusive mysteries of womanhood, while his more practical judgment prompted the purchase as being the first necessity of a woman's existence. These scarcely acknowledged motives lent to the bargain a delicate halo of romance, and the dim atmosphere filled with vague dreams and fragrances having no root in experience, no foundation in knowledge.

For Thomas Howard, despite his fifty years, had still the heart and vision of a boy. He was a tall spare man with a very slight stoop, his pale hair thinning and tinged with grey. His blue eyes were sharp and kind and his skin well-tanned by exposure. Though of considerable wealth, he had chosen a somewhat hard and frugal life; almost by instinct he had disciplined his body to strenuous work and endurance. Lacking in strong passions, with imagination unstimulated and sense of beauty undeveloped, he had remained immune to the temptations that assail other men, nor had any woman or girl in the circle of his

provincial acquaintance ever succeeded in winning more from him than a perfect courtesy, a kindly attention.

And yet that evening he found himself engaged to be married. It had happened, as all events in Howard's life, without premeditation, and yet as it seemed to him, with a certain inevitable fitness. This is the way it had come about.

Hexford Castle was the only important seat in the neighbourhood, and Howard invariably lent it for any generous purpose: not a week in the Summer passed but the great courtyard was filled with children enjoying a school-treat or with miners on an excursion from the not distant collieries. To all these chance guests Howard played host, entertaining them hospitably and mixing with them freely. That day the Castle had been given up to a big Bazaar, inaugurated to raise funds for re-turfing the lawn of Hexford Rectory. The Rector, Mr. Thrale, and his wife were not favourites with Howard; he was not a man to analyze his feelings, but if hard-pressed, he might have admitted in intimacy that to him they did not ring quite true. It was their daughter whom Howard had asked to be his wife.

There was certainly an air about Lilian Thrale. She was slender and graceful; her head was beautifully poised; her face was a delicate oval; her complexion pure and pale. She had black crinkly hair that she parted down the middle, and dark expressive eyes. Even to Howard's inexperience she was superior in intellect to the other girls of the county; whenever he and she had met, he had been impressed by the cleverness of her talk; he could not always follow it, but it seemed to hold an infusion of

colour unusual in provincial conversation. He had always been a little sorry for her; it was rumoured that she did not get on well at home,—that both father and mother overstrained her with secretarial and domestic work. He had even gone so far as to wonder why any one so pretty and so feminine did not marry,—he knew she must be over thirty by now. Curiously enough, Mrs. Thrale with her usual blundering indelicacy had recently suggested to him a reason, namely, that Lilian cherished in her heart the image of himself. That was the coarse phrase that Mrs. Thrale had in the end been driven to use,—she felt that nothing less plain would penetrate his idealistic density. And Howard had replied, "What a pity, what a pity!" It seemed terrible to him that he should stand in any girl's way.

But being free of blame, and absolutely heart-whole and very busy, he had given the matter no more thought. Nevertheless, it worked within him, and when he and Lilian met at the Bazaar he was aware of a subtle change in his attitude towards her. The knowledge that she cared for him had certainly broken away part of the great barrier of reserve that had so far divided him from the other sex; and he found himself talking to her with unusual freedom and animation. Though she had from the very first moment of the day absorbed him in a way that would have seemed strange to him but for her mother's revelation, yet she was unusually silent; there were dark rings round her eyes and she looked worn and unhappy. She stood out among the bustling buyers and sellers at the Bazaar as at once more piteous and more distinguished, and it was borne in upon him that he must take her away for a while

from the ceaseless noise and chatter. Next he found himself with her on a lonely part of the ruined ramparts, a great pity in his heart for this fragile creature who had found life so cruel and so difficult. A Spring wind blew over the wide moors that were swept with the level light of sunset. He had no clear idea of the troubles that crowded upon her, but her tone thrilled him. Want of sympathy at home, unjust reproaches, irksome tasks—things trivial in themselves—seemed blended in one intolerable burden of suffering. As she spoke, the glamour of the evening was in her face and upon her garments. In some subtle way she made appeal to him, and the chivalry of the man leaped to the rescue. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to say to her quietly: "Why not be my wife?" In his inexperience he accepted it as natural that he should be holding in his arms a form that trembled all over like an aspen. The agitation of success, together with strong emotional reaction had upset her balance. He felt that such quivering sensibility was a little painful to witness, and its physical intensity rendered impossible the presence of romance or sentiment. He had to deal with an acute condition of nervous excitement, and when Lilian was a little calmed, he suggested that he should take her home by the wicket-gate, so that they might avoid the crowd of people. The walk through the fields was a silent one; in the Rectory drive he kissed her, kindly and gently; then she fled indoors. Howard returned to the Castle to resume his duties as host. It was long past nine before the last guest left. With a sense of unusual fatigue Howard went straight up to his room.

The quiet of the stone chamber under the electric light, its gaunt simplicity, were at first grateful to him.

He threw himself into a seat. The night-wind blew cold through the open windows, but there were no curtains or draperies to flutter, and the sound only served to emphasize the sense of century-long stability which had been so important a factor in shaping Howard's life. An unknown element had crept into it to-day—had crept in imperceptibly, almost without his volition: at a peremptory word he had opened the inmost sanctuary of his being to admit something piteous, and strange and new. True, the word had been peremptory, compelling, a sudden, an unadvised decision; but he questioned whether, without this sharp appeal, he would ever have found assurance to ask from a woman her life. True, she had overstepped in self-revelation the limits that convention decrees; still, it would be cruel to condemn what witnessed to the strength of her feeling for him. She was unhappy, and he could make her happy; she needed the rest, the ease, the luxury he would give her: and on the other hand, the hard school in which she had been trained would make her sympathetic to suffering, a loving helper in all his interests and schemes.

She was charming too, feminine in all her ways. Suddenly he realized that he was trying to find justification for his choice—if choice it could be called, which was indeed rather fate; that he was striving to stifle a vague discontent by argument and reason, and vainly endeavouring to induce a mood of satisfaction which he was far from feeling. Then a curious sense of some more immediate and forcible appeal struggled into thought. A gust of wind blew into the room and then ceased. Howard lived.

He became aware that underneath his speculations there had been a growing consciousness of the bright surface of the mirror, a sheen that in the almost empty chamber seemed to exert some potent spell of attraction. The mirror stood on a long oak chest. The glass, which was some three feet high and some five feet long, was hung in a wooden frame elaborately carved with the riotous fancy of Renaissance times. Waves of colour seemed to be passing over the mirror, - dim purples and deep blues—colours that had no counterpart in the bare stone room. At last, thoroughly aroused by the strangeness of this appearance, Howard sprang up and went over to the glass. Faintly hung in its silver, looking out at him with veiled eyes, was the face of a young girl.

How long Howard stood staring into the mirror he could not tell, nor could he tell the exact moment when the vision faded, and the pale ascetic contours of the room showed reflected in the glass, with his own countenance dazed and unrecognizable. The sight he had seen had bit deep into memory—the young face swimming out of masses of shadowy colour—a face more pale and more grave than youth should be, the veiled eyes tragic and sweet, the thick hair curbed by the indefinite glimmer of a net.

The image remained vivid and tender long after the scene in the mirror had vanished. What did it mean? What was happening to him? With a sense of overwhelming lassitude, of faintness, as if he had been subjected to some great emotional ordeal, Howard turned from the looking-glass, and went up the few steps to the one large window.

For some weeks Howard lived unsuspected of the world, in company with his secret. Mechanically he fulfilled the duties that fell to him, but his real self was centred in the glimpses that came of another time out of the radiance of the mirror. Now they were faint and hardly to be discerned ; now the past rolled in tumultuous volumes of colour before him. Sometimes in the background there were stirrings of figures, but the girl's face was the only face that was clear to him. From the flickering light of the mirror his imagination took flame and he built from its hints splendours the pageant of the Renaissance rioting in exuberance and in intoxication of beauty ; in the gloom of the scarlets and purples he divined the rank evils and open lusts that flourished openly in the sight of day ; and out of the welter of glory and of crime, of roses and blood, there floated before him that pale face, unnaturally grave, a white lily ever fresh and fragrant, though sore stricken by the cruel usage of the world. Hers was the purity that survives knowledge, the courage that overcomes evil, the sympathy that is born of experience. In brooding horror Howard meditated the dark tragedies that encompassed her. Sometimes he thought of Beatrice Cenci, more often of Browning's *Pompilia*. But the face never quite lost its high calm, its aloofness from the hideous coil that threatened and snarled about her. The wonder of her clear soul was made the more manifest by the poison of her surroundings. And from the girl as she looked out at him, now only dimly seen, now so near that she became a tangible presence,—from her he learned a new meaning of life, he received a new vision of womanhood. With imagination fired and

understanding enlarged, the man that was dormant awoke, not yet fully conscious of himself, not yet aware of his new powers and of his new needs, not yet alive to his greater capacities for love and for suffering.

So matters stood when the Humham Archæological Society paid its visit to the Castle. Howard's old friend Julian du Parcq was staying there at the time.

Du Parcq, though the same age as his friend, looked considerably older. He was a little wrinkled man with twinkling black eyes, extraordinarily alive in countenance, alive with that insatiable curiosity that lends so keen an edge to existence. He had considerable estates in Westmoreland, and spent his time in the exploration of out-of-the-way by-paths in science and literature. Howard was almost as much to day under the spell of his brilliant talk and vivid personality as he had been in college times, when he had listened half-bewildered to du Parcq's daring speculations and spicy criticisms.

A heavy snowstorm preceded the day appointed for the Archæological excursion, and only some half dozen members of the Society ventured on the somewhat complicated journey from Humham to Hexford. Mrs. Thrale, who was to have driven over with her daughter to pour out tea, excused herself on the ground of the weather, and Lilian, though she hated leaving the fireside, had felt bound to come alone. Lilian regarded the middle-aged and somewhat shabby guests with only half-concealed contempt. The reporter of the *Humham Herald* alone had youth in his favour, but he was too raw and unkempt and sandy-haired to be worth an effort.

Du Parcq, who had not accompanied the party round the Castle came into the Guard Room where tea was being served, unnoticed, and stood for a while in the deep shadow watching the scene. The great fire of logs called sharp glints out of the suits of armour. The tea-table stood on a dais under the mullioned window and the full afternoon light outlined in soft darkness Lilian's figure. She wore the furs that Howard had given her at Christmas, and duParcq approved the first sight of her as distinguished and graceful. But further observation showed that she was very visibly bored, and obviously not listening to the no doubt prosy speech that the President of the Archæological Society was addressing to her. Howard was looking after every one with his usual quiet kindness, but there was a shadow of anxiety on his face. When he spoke to Lilian she answered him with some sharpness. Du Parcq came out of the shadow and stood waiting to be introduced to his friend's fiancée.

After the introduction she exerted herself to talk well, but without ostentation: here at least was a man who would understand her allusions, who would take her points. His sharp eyes were upon her, courteous yet critical: once or twice they caused her to falter. It was a relief to her when one of the party asked if they might see the inscriptions on the walls of the ancient prison.

Lilian had never before been up the spiral staircase that led to her future bedroom. She had disliked the exertion of a climb, and took no interest in the writings on the wall. A new curiosity animated her to-day. Du Parcq surprised her expression of horror and disgust as she shivered in the bleak turret chamber. "Rather cheerless,

isn't it? " remarked du Parcq.

"It is," said Lilian. She was frankly appalled. "Carpets and thick curtains might do something..." She spoke doubtfully. It seemed a hopeless room to re-fashion.

Howard, occupied in expounding the inscriptions cut by past prisoners, was unaware of the effect produced upon his future bride. A sudden exclamation from du Parcq caused him to turn round. Du Parcq was standing before the mirror. "Good God!" cried du Parcq.

Howard sprang to the spot. It had never occurred to him that the mirror would yield up its secret to any chance comer. He had believed the revelation to be for himself alone. In the looking-glass Howard saw three faces, two faces of the living that appeared in the reflection subtly deteriorated,—the face of du Parcq twinkling with idle inquisitiveness, the face of Lilian, frowning, dark with discontent. Between them the face of the phantom hung in pale loftiness, in austere beauty like a pure dream out of another world.

"This is most extraordinary," said du Parcq. "Why did you never show me the mirror before? most curious illusion,—how is it done? Is it a trick? or is it psychic?"

"I can see nothing," said Lilian, pouting at her image, and setting straight a lock of hair.

"Its...rather a private matter," said Howard awkwardly.

Lilian gave him a sharp glance. "How can a mirror be private?" she asked.

The other guests gathered about the glass, trying to get a glimpse into it. In the waning light it reflected a

Rembrandtesque group, but these reflections were to Howard and du Parcq mere surface transparencies, a thin film over the scene beneath.

"Its a veritable marvel!" continued du Parcq, "like looking through an open window into a mediaeval melodrama. You've got a pretty ruffianly-looking villain skulking in the background,—and by Jove! what a beautiful woman!"

Lilian searched the mirror and her mouth hardened into suspicion. "I can see nothing," she repeated.

"Can't you really?" said du Parcq delightedly, "that increases the interest. Possibly the thing's only visible to sensitives,—a kind of magic crystal,—"

There was a surge in the group of archæologists. "I see!" exclaimed the young Scotch reporter.

His raw-boned face was lit with a strange excitement; his long lean figure was tense and trembling. "Come away," said Howard, touching him gently. Were there to be any more spies upon these sacred and terrible precincts?

But the archæologists explored the mirror in vain. It gave back only the reflection of baffled and puzzled faces. Meanwhile du Parcq, bubbling with animation, began to describe in detail all that he could see....."a dress of pearl satin, like moonlight, the bodice sown with pearls."

"I think we ought to get down the spiral before the day fails," Howard broke in helplessly, "it is a little difficult at night, even with the electric light."

"Where's the hurry?" said du Parcq, "this mediaeval cinematograph entertainment is ever so much more interesting than your mouldy old stones."

"Mr. du Parcq is pretending, just to take us in," said Lilian.

"I assure you, No," said du Parcq earnestly.

"But what is it then? Is it a kind of cinematograph? Have you a lantern hidden somewhere?"

"No Lilian," replied Howard, "I will tell you about it some other time.

"Why not now?"

"Its a mystery,—its not fitting....."

"A mystery,—so it appears. Can you yourself see what Mr. duParcq describes?"

"Not exactly," said Howard, "you must really come away,—"

"Can you see the woman?" Lilian persisted.

"Yes," said Howard with sudden fire, "yes, I can see the woman." He spoke more emphatically than he intended. Lilian lifted her eyebrows. She determined not to interrogate him further before du Parcq, but, of course, the thing would have to be cleared up. The mirror was probably some silly toy,—Howard was always portentously grave about trifles.

The Archæologists did not quite know what to make of the mirror incident. The remarks of the President on the subject of mirror-refractions were received by Howard with courtesy, but with such an evident desire to let the subject drop, that he inclined to take offence. The party broke up uncomfortably.

(To be continued.)

IN ALL LANDS

The enemy gained some more territory in Flanders last month and captured a few positions

The War.

of tactical importance. The occupation of Kemmel was the last of the successes scored during the month and it is said to have been witnessed by the Kaiser himself. It was, however, followed by a severe defeat in the neighbourhood of the same place, and indeed the enemy's heavy losses throughout, in all attacks and counterattacks, captures and recaptures, appear to have made an impression in Germany. But the war will continue to the bitter end, whatever the sacrifice on either side. It is inferred from the enemy's movements that he seeks to separate the British from the French army in the hope of smashing each separately. He has not succeeded in his object and he must guard himself from flank attacks.

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The blocking of the Zeebrugge Canal by the blowing up of a cruiser was a brilliant achievement of the British navy last month.

Expectations.

As was expected, the daring exploit cost some lives, but the result will perhaps show that it has saved many more. The loss of life recorded in this war makes one very sad, but the accounts of the daring and

self-sacrifice that one continually reads makes one's pulse beat quicker. The bombardment of Paris appears to have been stopped by air-men, who could locate the long range guns and drop bombs on them. The American War Secretary expects an early offensive in Italy. A temporary lull in Flanders appears to have suggested that contingency. It is reported from Switzerland that the Austrian Emperor will once again propose peace through Italy.

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The enemy is believed to have concentrated two millions of men in Flanders, and kept more ready within easy reach of the scene of the great battle. The Allies

Man-Power. are not inferior in artillery and would indeed seem to be superior. Whenever guns are lost, they are said to be instantly replaced. The Allies are not inferior in manpower, but their geographical position—not to speak of humanity, which is suspended during a war of such magnitude—compels them to save as many lives as possible for future contingencies. If the naval operations at Ostend and Zeebrugge have told upon the activities of the enemy submarines, we may perhaps expect a more rapid flow of troops from America. The American War Secretary has explained to his nation the paramount necessity of a rapid transfer of troops to Europe. Conscription in Ireland is delayed by the attitude of the Home Rulers.

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Russia is practically enslaved. Those who brought about the Revolution at an utterly unsuitable juncture must now be feeling that the little finger of the Kaiser is heavier than the loins of the Tsar.

Liberty and Europe. Rumania's oil wells are leased to Germany for ninety-nine

years. Ukraine must deliver up grain, though there may be famine at home. Sweden is too weak to resist Germany in the Gulf of Finland. Holland has been obliged to yield to a demand of certain articles necessary for the war. Like Napoleon, the Kaiser has become the terror of the greater part of Europe. It is only the demand of France and Italy for territory lost before the present war that provides the Central Powers with an excuse for alleged self-defence against the aspirations of old enemies. England and America have nothing to gain and it would have been well if President Wilson had listened to Belgium's appeal earlier. He has at last recognised that only force can safeguard the liberty of the world.

Among civilised races the Russian ranks next only to the Anglo-Saxon in numbers. He is a big-bodied soldier and in the early part of the war he boasted that the

The Russian.

Teuton ran like hares before him. He had the same self-confidence at first in the war with Japan. Eighty per cent of the people in Russia, however, are peasants, and it was recorded of them some years ago that "they possess no understanding ; their brain never works except in reference to objects that hit them between the eyes." Since then education has spread among the men and women of Russia, and very advanced political doctrines were saturating large classes. But the country remained insufficiently developed and lacked facilities to carry on a successful war with a nation so well organised and well equipped as the Teutons. Germany perceived the danger of arresting the progress of so dangerous a nation, and now powerlessness and bound hand and foot.

theless it is difficult to believe that he can be perpetually held in that condition. * * *

War with the Queen of the Seas had destroyed German trade. Food was getting scarce in Central Europe, riots were becoming common, and a year ago the

German Trade. Allies hoped that economic pressure, if not military defeat, would compel the enemy to surrender. The collapse of Russia has not only changed the military situation, but has improved the economic prospects of the enemy. Great firms in Germany are said to have combined for the purpose of promoting trade with Russia and Persia, with Central Asia and China. Time will only improve the position of the enemy and the land trade will at least to some extent compensate for the loss of the Sea trade. The war must, therefore, be decided by the relative superiority in man power and munitions, rather than by economic prospects, as Mr. Lloyd George and others probably expected when the enemy's overtures for peace appeared to proceed from a fear of economic break-down.

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With the fall of the Tsar the agreements between his Government and Great Britain ceased to be of any value, as was explained by Lord Curzon in the Upper House. The

in Persia. British must now contend in Persia with the German for the upper hand, and for a division of spheres of influence. The situation will be decided by the Turk, who will have received some assistance from the German, and the British will have to contend with the Turk for the upper hand in Persia.

been destroyed. But these reports cannot be believed for the oil wells of Rumania too were at first believed to have been destroyed. The British in Persia have published documents which show that the German has a low opinion of the countrymen of Omar Kayyam. The Teuton has a low opinion of every body that is too weak to resist him. No fresh proof is needed to demonstrate that.

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Released German prisoners do not seem to have shown themselves at Vladivostok as yet, but a movement against the Allies, especially Japan, is probably being fomented there by some party, and as a precautionary measure British as well as Japanese troops have been landed at the port. One public body in Russia is reported to have declared this action to be hostile on the part of Japan, but the Russian Government has not protested. In neutral countries news has been received of a movement to restore the monarchy in Russia and perhaps even Republicans feel that a monarchy which sets aside the recent humiliating treaty with the help of other Governments would be better than a Republic controlled by Germans. Anyhow the new Foreign Minister of Japan considers that the time is ripe for a vigorous policy in the Far East. Germany thinks that only submarines prevent Japanese troops from appearing in France.

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The old Russian menace was converted into Russian friendliness by the genius of British diplomatists, and Lord Hardinge appears to have deserved the main credit from this achievement. The German menace will hereafter

Towards India.

sit like a nightmare upon India, unless Russia is restored to her former integrity and power. As H. E. the Viceroy explained at the Delhi War Conference, the way to India is opened by the Russian collapse, though the intermediate tracts have been devastated by famine and war, and present no facilities for military movements. But the intermediate tribes may be stirred up with the help of Turkey and the conflagration may reach the borders of India. Personally the Amir of Afghanistan is friendly, but he may have to contend against influential fanatical subjects. If nothing very definite is intended, an attempt may be made to compel the Indian Government's withdrawal of troops from Mesopotamia out of sympathy with Turkey.

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The part that Indian soldiers have played in the war ever since its outbreak affords the best demonstration of the loyalty of this part of the Empire. It is more convincing than any number of Conferences. Germans may have heard something of Indian Home Rulers, but they have themselves never promised Home Rule to any nation, and they cannot be so very foolish as to expect Indians to credit them with sentiments of which they are not themselves conscious. Germany believes in force, and not in generous promises, which she is too proud and cynical to make. It is not in the hope of creating internal trouble that she will stir up and help our neighbours, but for the strategic purpose of keeping our Government as fully engaged as possible near our own frontiers. In any case India will have to be vigilant and to strain every nerve in warding off possible danger. The Princes and the People will undoubtedly rise equal to the occasion and present a united front to the enemy.

After long and unlimited patience, shown not only by silence but by positive acts like granting passports to Home Rulers to go and agitate in England, H. E. the Viceroy referred plainly, though briefly, in his speech at the War Conference to the spirit of bargaining and exploiting which must be condemned if shown when the house is burning. He was evidently expressing the feeling prevalent among Englishmen at home, though not among the Irish, for it was the War Cabinet that cancelled the passports granted by the local Government. It must, however, be remembered that Indians are merely following the example of the Irish, who even in the present serious situation insist on Home Rule being granted before conscription is enforced. The women of England set a noble example when they worked strenuously in hospitals and munition factories without uttering a word about their suffrage, and they got it. The picture of women drawn by the poets was at last vindicated. Entirely different is the picture of the patriot which they are accustomed to draw.

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In previous issues certain features of the recent proceedings of the Imperial Legislative Councils were interpreted as signs and samples of the coming constitutional reforms. Our minds must now be full of graver themes which lie at the root of all liberal Government. Nevertheless one may remark that the constitution of the War Conference at Delhi conveys some instruction. Ruling Chiefs were not individually consulted through the Political Agents, but they were invited to a Conference along with

the representatives of various shades of opinion among the people. The recommendations of the Conference will be forwarded to the Local Governments, and these will again seek the advice and co-operation of the leaders of the people in carrying out the suggested measures. One may infer that in the constitution to be hereafter framed, great questions of imperial importance will be discussed not merely by representatives of the people of British India, but also by the Chiefs or their representatives, probably in a separate Chamber.

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What is the difference between political profit and pecuniary profit? One would imagine that to utilise war as an opportunity for making either kind of profit was equally wrong. But the accepted code of public morality appears to draw a distinction. Rich speculators and merchants suffer by making forward contracts, and the poor suffer in no attempt to make money, when prices unexpectedly rise by the conditions created by war. If rents and prices rise, men of all shades of political opinion call upon the Government to interfere and to prevent landlords and traders from unconscionably enriching themselves at the expense of tenants and consumers. But the same standard of self-restraint is not demanded from politicians. Why? The politician will reply that he is seeking no profit for himself but for his countrymen, while the trader enriches himself. But if the opportunity utilised be considered, the standard of ethics accepted in politics appears to be that set by the proverb about fairness in love and war.

The passive resistance movement started in Kaira last month did not succeed in its object.

Passive Resistance. In a Press Note the Bombay Government explained that the revenue officers valued the crop before it was removed from the fields, while Mr. Gandhi and others had to rely solely on the statements of interested persons, and an independent committee of inquiry, appointed at the present stage, would labour under the same disadvantage. The Note adds that the poorer cultivators have paid practically all that was due from them, and where evidence proved their inability, suspensions were granted. The resisters are said to be mostly persons who can afford to pay, and, therefore, the law was allowed to take its own course, and orders of forfeiture have been passed, as usual, where no consideration was deserved. The question raised was not a change in the general law, but whether the Government should not inter-
fere with the discretion of local officers, who, by the way, were Hindus.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

"The need of the Empire is India's opportunity and I am confident that under the sure
His Majesty's guidance of my Viceroy her people
Message. will not fail in their endeavours."

"Recent events have made the struggle on the Western front more bitter and more intense."

"At the time the position in the East is menaced by disturbances in Asia instigated by the enemy."

"It is of ever-increasing importance that the operations of our armies in Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia should be largely sustained from India."

"I look confidently to the deliberations of the Conference to promote a patriotic spirit of unity, a concentration of purpose and activity and a cheerful acceptance of

sacrifices without which no high object, no lasting victory can be achieved."

This was the message which flashed across the oceans to India when the War Conference met at Delhi. India listened to the message with a throbbing heart, with pride and pleasure. The Princes and leaders of public opinion spoke in no uncertain voice of our readiness to serve the Empire with all our resources. It seemed India was waiting only for the Government to give the lead and provide the necessary organisation. The unity of will and purpose, the spirit of sacrifice and service which animated the Conference will breathe through the whispering galleries of the East, the determination of India to stand and fall with the British Empire.

His Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior is a man of deeds. He spoke with conviction when he said: "In this country we may differ in politics, we may differ in religion, we may differ in one or other detail, but as regards one matter, there is, I believe, no difference of opinion in the resolve to perpetuate the Empire."

India will stand firm as a rock in the turmoil, steadfast in her devotion to the Emperor and the great ideals that the Empire represents. The Conference conveyed India's answer to the "Pioneers of intrigue," who His Excellency the Viceroy said "were thrown into Central Asia by the enemy."

The wonderful way in which the British people have communicated their confidence in the final victory to India can only account for the creed of "business as usual,"

which has been ruling here. The war was too far away and well in hand to be worried about. The message of the Prime Minister and the noble speech which His Excellency the Viceroy made at Delhi for the first time revealed that the collapse of Russia changed the situation and removed barriers which India must now erect for herself. You cannot ignore war and its message. Indeed it has found voice in the words of Mr. H. G. Wells:— "I am the Fact," said the War, "and I stand astride the path of life. I am the threat of death and extinction that has always walked beside life since life began. There can be nothing else and nothing more in human life until you have reckoned with me." We must reckon with the war before we begin building on the future. The storm is gathering, it may pass off in other directions but in the meanwhile we must be ready to meet it and withstand the shock. There is no other alternative.

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India is not immediately threatened. Germany, it seems, is counting on Persia to support her cause and is fomenting trouble on our frontiers to serve her ends. **The Open Gate.** The road through the Caucasus into Northern Persia, through Trans-Caspia into Northern Afghanistan passes through a land where reign famine, lawlessness and chaos. The situation is well summed up in the warning words of "The Times":—"For Great Britain another problem is arising of a special and imperative kind. The Turks will soon be in Batum, and may be there already. They must also be moving from Erzurum which they have

re-occupied upon the fortress of Kars. Batum is the terminus of the Trans-Caucasian Railway and at Sarikamish, west of Kars, the Turks will obtain access to an important branch line. Once these two termini are seized by the enemy they will probably not be long before they reach the Caspian in spite of possible resistance from the disorganized troops of the new Caucasian Republic. If the enemy can cross the Caspian Sea and penetrate along the Trans-Caspian Railway to the Mahomedan States of Russian Central Asia, where Turkish emissaries are already stirring up strife, they will open up very great possibilities of mischief. The branch railway from Merv to Kushk ends within a day or two's ride from Herat, the key of Afghanistan. Should it be thought that a menace from Central Asia is still remote, we may point out that the way into Persia from Armenia and Trans-Caucasia lies open and ready for immediate use. We may be certain that as soon as Germany has completed her movements in Southern Russia, and as soon as the Turks have occupied the valuable regions and cities in Trans-Caucasia ceded to them with disgraceful pusillanimity by the Bolsheviks, we shall witness a fresh invasion of Persia. Large forces will not be required. General Sir Percy Sykes boldly entered Southern Persia two years ago at the head of only fifteen hundred men. He restored order over a wide area, suppressed the robber bands who were devastating the country, and raised a local gendarmerie, some thousands strong, which is doing good work. Their object will probably be threefold. They may again attempt to take Teheran and to capture the young Shah. They may move down the Turko-Persian frontier and endeavour

to strike at General Marshall's very long communications in Mesopotamia, simultaneously attacking the valuable oilfields of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company near the Karun River. They are quite likely to pursue their original intention of reaching the frontiers of Afghanistan, and of trying to raise the Afghans against us. In Persia, at any rate, we ought not to be "caught napping," and we should prepare for trouble while there is yet time."

The remarks of "The Times" speak for themselves. It will take some time before the enemy can work his way to the confines of Afghanistan, but the enemy has been known to overcome difficulties, and there is no time to be wasted. Every moment that we are given, we must spend in organisation of our resources and in making India altogether invulnerable and absolutely independent in the matter of men, money and munitions.

Two calls of Imperative Urgency have reached the ears of India. Our King-Emperor has called to her across the sea, asking her to defend his Crown and Empire. His representative, our Viceroy, has passed on the message, has added to it that the Motherland is in danger of invasion, and has called on her sons to rise and to defend her soil.....No such need for self-defence has arisen during the last 200 years, for two centuries waves of invasion have not broken over the Himalayas as they did for seven hundred years before. Now once more the grim face of foreign invasion is raising itself behind the snowy peaks of our guardian barrier. India is bidden

**To Arms! Mrs.
Besant's Appeal.**

to gird on her armour, and clean her trusty sword, to guard her own borders from invasion, and to save the Empire from destruction.

Her condition is difficult, because the old inborn martial spirit has been discouraged.....She was told : "Cultivate, litigate, trade within certain limits, and leave order and defence to us." Now, suddenly the cry rings across the land : "To Arms ! The Motherland is in danger ! To Arms !"

To that cry but one answer is possible from every young, strong, able-bodied man, and those who are not able-bodied enough to fight can work for those who can. Duty, Honour, Liberty, point to a single path, and that path leads to the recruiting booth, the drilling ground and the firing range. Duty to the Country demands that her safety shall be ensured. Out of her small population Britain has raised six million men, a splendid record. She has fought undaunted for nearly four years. Still undaunted, fighting desperately she calls on Indian Man Power for help, her King tells us that her need is India's opportunity, her opportunity to show herself as the Nation of warriors of Heroes, that she is, too mighty to bear a yoke to remain a Dependency.....In this War, she, battles for the Right, for the Freedom of Nationalities, for Self-Determination, in her victory these triumph, and an India armed, as all the other Nations are armed, will share that triumph. And these Nations fight against an embattled wrong, against an absolute autocracy, a military tyranny worse than the modern world has known. Moreover, Germany pours measureless contempt on coloured peoples : her Kaiser made her soldiers behave as Huns

in China, so that the Chinese might tremble at the German name; they carried out his will. Their troops treated our gallant Indian troops as coolies. We know by the statement of Herr Echlettwein, speaking on the principles of Colonisation in the Reichstag, how they treated the Hereros in Africa. We have seen the teaching of Bismarck to leave the conquered only eyes to weep with, carried out in Belgium, in France, in Serbia, in Montenegro, in Poland and in Russia. We do not want to see it carried out in Sindh, in the Punjab, in the United Provinces.

To Arms ! then, young men of India, for the Motherland and Britain, united in a partnership of Empire. To Arms ! for the sake of the undimmed glory of India in the old heroic days. To Arms ! for the safety of your homes, the honour of your mothers, wives and daughters. To Arms ! to win Liberty for yourselves and for your children. Never shall History say of India, that at a supreme crisis she stood aside, and saw the World's Liberty trampled out in blood and fire, that she added a page of shame as the last record of her splendid story, only to fall, herself a victim, amid the ruins of a dying world.

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The keynote of our policy should be unity and the organisation of the resources of India. The Delhi and Provincial Conferences have made it abundantly clear that India fully realises the peril and is ready to defend her liberties. How much greater will be the enthusiasm of India if she were helped to realise more fully the peril of a failure to defend her frontiers, and the

promise of coming reforms which are going to bring additional power and opportunities to the people of India. The whole question, both of defence and political progress, should be lifted out of the atmosphere of official routine associated with Himalayan hill-tops and taken into the warm sunshine of the plains. The support of men who rule the districts should be secured both for the policy of progress and the policy of defence. It is only they who can call the people to arms, and at the same time make the promise of the grant of responsible Government as England's gift to India vitally significant. Once the people know that those who are directly responsible for the Government of the country are with them in their desire for a more representative form of government, all discussion will cease and men will march to colours full of faith and hope. British officers will gain immensely in popularity and strength, and all discussion will stop for the grounds of discussion would have vanished. The Government of India ought to acquaint officers in the remote districts with its policy and secure their support. It is only in the splendour of trustfulness and truth that shadows of distrustfulness and untruth can banish for ever.

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After long ages the Government has recognised the need of educating public opinion. This is a move in the right direction. Mr. Montague will very probably publish his programme of reforms at no remote date. It is not likely to please every body, and yet it ought to satisfy a large number of men who recognise practical difficulties and do not seek catastrophic

**The Publicity
Campaign.**

changes. It may also satisfy the masses who are getting dissatisfied without knowing why. The Publicity Board (the name is not very happy) should begin its work now and prepare the ground and win opinion in favor of the coming reforms. The Board should explain and amplify the promise of the future and secure the active support of the district officers in its campaign, who must take the lead and show the significance of the forward move instead of belittling the meaning of the coming reforms. It is the officials and men of light and leading who can breathe into the promised reforms the breath of life and awaken India to turn her eyes to the dawn of a new day. They can help in transforming the potential strength of India into a mighty force, for the service of humanity and the Empire. The Publicity Board will have great sphere of useful work, much will depend, however, on its constitution and scope and the co-operation official and non-official, that it can secure.

The deliberations of the various Conferences have had rather a chilling effect. The Bazaars were throbbing with rumours of the raising of great armies and the coming of great reforms. The announcement that recruitment will go on at a slightly accelerated speed came as an anti-climax when people talked of conscription. The danger is held to be real while measures to meet it are considered uncertain and slow. The Government knows its needs and its difficulties and has doubtless taken correct measure of the situation, but the Bazar has

The Preparation.

its own opinions which travel down to remote villages. The Punjab has given, and will continue to give, more than its share of men, but there are other provinces which without much difficulty could do much more. Perhaps the Punjab is least prepared for an enforced levy, while there are districts in the neighbouring provinces of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh where conscription of one man per village will produce double the number of men now asked for. The call for one man per village in Provinces which have hitherto failed to take their due share of the burdens will not be felt, and will produce in a given time the required number of men, strong and physically fit and of the right stamp. In depending entirely on voluntary recruitment is the Government quite sure that it has taken the measure of the enemy effort, and is providing for it at the scale required by modern warfare? Success in winning popular support depends on three things. Who asks for it? Why he asks for it? How he asks for it?

* * *

The Government of India are now forming various Boards to co-ordinate the war work, but what we need most urgently is a "War Cabinet" concerned with the war alone, as suggested by "The Pioneer." It will relieve the members of the Government of India of war work, and at the same time help in concentrating all effort on the war. The Indian paraphernalia of Notes, Minutes, and Dissents is bad enough in normal times. True prudence now demands bold initiative, and it

The War Cabinet.

can only come from a Cabinet mainly responsible for the war.

* * *

**General Sir
O'Moore O'Leary
on the War.**

In a private letter which he has permitted me to use, the former Commander-in-Chief of Indian armies, who loves India and even in retirement is "not neglecting his adopted home" writes:—"We are at the commencement of the greatest war in History in comparison with which the 16 or 18,—I forget which days battle of Kurukshetra was but a petty squabble. It is not possible as yet to say how it will end, but we here are all quite confident, in modern battles the momentum of the attackers always carries them a certain distance in which prisoners chiefly wounded and heavy guns are left in their hands. Then the time arrives when the attacking divisions lose their momentum and have to repair and rest their shattered numbers, when this time comes the momentum changes to the side of the defence and then one can decide how the battle is likely to go. This does not occur for a week or perhaps a fortnight or longer and till it does the military expert can give no useful opinion as to the result, if we get the best of it, as I feel confident we will, it will end the war, if we don't the war will continue for a much longer period."

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**Delhi Versus
Calcutta.**

Lord Curzon opposed the change to Delhi on the ground that it will cut off the Government of India from currents of opinion. Time has proved the truth of his prophecy. In these grave days the Govern-

ment of India will gain not a little if it returned to Calcutta till Delhi is built. The change will satisfy Indian sentiment which somehow regards the change of capital to Delhi as unlucky, and at the same time place the Government of India in direct touch with informed opinion which is only possible in a large town like Calcutta. The change from Simla to Delhi only perpetuates the unreality, it does not bring the Government in closer touch with men who have knowledge and opinions and are in close contact with movements that rule the minds of men. Indeed—where is there room in Delhi or Simla for the various War Boards to be formed, and when formed to bring them in touch with men of business and large manufacturing facilities? A return to Calcutta for the duration of the war offers the easiest solution.

The raising of a new army and the increase in the pay of troops will call for fresh taxation, the charges shall have to be met within the year. The question of ways and means is likely to come before the Legislative Council at no remote date. The Council will do well if it raised the new taxes by indirect methods such as an increase of a fee on the cheques, receipts and stamps required for all business transactions which may as well be doubled. The Court Fee could be enhanced and also the stamp duty. If postponement of revision of land settlements is included in the coming reform a small duty on the exports of grain will not be out of place. The Finance

Department should try to raise the new Revenue as bees suck honey without causing any disturbance.

*"

The heart of India is sound. What is needed is a spirit of dominant confidence and trust and bold initiative. **The Heart of India.** The politicians must remember that there is a danger of following: -- "Freedom free to slay herself and dying while they shout her name." And the officials ought to recognise that men cannot be moved by cold words alone. The two must unite, in their unity is India's strength and in their failure to understand each other India's weakness and danger. The raw material is there. You have only to take hold of the men and train them into organised force. The mighty rivers are ready with their power. You have only to harness them and carry the power to the doors of the workers who have the training of generations at their back. Provide them with modern and up-to-date tools and they will surprise you with the out turn. Do not wait. Take up the work and organise India in men, money and resources. God has given you time, the friendship of America secures a market where you can place your orders for trained men and machinery. Order all that India needs, build new railroads to the frontier, start new factories to make India independent without slackness and without hesitation. Organise India, the effort will be thrice blessed, it will remove all danger of an invasion in the present and the future, it will animate India with active loyalty and make self interest the foundation of active support. It will send a message of hope to Persia and the adjoining countries to look for the promise

of their future realisation in British connection. For they shall know what India has gained and why India has staked her all to perpetuate the Empire. It will give them faith, it will inspire them with confidence to seek freedom under a nation that has been free herself and has brought freedom to other lands.

* * *

The heroism of France and England, the agonies of men who have given their lives and
A Half Told Tale. of those who are left behind will be told some day. India has mixed her blood freely in the field of battle. Professor Gilbert Murray in his new book of lectures and essays on the war, quotes from a letter written by a soldier in which exasperation with the commercial spirit is well and freely expressed. "You calculate the profits", he says, "to be derived from war after the war, as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial proposition. You make us feel that the country to which we have returned is not the country for which we went out to fight. You seem to have been surrendering your creeds with the nervous facility of a Tudor official".....It shows that the soldiers at the Front are giving away their lives not for national gain but to win for the whole human race a better future. The beginning for a larger understanding should in the first place begin within the Empire. Men from all parts of the Empire have faced the common foe together and suffered and died together. Can we not learn from it a common understanding and sympathy? *Can we not learn at least not to give expression to things that divide but rather to those that unite.* Those of us who cannot fight

can we not fight with the ego within, remembering as Professor Gilbert Murray remarks :— “ There is one thought that is always with me, as no doubt it is with us all, the thought that other men are dying for me, better men, younger with more hope in their lives, many of them men whom I have taught and loved. Some of you will be orthodox Christians, and will be familiar with the thought of one who loved you dying for you. I would like to say that now I seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loves me, has died and is dying for me daily.” Let us be true and faithful to ideals that animate those whom we have sent to fight and for which men of different nationalities are giving away their lives.

More than twenty years ago the late Mr. Malabari, while attending an Indian debate in Parliament realised the utter helplessness of India. Mr. K. C. Roy who has just returned, after a short visit, from England was compelled to ask the same question—Where is India? “ I must make it quite clear that there are no real Indian workers now in England . . . at the present moment London is full of people from all parts of the Empire except India . . . If India is to gain her position as an equal and worthy partner of the Empire non-official Indians should be there during the crisis ”—

The advice and warning conveyed by Mr. K. C. Roy is in strange agreement with that reached by Mr. Malabari in his “ Indian Eye on English life ”—No one will help India till India helps herself.

REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

ONE of the most conspicuous results of the present War is the quickening of the democratic spirit among the nations of the world. This has manifested itself in many directions and in various forms. In Russia Czardom and the bureaucratic system of Government has been overthrown, and a Russian Republic proclaimed. In Ireland the agitation of the Sinn Feiners for an extreme form of independence of England has gained force. In Greece the Ex-king, who for some considerable time defied the wishes of the majority of his people, trampled upon the constitution and intrigued with Germany, has been forced to quit the country and yield the power to the Venizelists, who stand for democratic Government and a pro-Entente policy.

Within the boundaries of Russia, Finland, Poland and the Ukraine are striving for, or have attained to, severance from the Central Government. In the motley assembly of races, which go to make up the Austrian Empire, the Czechs, the Slavs, Slovenes, Poles and Ruthenians are restless and would probably long ago have asserted their independence had the War, as far as it has progressed, not made for unity in face of the common foe. In Germany even the tendency appears to be towards stricter Parliamentary control of public affairs. In India the desire for an increased share

in the government of the country has manifested itself in various directions and ways. In pursuance of the declared policy of Great Britain towards India, a further step in this direction appears to be imminent. Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, has been engaged in discussing the various problems connected with the grant of some form of increased Self-Government and in examining into the representations of those most concerned in the matter.

Without attempting to forecast the exact details of the steps which may be taken, after due discussion and deliberation, to forward India in the path of management of her own local affairs, it may be interesting to outline the direction in which such steps will probably proceed and to discuss the basis on which a sound system of local representation may be made to rest. In all such discussions the main question must be, what are the existing popular institutions, which could be availed of? It is ventured that it would be a wise policy to ground reforms in the government of the country on institutions which are indigenous and familiar and appreciated by the people of the soil, rather than to introduce a cut-and-dry system from the West, which may or may not be best for the West, but would by the very reason of its being foreign be unsuited to the East.

The cry is so often heard that much of our Western legal procedure is an incubus on a country like India, and there appears to be a good deal of reason on the part of objectors. Let us beware of applying our political system of individual voting at elections, straight away to India and Indian conditions. Volumes might be written on the

merits or demerits of the ballot, but it is becoming increasingly manifest in this country—witness the creation of a National Party—that a large number of people consider that the Party system, with its Parliamentary candidates practically chosen by the Caucuses and thrust on to the constituencies, does not, in the long run, make for efficient government. Our Parliamentary system is the outcome of tendencies which had their roots in the past, and has grown up haphazard. Hence the frequent attempts at a more equitable distribution of representatives to be elected. But, whatever view be held, one fact emerges clearly from the above, and that is that our system was built up on institutions existing in the past and indigenous to the country. Reforms, which now may be desired or be desirable, may be regarded as the necessary cure for defects, which, as time goes on, manifest themselves in any man-made system of government, however skilfully devised at the outset.

To turn to India. In our search for existing representative institutions, we have in the foremost rank the Village Panch, which even though it has lost a great deal of its ancient efficiency, is still a force to be reckoned with, as any one acquainted with rural life in India may know. We have also the various caste panchayets and in Gujarat towns and possibly elsewhere, we have the trade guilds, or mahajans.

Of British-made institutions we have the Local Boards, Taluka and District and the City and smaller Municipalities. We have the Provincial and Supreme Legislative Councils, whose dimensions and activities were enlarged some eight years ago. If a prophecy may be hazarded, it will be found

that any advance in the direction of local management of local affairs, will probably take the form of increased powers being entrusted to these Legislative Bodies in matters of finance, legislation and administration.

If this surmise prove correct, it is obvious that the size of these Councils will have to be increased. This at once raises the question of how to ensure adequate and impartial representation of the numerous and varied interests concerned. It is suggested that to create at this juncture a general electorate, based on the Western model, would be a Herculean task, and that, moreover, such a system would be unsuited to India in present-day conditions. Starting from the village as the unit of representation as far as regards rural areas are concerned, each Panch would elect one or more representatives according to its population. In the towns the representatives would be elected by the caste Panchayets, duly proportioned as regards their numbers. In this way there would be obtained a first Elective Council or College, which would appoint delegates to form and vote at a second Executive Council, which might perhaps be coextensive with a District or Division of a Presidency. The process would be continued until a small enough body of members shall have been elected to serve on this Local Legislative Council, and ultimately on the Supreme Council.

An alternative is to utilize the existing machinery for Local Board and Municipal Elections. Then form a 1st Elective Council of all the members so elected from all the Districts in a Presidency, and entrust to this Body the responsibility of electing delegates to the 2nd Elective Council and so on.

This plan has no claim to originality and it is sketched only *in limine*, but it is urged that it would secure more even representation of all interests and parties concerned than any general resort to the ballot-box system.

In conclusion it is hoped that whatever election system be adopted, provision may be made for the Referendum, the want of which has so often been felt in this country and which is bound, sooner or later, to form a feature of our elective system.

W. DODERET.

Great Shelford, Cambs.

Nov. 13th, 1917.

"THE CHILDREN'S NEW ENGLAND"

WE are learning many things in this great and terrible day of judgment through which our nation is now passing ; many things which we are the more likely to remember from the very length and severity of the trial. Not least among these truths which the stern logic of events is cutting into the common mind of us all, is the paramount value of the children of the nation. They are by far the greatest treasure that we have. We are spending all our other treasure, our men as well as our money, to preserve for them our England. They will inherit what has been bought for them at so great a price. It does not matter what happens to us of this generation, if only we can preserve for our children what our fathers handed down to us. Thus we realise that as the children are the nation's future, we must see to it that they are fit to inherit so great a responsibility. We are coming to see what Ruskin preached all but in vain :— " There is no wealth but life." We must give all the children a chance, because they all are ours, and they only are the nation which has been saved at so great a cost. They are the trustees of posterity.

We are determined, therefore, that far more must be done by law for child life. We must begin at the beginning, caring for the babies and the mothers, extending

the work which is done already in schools for mothers and maternity centres, diminishing the terrible infant mortality which is such a disgrace to our industrial system. To elaborate the detail of these reforms would need a book. Let us pass on to the need of the young children before school age is reached : here is work indeed for the new Ministry of Health for which Lord Rhondda pleads. As things are, these children among the masses of our population, especially in urban areas, are being daily damaged in body through ignorance and neglect. Small ailments and illnesses with them need attention and nursing, which the better off classes give to their own children, but which the over-worked mother and the crowded hospital cannot give to the poor. There are not enough gardens and playgrounds, and the houses, not only in the slums, but in colliery districts, and the working class quarters of industrial cities, are often too mean and dirty to be fit places in which to bring up young animals of any kind. When children brought up in such conditions enter the infant school at five years of age, and are medically inspected, far too many of them are found to be unhealthy, starting in life handicapped by preventible causes. The good infant school (and thank Heaven ! there are many such !) does much for the children of the nation ; they are happy there with their handwork, and stories and games, their songs and play, their early afternoon sleep, their simple nature study : they grow in mind and body. But when the child leaves the infant school the conditions are not nearly so favourable : classes are far too large, playgrounds too small : handwork is often dropped, and the mechanical formal discipline and drill

in sums and spelling appear. We must have regulations like those for secondary schools, requiring more space and classes of 25 to 35 ; the welfare of the children requires the more general adoption of methods followed in the newer training colleges like Bingley, and under the more enlightened authorities like Bradford.

One reform seems likely of attainment, the raising of the school age to 14, with no exceptions at all. The latter is a most important clause: it will not only abolish the iniquitous half-time system in the mills, which is responsible for much physical injury to growing children as well as much harm of a less visible character, but it will destroy the foolish labour certificate exemptions. These have deprived of a year's education or more just the cleverer boys and girls, or have permitted backward pupils to leave through mere efflux of time whether they have learnt anything or not. Under the existing law also a boy can leave the day he attains 14 years (or 13 in some places), a stupid rule, inculcating disrespect for education and injuring the work of the class. Such customs make the organisation of the upper standards difficult, and cause waste and "marking time" by those pupils who do remain to the proper age. We need, in fact, a reform in classification; 14 is not a natural limit: the time break comes at $11\frac{1}{2}$ or 12. We must sift all the children in public elementary schools at this age, and send on to secondary schools for a four or five years' course those who have intellectual ability enough to justify their full time education to 17 or even later. We cannot go on longer with a system which gives us one Englishman with a secondary education to three Frenchmen and five Germans. No wonder with such a

neglect of knowledge that we have had such failures and mistakes in the conduct of modern scientific warfare. The coming days of peace will call for even more trained intelligences. We must tap the reservoir of ability in the masses, and begin by selection before 12 years of age. For those who remain in the primary school special courses of study are needed during the years before 14 or 15, an education more fully related to occupations, more practical, and, therefore, more interesting and effective. Some of these pupils will go to Junior Technical and Trade Schools, like those already started in Manchester. School garden, and domestic economy teaching for upper standard boys and girls, respectively, indicate the lines of advance. We want a great deal more in the way of experiments in education, for this type of pupil, but it must be liberal and human, developing general intelligence, sympathy and public spirit.

As the legal limit of 14 years of age for full time compulsory education has no warrant in nature, but is due to economic and political causes, the new Reform Bill for the welfare of children must provide for the continuance of education after that age, must provide compulsory part time secondary education for all up to 17 (or even 18) years of age.

When we newspaper readers consider what our own boys and girls are like between thirteen and seventeen; how wayward and foolish, urged by impulses they cannot understand, full of generous and bold aspirations, stretching forward to what is new, searching after a deeper fellowship with other human beings, and yet often perverse, unhappy, difficult, prone too often to serious wrong

doing, which yet does not represent their better selves; when we think of this, we realise how necessary it is that they should be guided and sheltered during these stormy years, and yet should have freedom to develop, and grow to find themselves in manhood and womanhood. As parents we are ready to make any sacrifices to give our own young people such a fuller education. How can we reconcile it to our conscience as citizens to allow the great mass of working boys and girls to be flung into the struggle for life at thirteen? to encounter temptations of all kinds just at the most difficult age, to cease to receive not only moral training and guidance, but any sort of intellectual education, just in the years when the mind is waking up to take a real interest in knowledge, and the world around.

In earlier days the hold of the family was much stronger, and the lad or girl as apprentice was under definite legal control, exercised on a small scale, where the personal element could and did come in. In many places, though not everywhere, the influence of organised religion, working through small groups was added to that of the home, and the master. To-day such influences, working through boys' brigades and clubs, and similar systems, furnish almost all that we have for the further education of adolescent lads, while the Girl Guides movement, of which Lady Baden-Powell is the head, is already beginning to do something for the work-girls, as well as for those of the educated classes. We want something more, however. The State, whose greatest treasure is the young generation, must ordain new laws, and establish, at whatever cost may be necessary, new organisations for

the further education, and the wise and sympathetic control of adolescents, up to at least seventeen, if possible, to eighteen years of age. We must have universal part-time secondary education ; evening classes have been tried-and, with many honourable exemptions, have failed. How can we expect a girl of sixteen who has been standing all day feeding automatic machinery, or a lad serving a milk round, to spend the few hours of their leisure in study ? Should we, professional or business men, house keepers, secretaries, do it ourselves ? We are stronger and have more sense, and less natural aptitude for pleasure, than these young folk. For their welfare the law must provide time for teaching and study out of the ordinary working hours. If these are forty-eight a week, at least eight hours, before 7 p. m., should be given to the continuation class, which will be held at times suited to the particular business. A shift system will probably be required which may be seasonal, not changing week by week, in trades that have marked seasonal fluctuations. The curriculum will need great care ; it must include recreative work and physical training. Boys' and girls' clubs have found gymnastics and various kinds of hand-work, the most successful of their classes. It must also include a strong element of the humanities:—English literature, including Bible study, history, especially the story of the British Empire, so taught (and this can be done), as to give to the great mass of the workers of the nation through their mother tongue that training in citizenship, that inspiration of lofty ideals which the old classical training gives at its best to some few youths in the great public schools.

This part-time secondary education will discover a certain number of young persons of real ability, who did not develop early enough to be sent to a secondary school at 12. These are often of exceptional powers, and the nation needs them. Access to universities must, therefore, be made easy for such people. The experience of university extension classes and of the W.F.A. has proved already how much native ability there is among industrial workers which at present runs to waste. Our universities must be made more accessible.

But to enter on the large question involved in the reform of secondary and higher education in England is beyond the scope of the present article.

SARA. A. BURSTALL.

HELLENIC INFLUENCE ON INDIAN CULTURE.

NO other country can boast of having played so momentous and important a part, in the intellectual history of the world, as the classical land of Greece. The nucleus of European civilisation, her philosophers have influenced the trend of human thought through a succession of centuries, her poets, orators, mathematicians and historians have reached such heights as to bewilder those who tried to follow them, whilst her sculptors have chiselled blocks which for beauty, perfection and excellence of design leave them unapproachable.

Her lustre beamed light to the blackness of ignorance around her and even India in its remoteness felt the comforting warmth of those magical rays, where they have left indelible traces which it will be interesting to note.

It may appear strange to the cursory student to understand how Greece should have influenced a country whose civilisation was so very different and from which she was so widely separated, but to the scholar it is not so, especially when he bears in mind that for several centuries Greek remained the official language in the whole North-West of the Indian peninsula and that Hellenic sovereigns ruled for successive generations over an empire "that ended by possessing more subjects and tributaries

than Alexander ever had." Count Goblet D'Alviella in his interesting book "*Ce que l'Inde doit à la Grèce*" sets down with great accuracy the historical facts connecting the two countries. The first Hindus who came in contact with Greece were the mercenaries belonging to contingents Xerxes had incorporated in his army with Mardonius in command. Alexander's invasion, though ranking as the first landmark of historical evidence and interest, made no permanent impression on the people East of the Indus, but it served to link the Hellenic world with the people of Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

A portion of Alexander's army under Seleucus Nicator came into collision with Chandragupta the Sandra Cottus of Classical History. He made peace, as was then the usual custom, by concluding a matrimonial alliance with him and ceded the provinces situated south of the Hindu-kush where several Greek colonies were already established. The successors of Chandragupta renewed their alliance with the Seleucidae. Antiochus conquered part of the Punjab from them. Eutydemus, a Magnesian adventurer, who had become King of Bactriana maintained those conquests so that ultimately the Bactrian Empire extended from Chinese Tartary to the Gulf of Cambay and from the Khorassan to the Gangetic basin. The result of this extension was the creation of bilingual coins which from Demetrius forward set on a footing of equality both the Greek and Hindu languages. Between the years 181 and 171 B. C., Demetrius suffered a reverse of fortune for he was dethroned by one of his Generals, Eucratides. Heliocles, the usurper's son, was defeated by Pushyamitra, a Maurya king, about the year 150 B. C. About the year

129 B. C. a tribe known as the Yuch-chi descended from the plains of Central Asia and invaded Bactriana, took its capital and drove the Greeks south of the Hindukush. Thus having been confined to their Indian possessions the Greek sovereigns continued, for upwards of a century, to rule them by means of twenty kings and queens. The best known are Appollodotus and Menander. Appollodotus is the Greek equivalent of the Sanskrit Bhagadatta, the mighty king of the Yavanas, whom the Mahabharata successively represents as the unhappy adversary and faithful ally of the legendary Arjuna in the struggle of the Pandavas *versus* the Kauravas.

Menander whose exploits and virtues have been celebrated by poets and historians, Indian and classical, extended his empire up to the mouth of the Nerbudda and up to the Koukan and Orissa. Hermaios, the last of the Indo-Grecian kings was forced to form a dual government with a chief of the Yuch-chi, Kadphises, who after the death of the former, governed alone.

The first intercourse with the Roman Empire was begun. Greek culture disappeared in the IInd century of our era. The wars of the Romans against the Sasanides closed the land route to the Indus, whilst the decline of the Alexandrine commerce hastened to put an end to intercourse by sea. After 126 B. C. Grecian inscriptions vanished from Indian coins and all traces of the Yavanas disappeared from the territories which had been the chief centre of their dominion. There is not even a mortuary inscription to perpetuate their memory. Such a total evanescence makes it doubly interesting to learn something about the people who, two thousand years before the nations

of Western Europe, launched the language, customs, and arts of intellectual culture into the surrounding dark waters of ignorance and barbarism.

We take up first the scientific and secondly the literary culture of India as influenced by Greek learning.

Sanskrit writers have unreservedly acknowledged their debt to the West in matters scientific. "The Yavanas", says the Mahabharata "know all sciences." Medicine in particular was influenced considerably by Grecian culture judging from recent researches. The authorities on the subject are the works of Scharaka and Susruta. These treatises not only deal with Medicine but also with Toxicology, Anatomy, Surgery, magic and palmistry. The doctrine of Scharaka is found in the Samhita, while that of Susruta in the books which constitute the Ayur-Veda, "the science of life."

A famous French physician, Dr. Lietaud, points out its various analogies with Grecian medicine which bear on theory and doctrine, on scientific hypothesis and practical details. The medical theory of the Ayur Veda rests thus on the hypothesis of the four humours. Three of these are identical, Yellow bile, Phlegm, and Blood, the fourth humour has Alia bile or Black bile from the knowledge that the Alia bile is replaced by the use of air in Hindu therapeutics, the learned doctor infers scientific contact between the two nations to have taken place at a time when the "Humoural Theory" had not taken a definite form amongst the Greeks, *i. e.*, to be more precise, between the time of Hippocrates (IVth century B. C.) and that of Galien (IInd century A. D.). A more striking evidence is the

close similarity between the oath of allegiance of Hippocrates used by Greek physicians before the commencement of their practice and the obligations and sacred injunctions imposed upon Hindu medical men, when entering upon their professional career. These are to be found in the books of *Sucruta* and *Scharaka*. The ideas as also the sentiments and expressions being very approximately the same.

In the region of Astronomy India followed Greece. That India had its own astronomers long before the Alexandrian invasion is proved by the fact that a calendar had to be made yearly for the observance of sacrifices and feasts. It is very difficult to shew the exact limit between the astronomical discoveries made by the Hindus and what they borrowed from other countries before the Grecian invasion. Buddhism in throwing discredit on the religious practice and astronomical speculations of the Brahmins contributed to bring about the decadence of astronomy; but it received a new impetus and flourished again with the coming of the Greeks.

From the VIth to the XIIth century of the Christian era it was at its highest. The earliest Hindu astronomers Aryabhata, Varaha-Mihira and Brahmagupta lived in Central India at the time of the Brahmanical revival, i.e., about the VIth century of our era.

Aryabhata taught the principle of the Earth's rotation on its axis and maintained that the moon was naturally dark and that it received its light from the sun and expounded the true theory of eclipses. Varaha-Mihara confined his attentions to the domain of astrology. He had the merit of condensing the *Pancha-Siddhantika* in a vast

encyclopaedia. Brahmagupta is famous for having recast the Brahma Siddhanta. In the opinion of critics these works are far inferior in point of method to those of the Alexandrines except when they deal with the measurement of areas and spherical trigonometry. Some of the theories of this new astronomical science betray a direct borrowing from the Greeks. The displacement of the equinoctial and solstitial points by the hypothesis of a periodical vibration are examples. The names of the Zodiacal constellation point to the same conclusion.

<i>Greek</i>	<i>Sanskrit</i>	
Krios	Kriya	The Ram
Karkines	Karkin	The Cancer
Parthenos	Paithona	The Virgin
also the names of the chief planets as given in the Hara—Shastra		

<i>Greek</i>	<i>Sanskrit</i>	
Ares	Ara	Mars
Kronos	Kona	Saturn

A still more striking evidence is the fact or rather truth that those planets have the same attributes as the Western mythology and astrology. Jupiter symbolises worship, Mars is connected with war, Mercury with commerce and Venus with love.

Among the treatises of Varaha-Mihira there are two, the Romaka and the Pulisa which recall, the former the scientific culture of the Roman world—the latter the works of Paulus, a celebrated astronomer of Alexandria who lived in the IIIrd century, A. D. In the Gargi-Samhita we read "The Yavanas are barbarians" however this science (astronomy) originated with them and they must be venerated like saints."

In connection with mathematical science it must be observed that the abacus or counting frame was known in India as well as in China and Chaldea, but the development of the numeral system in which the value of the cipher is due unquestionably to the Hindus. The discovery of the zero enabled the value of position to be secured for numbers without abacus for it will be remembered that in the decimal notation each figure is capable of two values one absolute and one dependent on its position, a figure moved to the left one place being held to be increased 10 times in value.

At the beginning of the IIIrd century the Western people used the old alphabetical system of notation in which the value of position was quite unknown. In the year 775 the Arabs became acquainted with Indian arithmetic. The Arabic and Byzantine historians have given the Indians full credit for the invention of the system which reduces all numerical symbols to nine + cipher ($9+0$). In the beginning of the VIth century Aiyabhata applied a process similar to ours to the extraction of cubic roots which presupposes the knowledge of the principle of the value of position. What we call Arabic numerals is really and fundamentally of Indian origin. Owing to this new system of notation the Hindus carried their methods not only in Arithmetic, but also in Algebra to a measure of perfection unknown to the Greeks. It will be seen that in the XIIth century, the time of Bhaskara, they had found seven ways of multiplying numbers, invented an ingenious multiplying table, applied the proof of 9 and found the way to solve equations with more than are the most ancient inscriptions we possess. There are two distinct alphabets one written from right to left and the other from left to

right. One has been called Indo-Bactrian, the other Indo-Pali, *i.e.*, northern alphabet and southern alphabet, respectively. The Aryan alphabet came from the Aramaic functionaries in the service of the Western conquerors.

An eminent scholar of the present day traces its origin to the same source as that of the Indian alphabet. The most probable opinion with regard to the latter is that it came from Semitic sources. We are carried back by various proofs and traditions to the IIIrd and IVth centuries B. C. The Phoenicians traded with India before Alexander's invasion.

The services of writing were thus suggested to the Hindus for the fixation and transcription of ideas. This hypothesis is more probable in the case of the southern alphabet, but untenable in the case of the northern alphabet which is distinctly anterior to Alexander's expedition. It is not improbable that the Indo-Pali was first written from right to left. The change of direction is doubtlessly due to Greek influence. It is also likely that India owes to the Greeks the use of ink, pens, tablets etc. A clear evidence is furnished from the names given to those various objects.

<i>Greek</i>	<i>Sanskrit</i>	
katran	Mela	ink

one unknown. Their superiority they showed by applying algebra to astronomical investigations and geometrical demonstrations. However largely Indian mathematicians have contributed to the development of this science they owe it principally to the impetus given by Greek culture during the first centuries of our era.

Evidence points to the fact that they must have accumulated the mathematical notions of the Alexandrines. Among the sets of problems contained in the *Lalita Vistara*, is the valuation of the quantity of atoms contained in a *Yodjana*. This problem when compared with *Arenarius* in which Archimides teaches how to value the number of grains which the cosmos contains and the methods of setting and solution shews that the resemblance cannot be ascribed to hazard. It is important to note that the composition of the *Lalita Vistara* is posterior to the time of Archimides. The algebra of Bhaskara shews the influence of Diophantus, an Alexandrine astronomer. The branch of mathematical science in which the Indians have shewn the least originality is geometry. Euclid's elements were translated into Sanskrit at the time of Akbar's reign.

With regard to writing we can see indelible traces of Grecian influence. The inscriptions of Asoka belong to the middle of the IIIrd century B. C.

Kalamas

Kalam

pen

Pillaka

Pustaka

book

With regard to fables we find that some contained in the ' *Panchatantra* ' were known to be present in Europe during the Middle Ages. In Arabia they had been reproduced long before that. From the Arabic they were translated in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French. It is a recognised fact, that not only fable but also the amusing story, proverb, riddle, and all the diverse forms of popular thought are neither totally and exclusively Indian or Greek. They are found among all nations. The Aryas of India and Greece came from a common stock and both

were at the beginning of their civilisation in contact with a culture superior to their own, that of Mesopotamia, so that many of their traditions and myths have had that common origin. The Greeks, for instance, made Venus spring from the sea foam, and the Hindus Lakshmi from the churning of the sea of milk.

Putting aside the dim origin of the drama which Hindu tradition claims, the question arises whether it is the legitimate product of the Indian genius or whether it is the emanation from Greek usurpation. The great German orientalist Windish has linked the Indian drama with the Attic comedy such as is found in the works of Menander, Plautus and Terentius. A comparative study reveals many points in common. As in the Greek drama Indian plays are preceded by a prologue which gives the name of the author and the title of the play and requesting the favour of the audience. Both are divided into scenes and acts, the latter usually in parts. The plot is that of the Greco-Roman comedy. The curtain which as in Greece closes the back of the scene is called Yavanika.

According to Windish the most ancient plays are those in which the analogy with the classical drama is greatest. It was in the little kingdom of Ardjan that the school of Kalidasa had been formed and the scene of the oldest play known, the "Earthenware Chariot" is laid there. Sylvain Levi has energetically defended the originality of the Indian drama. His arguments may be summarised thus :—

(i) that all the characters of the drama are a spontaneous development, the nuclei of which are found in the literary and religious past of India.

(ii) That the oldest plays of the Indian stage belong to a period in which all Hellenic influence had vanished.

(iii) That all dramatic technicalities of India were elaborated at a time when the Hindus kept up uninterrupted intercourse with the Greek world.

Attic comedy passed on to the Romans, greatly modified by Plautus and Terentius who accommodated it to the Latin taste. Something of a similar nature may have taken place in India. Plutarch states that the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were recited everywhere in the East even in Gedrosia. Dion Chrysostomus maintains that Indians were familiar with Homer. It is not improbable that the Hindus who studied the Alexandrian astronomers should blindfold their eyes to the master-pieces of Hellenic literature. Indian scholars are reluctant to believe that the authors of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana were inspired by Homeric poems, or that they borrowed numerous articles.

They relate to a state of society much anterior to its first contact with the Greek world. The Ramayana, however, which narrates the invasion of the Aryas into southern India and Ceylon presents a curious analogy with the theme of the Trojan war. Some find likeness between Nestor and Djambawas, Ulysees and Hanuman and Agamemnon and Sugriva. The Mahabharata goes further back than the Ramayana. Numerous allusions are met with and it is admitted that there are in it episodes taken from Grecian literature. The novels, especially the erotic novel of the Milesian school which is found in the works of Bana and Subandhu of the VIIth century, contain clear allusion to the works written by a Yavana.

We have followed the forceful charm and personality of Grecian civilisation in the intellectual development of India and we cannot but admire its high powers of erudition and perfection. Its civilisation was destined to leave seeds to fructify in after times and striking evidences speak eloquently of that influence of Hellenic culture which acted as a leaven to regenerate the qualities of the Indian genius without in any way destroying its originality.

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SONNET

The sweet impulse of scented youth is gone!
 The frost of age creeps on Life's crystal spring,
 Bright visions stir no more, forlorn and lone
 I stand. Snow-locks Death's message bring
 My broken heart forgets its gladsome pace,
 Alas! gone are those rhythmic pulses sweet,
 And one by one departs each vital grace,
 Like faithless servants from their master's feet,
 Fear not my heart! rejoice, sing songs of joy!
 Thy wanderings o'er, tis time to reach thy home,
 Here ends the farce, the play of Life begins
 Give up thy cloud-built myriad coloured dome
 Of dreams, wash white thy bosom of all sins,
 The Father waits the home-coming of His boy.

SYAM SUNDAR LALL.

ISLAM.

ISLAM alone of all religions has been for several centuries professed by a Semitic, an Aryan, a Scythian and a Mongol people, but the contribution of other races to its following dwindles into insignificance when compared to that of the Arabs, Persians and Turks. The political importance of Persia and Turkey again overshadows that of the original home of the faith. In view of the present war and impending changes it would be profitable to try to judge relatively of the services rendered by all the three peoples to Islam, and to inquire into the causes which have brought about this proud pre-eminence. It is in no way accidental. A study of the progress of Islam would bring to light the fact that Persia lent the support of her governing machine to the young religion when it was on the point of bending under the weight of important conquests and the want of a cohesive organization, that she gave it her arts, her literature, her genius along with her prejudices. Turkey rescued the orthodox creed of Islam from the schisms of the Persians, from degeneration and stagnation, from the attacks of Christianity, from disruption.

Arabia has always been divided into several tribal units. The Separatist tendencies of the Arabs have always been very strong. The virtues of steady loyalty and fixed

civic life sit but lightly on the heart of the Arab. The Bedouin is to-day as formidable as of yore; and "Halt, thy aunt is without a garment" is still a familiar salutation in Arabian deserts. Such a people could be united by Muhammad under his banner in the first zeal of religious fervour and on account of the simplicity of his organization. He could not himself rise above the possibilities of the organization of a huge tribe. Fortune had given him birth in a family which, though temporarily under a cloud were in their time leaders in war, performed the national worship, had charge of the *Zumzum* and were donors of national charities. A large measure of individual liberty was assured to every Arab. The thinness of the population gave few occasions of personal friction. Tribal war was a source of pride. Crime could not be so complex as in modern society. Muhammad was a big Sheikh, more venerated, more dreaded, because he could hold converse with God and his angels. There was no scope for the display of princely majesty or complexity of governing machinery or parting of individual rights for the benefit of society. The Bedouin could love and respect the simple and poor dignity of the earlier Caliphs, but when the Saracen empire extended from Spain to on the tribal machinery of Arabia was too primitive to be made too confused, races and had to be discarded.

The Caliphate's choice had of necessity, Arabia, from that of Persia. The constitution of Byzantium was, her own monarchy of for the Saracens as evolved or degenerated from that of the Roman empire or Roman republic. The army of Persia had been just overturned; her people had even after the Mussulman faith, her grand Vazier and saved

Satrap and generals could easily be adopted by the Caliphs. Before falling into the hands of weak princes and disloyal generals her destinies were guided and her principles of government were practically defined by the genius of the just Nushirvan and his adviser Buzurg Mihr. The Caliphs animated the exhausted machinery, accepted the principles and written guidance of Buzurg Mihr and elevated him to the honour of being a "premature Mussulman". They were now armed with the plenary powers of an Asiatic despot instead of being the simple and democratic heads of a homogeneous people, and the only check imposed upon them was the Kuran of which they were the sole interpreters. The Holy Book itself is, however, an insufficient guide for the art of governing a great empire. A liberalising and tolerating element was introduced in Islam whenever the Caliphs had to deal with questions of policy or intercourse with alien nations. Unfortunately about the beginning of the IXth century the empire of the Caliphs began to share the usual fate of Asiatic empires and was split up into a number of petty divisions. By A. 1000 the political coherence of Islam was destroyed.

For her organization and the disruption Persia on the point of conquests and the In the reign of Al Mansor, the eighth she gave it her arts Caliphs' throne completely lost its simple her prejudices. guity and tried to imitate the pomp and Islam from the kings of Persia. She obliged the artists and stagnation, though a moralist and a patriot might disruption. and culture should not have been associated enervation of the Caliph's person, growth of Arabia. y and all other evils arising from their applica- units. The personal gratification. The hardy and austere been ver

Arabs were alienated from the Caliphate and tacitly broke away. They sometimes attempted a vigorous revolution through the person of one or other of their numerous Mahdis, but the Commanders of the faithful drifted away into imbecility and fell under the sway of the Turks.

To the contribution of Persia the Turks had nothing to add, to her evil influences they had hardly anything with them to oppose. These bold shepherds of Scythia took their first lessons in Islam and the art of government in the palace of the Abbasside Caliph Motassem (A.D. 841)—an age of degeneration when their martial aid was necessary to veil Caliph's licence and weakness from the mobs and multitudes of Baghdad. They gathered new power day to day till the Caliph was a puppet in their hands, till they usurped his proud position. Theirs was, however, but a repetition of the old tale of Asiatic Empires. Except a few heroic characters, Mahmud of Guzni, Togrul Beg, Alp Arslan, Nouredin and Saledin, despots of the best type yet but despots, they have made no permanent contribution to the political side of Islam. Their mission was protectionist and conservative of which we shall speak hereafter.

If Persia imposed her political form on the Muhamadan realms all over, and through them made it the outstanding form of government in Asia, Arabia stamped the whole body of Mussalmans with her own distinct social mould. The structure of Islam society, whether in India or in Persia, in Turkey or in distant Morocco is the same simple form of life that is pictured in the Kuran and is governed by the tenets of that holy book even after the lapse of 1300 years. The payment of tribute saved

the religion and social life of a conquered people, but wherever conversion was effected either at the point of the sword or by persuasion, the proselyte was called upon to accept not only the creed of Islam but also the social forms of the Kuran in their entirety. In the subsequent glory of the Caliphate, the payment of tribute marked the people with an indelible stamp of servitude; it was no mean temptation to be elevated to a position of equality with the most powerful potentate of the world merely at the adoption of a creed and social ways freer by far than the bondages of a civilized and complex life. What would first be done in the moment of temptation would have to be maintained on account of the fear of the Jallad's sword and of the tortures of the lowest hell. The spread of Islam thus diffused a general similarity of manners and customs from Bokhara to Algiers, from Stamboul to Singapore. The least vestige of former idolatrous predilections or sacrificial rituals was repugnant to its spirit. The Kuran required all Moslems to pray in the same way and facing the same direction; custom hallowed by long usage required every Moslem to have a beard and to circumcise, the necessities of pilgrimage required him to dress in the loose robes of Arabia, and it must have been a point of honour not to appear differing in any way from the holy race of the Prophet even afterwards.

The Arabs were a democratic people living in tribal units. Every Arab had a right of worship as being descended from Ismail, son of Abraham. The simplicity of desert life prevented any huge concentration of wealth in any individual hand. The occupation of trade necessitated dealing with men of different nations and temperament, and must have imparted to him a sense of humour

and liberalisation of the mind. The vocation of the Bedouin was no stigma on him. Abstinence hardened his body ; his character was moulded by his sympathy of his own kind and love for his beasts; in earlier times his spirit of free equality was never disturbed by the proud self-assertion of any family. Nevertheless trade and wandering robbery must have soon made it necessary that certain families having fixed residences should have the custody of tribal worship. This privilege was burdened with the heavy responsibility of supplying water and food to the numerous pilgrims visiting the shrines, a great and grave responsibility in the desert land of Arabia. Both the privilege and the responsibility entailed an amount of trouble and expense and apart from tribal wars, the civic political revolutions of Arabia consisted in the displacement and replacement of families in possession of both of them. The constant occurrence of such revolutions freed Arabia from the creation of a priestly hierarchy, though it introduced an element of aristocracy. However any wealthy honest Arab family might justifiably await the opportunity of washing the idol and dealing out water and food to the pilgrims. The pre-eminence of Mecca and the Kaaba and the rise of Muhammad checked the growth of this temporal nobility. The family of Hashem alone rose above all in his person, the only aristocracy of birth known to Islam is that of the Sayyids claiming to be his descendants. The greatness of wealth and position in the State are accidental and mutable. In Asiatic countries a Belisarius begging in the street or a Narses leading an empire's army to victory is no novel sight. The fatalism engendered by such example and the direct belief in predestination have helped to strengthen the democratic contribution

of the Arabs to Mussalman society. Except the Caliph or the despot all Moslems are equal in privileges and responsibilities and have equal opportunities of rise and fall.

It is probably this fundamental spirit of equality amongst the Arabs that makes them so notably hospitable. One need not recount all the wonderful tales of Saracen hospitality, how the rich Moor of Granada sheltered the murderer of his own son, how the Bedouins honestly respected the person and property of chance European travellers like Burton. The rights and responsibilities of giving away the charities of the city and entertaining the pilgrims of Arabia at one's own expense seems also to have created a worthy spirit of emulation and thrown a sacred halo round this sentiment. Muhammad has again given his inspired sanction to this custom; Mussalman charity and hospitality are renowned the world over: the lightness with which the poor Muhammadan parts with his money in Indian bazars in no way contradicts this reflection. Along with their hospitality their courtesy is well known. The forms of etiquette and conduct universally prevailing in Asia require that the greatest deference be shown to a guest or the listening party in the course of a conversation. The natural polish and the decorum of the Arabs have also been imparted to the followers of the Prophet, and when attending upon some of the noblest of Mussalmans in an Indian State the youth and the common condition of the writer have never been obstacles to his being vested with the loftiest titles.

It should be interesting to mark the attitude of this people towards women. Several writers impute that women have no souls in Islam but on the other hand it is pointed

out that there are several passages in the Kuran affirming that women in the next life will not only be punished by God for their evil deeds but will also be rewarded for their good ones. The condition of marriage imposed upon Muhammad's ancestor by his wife Sheba of Madina, the conduct of Khadija, the high rank assigned to Fatima, the coquettish impudence of Ayesha in the Prophet's life-time and her subsequent activities, all point to the same thing. She may not have been equal to man, but she was not quite a slave. The warm passions engendered by the effects of the hot climate in the bosom of Arab sages may have made them very severe with womankind and caused them to regard the fairer sex as veritable tempters and agents of Satan. The custom of the Burkha or the veil prevails almost all over the East and its origin is shrouded in mystery. In Arabia it may have been at first adopted to protect the softness and the beauty of Arab females from the hot desert sun. Prudence may have advised it as guarding them from insolent gaze. The centuries of vice and luxury that followed afterwards may have stereotyped this custom for ever. This much is clear that behind the Burkha woman rules. Indeed the custom of polygamy prevailing among the Arabs and permitted by the Kuran affects her social position to some extent but not her influence. So also the custom of killing girl infants may have furnished the basis for the vulgar belief of women having no souls, but Muhammad has expressly prohibited the custom, and the Prophet of Arabia appears in the light of an enlightened humanitarian. Muhammad's attitude towards women in general was one of tolerance and respect. The abolition of infanticide and the restriction placed upon polygamy and divorce must have tended to raise the status of women if

ever it had been lower. In Moslem times the Court of Cordova could boast of many learned Moorish ladies, the history of Islam boasts of Razia Sultana and Chand Bibi. All this must show us that Islam was not antagonistic to women and the contributions of the Arabs in the shape of polygamy and the veil were in some cases checks imposed upon the unbridled licence of Persia and Syria.

The extreme beauty, the learned refinement, the exquisite delicacy, the voluptuous luxury of the females of the Arabian Nights are, however, the contributions of Persia. The Parsi ladies of India still retain the traces of their Persian character; the beauties of Shiraz have even to-day a most enviable reputation, the custom Muta, of a civil contract of marriage legalised in Persia reflects a state of society liberalised by a long life of culture, luxury and ease. Persia is the land of roses and the barber and the flower girl. Mazduk preached in ages that are gone, the doctrine of free love and community of women and wealth together with a grossly material epicureanism. With the decline of Zoroastrianism declined beauty of life in Persia. The decline of nations begins when personal pleasure becomes the end and makes art subservient to immorality, beauty to vice, and learning to superstition. Persia showed what she was in her greatness in the reign of Nushirvan the Just. When Justinian suppressed the schools of Athens, the last of the philosophers resolved to emigrate to Persia under the impression that a disciple of Plato sat on her throne.

Aflatun and Arastu are Persian names for Plato and Aristotle, Buzurg Mihr is said to have propounded a doctrine that the greatest misery is the remembrance of a

wasted life, in his discussion with Greek and Indian philosophers. The West is indebted to the Arabs for the restoration of Greek and Classical learning, but the language in which the Arabs first studied those great philosophers was the language of Persia. Nushirwan is said to have paid his greatest attention to education and agriculture. His seminary for physics in the neighbourhood of Susa developed into an academy. The first people in modern times to evolve a system of education for the people and make it a function of the State were the Arabs. Every mosque had a Madressa attached to it and students of every nation flocked to the colleges of Cordova and Bokhara.

Persia was the bridge between the East and the West in ancient times. The bridge was captured by the Arabs. They raised another on the ruins of the old with the same materials. If the Arabs are to-day to be considered as a bridge between the old and the new, they must look with gratitude to Persia, the last of the ancient empires which bequeathed its whole wealth of civilization to Islam.

It is again difficult for me to find out what Turkey has given to Islam on the social score. It may be assumed that when the primitive shepherds burst upon the Caliph's world, they suddenly found themselves in the presence of a venal society and discarded the intrigues, the courtliness, the hypocrisy of that community in lieu of their own rude and simple habits. Such, however, does not seem to be the case. The Turks also fell into a vortex of dissipation and intrigue, adding to the almost Roman enervation of the Caliphate all the terrors and venality of the Praetorian guards. In the midst of general libertinism the modest virtues of the Seljuk and Osmanli Sultans of earlier times

gather splendour, the moral barometer of the Turks did not seem to have indicated fair weather. In other respects the Turks are known to have been a very conservative people. The Turks live to-day as the Arabs and the Persians lived in the ninth century A. D. It is due to their valour that the orthodox faith of Islam lives to-day as the faith of a nation. There was a time in its history when Muhammad's religion would have receded from Syria and Asia Minor and would only have lived on in Arabia but for the Turks.

From the tenth century onwards the danger of Islam was the religious zeal of the Christians of Europe and internal factions. The appeals of Pope Urban and Peter the Hermit had moved the soul of Europe to its depths; the schisms of the Shiahs, Hashishin and the innumerable Mahdis had rent Islam from within, and the empire of Islam was saved by the might of the Turkish arms. This was perhaps the greatest service rendered to Islam by these people who had beyond their valour and future hopes of greatness, neither liberal arts nor political ideal nor moral theories to offer to their adopted faith. The kingdom of Roum and the Atabeks bore the brunt of attacks from Europe. From the smiling lands of Asia and Syria, a series of able and virtuous Turkish rulers rolled back the tide of European armies and confirmed to Islam the jeopardized allegiance of many a people. Had it been otherwise, Islam to-day would have been the religion of small communities; its vital force frittered away in numerous local divisions. From such a catastrophe the Turks saved it, and it was a service of no light nature.

The general line of religious observances of Islam does not run apart from those of other faiths, whether

polytheistic or monotheistic. After laying down the chief message of Islam "There is but one God Allah", Islam does not differ materially in observances and practices from other religions. Prayers differ in words and petitions, pilgrimages in places and observances, fasting in its periods, length and strictness, charity in being voluntary or compulsory; but all these things are well known to nearly all religions and have never been unknown to them. In the profession of being a prophet, Muhammad had one great facility. There was already a religious structure in existence in Arabia. The Sabian worship which prevailed in Arabia had started on the assumption of one God only; but the idea had, in course of time, been overlaid with attempts to visualise the deity in some form or other, or to identify heroes and geniuses of all form and calibre with Him. Idolatry had grown up in Arabia and Muhammad must have blushed before the monotheism of the Jews and the Christians. The monotheism of Islam seems to me to be a Sabian restoration rather than a subtler refinement of Jehovah or the Christian Godhead; first, because idolaters always say that the idol is a mere symbol, secondly because the original idea of the Sabian Unity of God must have been kept alive in Muhammad's family as being in charge of the worship of the Kaaba, just as the priests of Egypt cherished the idea of one God behind their legion of deities. Indeed it is enough to grant that the idea may have gathered additional strength from the example of the Jews and Christians.

The Sabians of Arabia had, in the course of time, come to believe that the spirit of the Alla Taala dwelt in several idols—Allat Uzza, Mana and others, but that the Kaaba was the holiest of the holy. Muhammad's family had

been in charge of its worship for several generations. Even after his defection from the worship of his forefathers, it was his peculiar pride to have been born in such a family. Added to this was the fact that the allegiance of the people of Mecca could only be purchased by sanctioning the holiness of their own most sacred shrine. In accepting the Kaaba and the Hasare-Aswut, Muhammad gratified the Arabs of Mecca by implying that they were the chosen of Allah, but sorely standing in need of reform, which he himself was introducing under the direct command of the most High. At the same time he took care to introduce nothing alien or foreign to the true spirit of the Arabs and went to associate his conception of God with that of Kaaba.

We all advocate simplicity of creed and ritual in religion and yet we all require some sort of outward symbol to impress our imagination. The sepulchre of Christ, the oracle of Delphi, the Fire temples of Udwada, the temples of Benares, all these show the need of holy places and the calls of pilgrimage. The ancient Arabs were no exception. They used to visit their shrines at regular intervals. It has already been mentioned that the family of Koreish was required to furnish food and water to the pilgrims of Mecca. The Prophet in spite of the rigid simplicity of his religion did not abolish worship of Kaaba. Indeed he impressed it with the stamp of being essential for the souls' well being in the next world. The Oasis of Mecca is annually visited by more than a hundred thousand pilgrims of all nations of the world and of all conditions of life. The Hajji, the pilgrim, is the most dearly loved title of the Muslim world and no trouble is too great to secure it.

The Kaaba serves a double purpose. It links Islam with the old world that is gone; it acts as the meeting point of all Mussalmans; five times in the day it reminds every one of them that from Arabia came his salvation, to Arabia he must look for ever as the land of its hope and in Arabia is the House of God.

The five daily prayers of the Muhammadans supplemented the three daily prayers of the Sabians—at sunrise, at noon and at sunset, though like pilgrimage, prayer also is an universal habit. Muhammad indeed makes his prayer more spiritual by his injunctions to look to the inward feeling, to assume the air and garb of humiliation, and to exclude women from the place of prayer. One is disappointed to find that Muhammad could not go far enough to give liberty of saying extempore and individual prayers to his followers. In every mosque there is a niche called Al Mihrab pointing to the direction of Mecca. This is the Qibla of Islam. The idea is Sabian though their exact Qibal is a matter of some dispute.

Fasts are another common religious practice. The Sabian Arabs fasted three times a year, "the first time thirty days, the next nine days, and the last seven." The Muhammadans fast the whole month of Ramazan and several fixed days distributed here and there. The influence of the Jews is evident in the fast of Ashura or the tenth day of Muharram, borrowed from the people of Moses as being the date of the escape of the Prophet and his followers. The long fast of the Ramazan belongs to Sabian influence and seems to be only a perpetuation of an existing custom. The Muhammadan fast lasts only during the day and can be postponed or be observed by proxy.

Charity it is said, finds a definite sanction in Islam only. Other religions satisfy themselves by a mere abstract exhortation to charity while Islam apportions a definite part, usually two per cent and a half, and also mentions the standard when alms become due as well as the materials. If we take the Kuran to be also a law book, Muhammad's system of alms would certainly amount to a Poor Law Taxation. It is certainly more than this, just as the Kuran is more than a law book. Arab hospitality is well known. The charities of towns have already been mentioned. If the tribal magnates were charged with the duty of distributing alms to the multitude of pilgrims, individuals would naturally feel themselves bound to emulate their example by extending their charities to a few. In the case of alms too, Muhammad gave his sanction to a good and pious custom, defined its exercise and limit and effected a wholesome innovation by making alms-giving compulsory.

The exercise of these four duties, prayers, pilgrimages, fasting and alms are necessary for a devout Mussalman. The meaning of the creed is, however, very comprehensive and not merely ordains belief in Allah and Muhammad, but also in the angels of God, in His scriptures, in His prophets, in the Resurrection and Day of Judgment and in God's absolute decree and predestination. The belief in Allah has already been mentioned.

A comparative study of the Jewish, Christian and Islam religions will reveal the fact that the Semitic people had their own common mythology just as the Greeks or the Latins or the Hindus. Its traditions have been made the basis of their theory of creation, Descent of Man on Earth, the Miseries of Life, the Soul's Destination after death and

other mythological methods. The idea of Paradise is the realization of every want and fond yearning of an Arab mind. The hells, the heavens, the bridges, the water pond, the angels, all these are common to other religions. The Jinns correspond to the Pretas, Sidhas and demi-gods of the Hindus; the army of angels to the army of Hindu Gods, the bridge Al Siraj to the ladder of heaven strewn with thorns and hot sand and swords, subject of many a beautiful Hindu poem, the prophet's pond to the Mandi Kiini; the rivers of honey and other to the Hindu oceans; the Tuba tree to the Indian Kalpvriksha; and finally the books to be produced on the Day of Judgment by the guardian angels of every Mussalman correspond to the books kept by Chitragupta, the accountant of Yama's Court. All these, perhaps, were discovered by the religious teachers from a common source. During the Caliphate of Abu Bekr, Omar and Osman, Islam presented to the outside world a solid appearance without split or schism. After the death of Othman, Muaviah, the Governor of Syria, of the house of Ommaiyah raised the standard of revolt against the reigning Caliph Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of Muhammad. To pursue the calamities of the house of Ali would be beyond the scope of this article. Persia was conquered in A.D. 632 on account of the faithlessness, the cowardice, the enervation of the people and generals of Persia. A few years of Arab domination had convinced the Persians of their error; their national sentiment was awakening fast under the sufferings of a foreign domination, and though the people of Persia did not choose to return to Magian worship, they determined to espouse the cause of Ali and his descendants and thus to preserve their distinction from the Arabs.

To the creed of Islam they added the clause—Ali is the elect of God. Their former idolatrous tendencies made them forget to some extent the hostility of Islam to images and to the paying of divine honours to men. Ali is granted by the Shiahs more than divine honours, he is said to have been endowed with powers of creation almost divine, to have been the eye-sore of Muhammad in the Court of God when he ascended to heaven on the Buraq. The symbol of the Tazia to commemorate the deaths of Hassan and Hussein, sons of Ali, is well known to the people of India; the tragedy is dramatically described at length by Sir Arthur Wollaston. Besides these heretical proclivities the Shiahs also reflect Persian influence in their asserting the right of free judgment against the dicta of individual doctors and maintain several superstitious beliefs unwarranted by the Kuran, but probably taken from the Magian tradition. Thus trying to distinguish themselves in essentials from the Arabs the Persians perpetuated their national distinctiveness within the fold of Islam, which was to annihilate all racial and national differences.

Among the Shiahs of Persia there are said to be nearly 300,000 professed Sufis, a mystic sect and a very important part of esoteric Islam. They believe that all souls are of the essence of God and, therefore, equal to God. An ardent love for the Deity and to sing His praises is the only business of a Sufi's life, for he anticipates that as soon as the corporeal veil is removed, he will be reunited to the object of his love. The stages into which life is divided, the practices by which spiritual life is attained, the indifference to the world, are common

to mystics of all times and all countries. The Americans are now-a-days turning to Vedanta and spirituality. The war has helped mysticism all over Europe. The historical and moral condition of Persia for sometime before and after the introduction of Islam continued to be peculiarly spiritual and mystic.

The Sufism of Islam appeals to the philosophic thought of India. Mansur, the great Sufi's ghazals of Mansur Ali are quoted in the third part of Chandra Kanta, a popular Vedantin treatise; I do not know anything of the other languages of India, but a wave of Sufi influence is passing over Gujrati poetry; our periodicals teem with ghazals good, bad, indifferent, talking of Sharab (wine), Dilbur (beloved god), Ashak (lover), Vasl (union) and Khakh (ashes).

This is how Islam political, social and religious is constituted. The Arabs and the Persians have made it what it is ; the Turks have preserved it as the Arabs made it. The Persians are independent of, and hostile to the Turks and will develop on their own lines ; one cannot say whether they would drift away entirely from the Sunnis. The Turks as the price for the guardianship of Islam got the inheritance of the Caliphs' name and throne. Their recent action has created a grave situation. Arabia has returned to its ancient state of independence. Let us see how Islam comes out politically from the crisis ; for grave changes are at hand. The Chinese Mussalmans have already determined to propagate Islam by a system of missionary efforts and the Turks have larger ambitions. All things point to a great pan-Islamic movement to save the countries of Islam their distinctness and their faith and their independence and their glory.

UCHHRANG RAI K. OZA

THE WORLD WAR.

CAUSES AND PORTENTS.

I.

IN one of the base camps in northern France is a quarter in the possession of Indian cavalry. Strolling through the lines one sees various distinctive arrangements adapted to the needs and usages of the separate castes and tribes entering into the composition of the regiments. The men are fine types of developed Indian manhood. Near by is an Indian hospital with similar characteristics. There are special arrangements for preparing food even if the patients mingle in a common ward or in a common dining and recreation hall. Each particular creed has its own improvised temple for the exercise of its religious rites, the pursuit of its peculiar devotions. These attempts to provide, as far as the rough exigencies of active service will permit, for the diverse requirements of these troops justifies *inter alia* to the general system under which they are ruled.

When in the same encampment one comes across representatives of the dark races of the Empire—the labour battalions recruited for non-combatant work, for transport, lines of communication and other subsidiary works as necessary to the conduct of military operations—these men themselves are

normally cheerful and alert, all give the impression of having their heart in the business upon which they are engaged. Similar types are to be found working or fighting in conjunction with the French armies, drawn from French colonial domains in Asia and Africa.

Why are these men here, eagerly enlisted in a European quarrel remote from the lands of their birth? For it is a counter charge of Germany against the Allies, as a reply to those accusations as to her responsibility for this War, that they have introduced into a purely European concern Asiatic and black auxiliaries as a means of thwarting legitimate German ambitions and aspirations, out of sheer envy and hatred of a powerful and successful rival, thereby committing at the same time treason against the sanctity of the white comity of nations.

As this charge more particularly affects England and France, its candid examination may give us a clue to the real motives and causes of the War amid the clouding of issues by the protests and counter protests of diplomatists and statesmen. Your responsible men / i affairs have the hardihood to embark on so hazardous, mayhap criminal, a venture as war without seeking to present the best possible case to their own and the outside world, to not even the "super-men" of Germany. It must always be the unfortunate action of our neighbours that forces our own hand.

Now whatever may be the truth of the measured purpose and policy of the Central Powers in their charge against Europe that ushered in this war, large scale and colonial expansion unquestionably followed. Successful war would not only

enhance their territorial strength and position in Europe by a rearrangement of boundaries and frontiers but would open up a clear path to unlimited expansion in the outside world, largely at the expense of defeated opponents to begin with. German declarations to England when seeking to bargain for British neutrality are significant enough here. Whilst willing, ostensibly to respect French territorial integrity in Europe in the case of victory she could give no such guarantee as regards French foreign possessions. France in recent years has acquired great possessions that neighbour British territory in different parts of the world, and at vital strategical points; in Africa, the Mediterranean, Arabian Sea, Indian Ocean, south-east Asia. During their process of acquisition there was recurring friction with the older colonial Power. The matters in dispute were eventually settled by a general agreement, and Britain henceforth could regard her neighbour in a friendly light, satisfied with her gains, content to work amicably in the development of this domain. For the most important of these positions to pass into the hands of the most restless, dissatisfied, ambitious and powerful of England's rivals to-day would be to bring to the very portals of our imperial fabric the deadliest menace that has ever confronted it. This at a time when delicate problems of internal adjustment were arising within the structure itself.

Once allow a German combination extending from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, in conjunction with Turkey and controlling the Balkans, to become firmly established and the sequence is obvious. It only remains for certain positions in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Indian and Eastern

of world domination to open out. Particularly to a Power that presents in its social organisation the unison of industrial efficiency with surpassing military force of every order. Before its concentrated might other European States would be reduced to a form of vassalage; hence the importance of Belgium. That peaceful and prosperous little kingdom occupies the opposite coast of the North Sea in a way which consists with the tranquil security of the shores of England. It is of high moment, therefore, that it shall continue so and not pass under the control of some predatory Power. Belgian independence is a vital British interest apart from any sentiment for the Belgian people as such. Here also the interests of France and Britain are at one, and their agreement or *entente* a few years back has consequently been regarded with hostility by the German rulers as an unwelcome consummation putting fresh obstacles in the path of their own ambitions, and one hardly expected from the previous relations of the contracting parties themselves.

Brushing aside then the specious pretexts and hypocrisies of diplomatists, the presence of Orientals and non-Europeans in the central field of this conflict is a legitimate answer and defiance to ~~T~~uton aggression. They are here equally on their own behalf as on that of their white rulers. The remote provinces from which they come are as affected in degree by the upshot of this struggle as the near countries where the invader has gained a temporary foot hold. Their active participation further testifies to the fact, that at least they are not anxious to exchange their existing status and allegiance for the dubious advantages offered by German discipline and *Kultur*; those questionable benefits which the German

is eager to impose at the point of the bayonet on an inappreciative world. And, grimly enough, backed by a force formidable beyond all question. Regarded simply as a choice of evils, they choose what they believe to be is the least evil.

So with the case of other belligerents, taking first the United States of America. A disinterested crusade to help make the world safe for democracy and liberty is an excellent ground for challenging autocratic powers, beyond injuries suffered by American subjects at their hands. Yet there is also the far-reaching implications of the Monroe doctrine which forbids territorial establishment of any alien power on the whole American continent to Cape Horn. Now German commercial penetration and settlement on approved Teutonic lines has long been active in South America. The possession of strong colonial and military bases in Africa and along the South Atlantic would undoubtedly favour an enterprise of direct territorial establishment in these regions should an opportune moment arise to challenge this doctrine. A design with which Germany is broadly credited among similar intentions. In this connection the feelings and interests of the rising States of that pristine continent must also be considered. After a century of turbulent internal life these States are emerging into more or less settled and populous independent republics, tenacious of their integrity and national status. Their traditions link with the Latin element in European culture. Here, too, German overlords

fashion at Teutonic hands an equally dist

interpretation of the doctrine of allegiance of nationality. Organic nationality, whether native or acquired, has hitherto been accepted as one of the fundamental sanctities of the comity of nations. Especially in periods of stress and anxiety was one's wholehearted allegiance due to the flag that normally guaranteed one's national status, one's personal existence and prosperity. Its general implications are largely concerned in this War. The arrogant, insidious propaganda of German imperialism, claiming that acquired allegiance did not negate ancestral loyalty, has encouraged acts of civil war against the policy of the United States among its quasi-nationals there in its own interest prior to the open break with Germany. Britain, too, has a separate count to settle with her in this regard. The question at large remains one of the final issues of the war.

Mention of the Latin element in this concern brings us to the case of Italy. Passing here certain aspects to which we must return, it may be noted that she has suffered in the past from alien Teutonic domination only swept from her national life by the unification movement of last century. There still remained, however, districts in the Alps and along the Adriatic mainly peopled by Italians to be "redeemed" from Austrian rule. Only, these districts are of high importance to the strategical frontier of her powerful neighbour and they provide a further instance of the part that strategical considerations in the geographical sense play in the world-conflict. Then a permanent Teutonic control over the Balkans puts obstacles in the way of realising Italian visions of expansion and self-assertion in the same region and eastern

Mediterranean. German commercial interpenetration of Italy by her notorious methods had already created large pro-German interests in the country. The above consummation would virtually complete the vassalage of Italy to the Triple Alliance—that unnatural combination into which she was led by German wile, and quarrels with France, despite French former aid to Italian unity. Austria's difficulty in 1915 became Italy's opportunity; at once to break with this alliance and to take up arms over the "unredeemed" provinces. She maintained for a time normal relations with Germany, who was thus enabled to intrigue and spy on behalf of her Austrian ally, even in the high circles of the Vatican. Finally, she has broken with her and is now experiencing the combined force of the central Powers' hostility. The vicissitudes of this struggle belong to the general course of the war.

In the Balkan storm centre itself we meet with various cross-currents of movement and purpose, with the great mass of Russia looming up in the background in one direction and the incongruous Turkish power in another. Age long rivalries between Balkan peoples come to final grips—Albanian, Greek, Serbian, Bulgarian—that led to internecine strife after their short-lived combination against their common foe, the Turk. The repercussion of this tribal war of a few years back has brought into action latent forces of greater ambitions around them. Serbia's desire for union with her kindred peoples now under Austrian control and expansion towards the Adriatic; Austria's hatred for the Great Serbia idea as opposed to her own Balkan designs of absorption of southern Slavs into her empire and extending

towards Salonika and the Greek Sea; Germany's intention of linking up through Bulgaria with her Turkish partner, working in association with Austria for the promotion of her special objective in the near East. All this conflicting with the traditional aim of Russia in the Balkans as protector and emancipator of Greek Christian and Slavonic peoples from Turkish thralldom, redemption of the mother city of Byzantine Christianity, questions of the Dardanelles, free access to the Mediterranean, and expulsion of Turkish sovereignty from Europe. And for Britain the consideration of any such contingencies in their bearing on her own Eastern relations.

The part played by Russia in the war until the downfall of autocracy is certainly peculiar. In the light of revelations over the recent trial for treason of the War Ministers responsible for the first mobilisation, the intervention of the Tsar was half-hearted. Since then occult influences in high quarters have plotted in favour of an early peace and the frustration of success over Germany. Pro-German sympathies have always been strong in Russian Court circles. The relations between the two Governments, however, were strained, in recent years with the advent of an aggressive Eastern policy on Germany's side and the increase of Pan-German influence and aims in her high councils. Such aims in their successful pursuit negate the dreams above indicated of Russian Pan-Slavists, together with the ultimate union of Slavonic peoples under Muscovite protection. The strength of this section of Russian feeling, the revival of the old duel of Slav and Teuton, turned the scale in favour of war at the threat to Serbian independence by Austria's

ultimatum over the assassination of her heir-apparent by a Serbian; Serbia—the purest south Slav community.

And now, the triumph of revolutionary forces has submerged these historic and ethnical sympathies under a tide of new social passions and theories which have swept Russia out of the war and launched her on a troubled course of social experiment. There, at the moment of writing, we must leave her.

Turkey's participation and its reactions is one of the ironies of a situation not lacking in grim irony, as with Bulgaria in arms against her old liberator. The future of the Ottoman Empire—that complex "Eastern Question" has come to be resolved, and with a vengeance! Former friends who fought some sixty years back to preserve Ottoman integrity from Russia are perforce assisting her to dismember it in regions heretofore regarded as most vital to their interests, in order to prevent a more dreaded Teuton condominium there. The revolt of Arabian provinces has a further significance in this connection.

And this is the curious sequel to that rapprochement between England and the first leaders of the Constitutional and Reform movement in 1908, after Abdul Hamid's fall and strained relations over his regime. Hopes of Ottoman regeneration from within once more appeared to augur favourably. The movement passed under the control of militarists; German diplomacy was able to supersede British influence and win them to its own policy. Presumably, a mild council of reform and genuine political emancipation of all Turkish subjects paled its ineffectual fire before the grandiose seductions of the German Mephistopheles; vistas of revived Turkish

sovereignty and prestige, of expansion in Africa and Asia in association with the greatest military Power soon to be the supreme World-Power where Britain's star was doomed to set !

So British and Indian troops embark on a new crusade and fight nobly and fitly to safeguard avenues of approach to ancestral lands in face of organised Turko-Teuton aggrandisement.

Japan's entry into the conflict carries with it an element of chivalry and good faith towards an ally, seeing that, at the outset, the issue would appear removed from the specific terms of the Alliance. Yet, looking deeper, we find grounds of policy for her prompt intervention. Integrity of China, freedom to pursue commercial expansion in the far East, access to and a position on the mainland, a recognized status among the Powers have been secured to her by this Alliance; which, moreover, kept the ring during her contest with Russia over Corea. Germany a few years previous to this contract abetted Russia and other Powers in thwarting Japan from reaping the fruit of her quarrel with China, and afterwards established herself in Northern China under conditions favourable to expansion at need. A German world power, once securely based on lines already indicated, would be admirably situated for the pursuit of further enterprise in that quarter; one of the designs credited to Teuton ambitions. All which would be as inimical to the rôle that Japan intends to play in the future of the Far East as it would be to other allied interests. So while assisting to relieve Germany of her onerous Chinese base and colony, policing Eastern waters, and even hunt-

ing submarines in the Mediterranean, she guards at the same time a desirable *status quo* near home.

The action of China in ranging herself on the side of Teuton opposition presents motives of a more elusive nature only known fully, perhaps, to her leaders in this decision. Certainly, as events have shown, there remained elements in the nascent "Republic" who could be utilised by German agents to promote reactionary and pro-German intrigues. There were grievances past and present against Germany to be considered; the problem of improving the status of China in a troubled time when the nations whose economic and political pressure had been most insistent are involved in strife among themselves,—this, too, by placing herself on what is presumably the winning side. Otherwise, enthusiasm in the cause has not so far been over active, and the line of conduct to be pursued by this newly aroused and incalculable factor in human destinies at this great crisis will remain for interested attention. At the same time it completes the demonstration how all Asia is concerned in its upshot.

Such are the determining forces set in motion by an assassin's pistol leading to a quarrel between a Power and a minor State of Eastern Europe, loosening by a fatal sequence implacable rivalries and ambitions, ending in a World War. All which, moreover, is but half and not the most important half of the *psyche* of this vast tragedy. There are equally irreconcilable spiritual and social entities and systems brought into armed conflict, wherein the victory will decide the character of human existence for generations to come. These must be left for a separate appreciation.

France.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

THE ORPHAN.*

The street was whirling in its festal mirth,
 And little children clad in gayest dress
 Were bustling up and down, their loveliness
 Admired in pride as peerless on the earth,
 By proud, exultant mothers whom their birth
 Had cheered. They had their fill of joyousness,
 With gaudy trinkets, buying toys to bless
 Their hours with play and mothers paid their worth.

But there was one who sadly stood apart,
 An urchin clad in rags and woe-begone:
 No glittering chain or silken scarf to wear,
 He gazed with wistful looks, his bruised heart
 Heaving in grief. Of parents' love forlorn
 He stood, a friendless orphan at the fair.

Benares.

P. SESHADRI.

* Suggested by a lyric in Tagore's *Gardener*.

THE CAMP LANGUAGE OF THE KHALSA

THE new times are poor remnants of the old. The Springs from where life came to us are concealed and no one can tell when the rivers shall gush out again and fill the air with the music of their dance. We wait for the life currents to flow back—God is and we shall not wait in vain.

The Khalsa is a new comer fresh from eternity into the world. The eyes of the Khalsa glow with the Vision of the Invisible. The millions on the other side of the River of Life mingle their voices and the Khalsa is truly one in many. When he runs, he is in Trance. On the bed of thorns he lies on roses. Outside is immaterial, it is the aim of life that matters. The Khalsa is He who has found the Centre of life and shrined God in the temple of his heart. The Khalsa looks at the world from a supreme height, blessing all, helping all, loving all by his beautiful looks from the Innerself of all life.

The Khalsa in ordinary life proves himself a loving husband, a kind father, a noble friend, a selfless saint, and a brave soldier to defend the honour of the weak.

This world with all its gay gardens is to the Khalsa but a camping ground. The Khalsa holds the present life to be but a camp-life. Death has no sting for him.

If a child is born he is a "Guru's soldier come" and when he dies, it is a "Guru's soldier gone". The Khalsa sees and believes all is good, nothing is amiss. It is, therefore, that when he prays, he utters himself in accents of steel, flint, fire and lightning that move the Heavens with him.

The tent of the Khalsa is a temple. The Khalsa is the "Dharmshala" for all. The Khalsa gives a drink, a repast and a hymn of the Guru to all who pass by. The Khalsa has his own language whose flame-words reflect the inner glory of the National Realisation and of that Joy which is supreme in its conquest over the sorrows of the world. The Sikh Gurus have introduced thirty-four new words for "joy" in the Punjabi language.

In the Khalsa arithmetic, one is "Sava Lakh" (1,25,000). If a Khalsa enters a town he says "Sava Lakh Khalsa have arrived". Each word of this Camp language of the Khalsa is a chapter of the history of human independence from the thralldom of Desire. When there is nothing in the house to live upon, the Khalsa says "The kitchen is tipsy with joy". The ordinary "grams" are the "almonds" in the Khalsa phraseology. The Lame amongst the Khalsa are known as "beautiful-footed". The blind "the sun-eyed" and all are the "Jewels of the Guru". There is no word for death in the Khalsa Camp, it is "Ascension," the "Cremation fire" is known as "Hearth-Fire," wild berries are "apples", the babul is "cardamom", a mud-hut is "the Palace of Crystal Glass," the shade of a tree, "a green temple" the ashes, "Sugar", the shoes, "the steed," to fall is "to jump", the Rupees are "the brick pieces," to pay a fine is "to accept a salary," the coarse blanket is "the shawl", the salt, is the "Divine

Joy"—so on and so forth. A vivid account of this camp language is published in Tract No. 300 of the Khalsa Tract Society, Amritsar.

Alas the Khalsa is getting under the self hypnotism of "being something", "doing something" and is thus degenerating into a common man. Instead of the old "tent life", it is the life of the palace that pleases him. This world is getting to be everything to him. The new Khalsa is getting daily into mud, and unless something happens to restore to the Khalsa the true faith in God and the Guru finding expression in every thought and action, a type, wonderous in its grandeur and expression, would be gone.

PURAN SINGH.

THE VINEYARD OF THE WORLD.

Lo ! in the Vineyard of the World *He* stands,
Who holds all nations in the hollow of His hand :
He makes a sign, and Evil falls to nought,
Crushed by the ruin its fell tyranny hath wrought ;
He breathes, and instantly war's din is stilled ;—
The air with Heaven's own cadences of Peace is filled.

Oxford,

JEAN ROBERTS.

"ARDHAN"

"ARDHANGI"

THERE can be no Indian Nation, till the women of India take their share in making it. The women of India with all their sweetness, devotion and spirit of sacrifice are helpless, because selfish egoism holds the helm and denies them their share of light and leading. Early marriage and early widowhood ruin the lives of hundreds of thousands. The world has moved on. Men and women in other countries have discovered new laws of health and education, which have accelerated progress greatly; in India men are trying to pull in single harness burdens which they can only carry jointly. The Indian women are helpless because they have not been given the necessary training. They still have only their instinct to guide them. The new knowledge has not been brought within their reach. Is it any wonder our men with all their education are so poorly equipped and progress is uncertain and slow? It is the Dharma of an Indian woman to deny herself. She unconsciously takes up her rôle under sunshine or clouds whatever luck brings, cheerfully if love illuminates the path, with resignation if only darkness tracks her days. She fulfils her duties to the best of her capacity. Devotion and sacrifice are her heritage. It is not without reason that

the ancients called a woman "Ardhangi" or the other half of man.

Things worked smoothly as long as the ideals of home did not differ materially from the ideals that governed the country at large. Then the western education and the crashing of the ideals in the outside world. The mother who sends her son to school finds that the ideals she implanted in his heart are scoffed at in the school, and her son slips out into a new world of thought and action in which she cannot guide him. The boy, too, loses touch with the old teaching which seems out of place in the new world, the two do not harmonise. The evil does not end here. Young men come from the colleges, burning to realise in life the romance painted in such glowing colors in western stories of fiction. Many rebel against married life and bring ruin to innocent girlish hearts. Little girl wives, with all their sweetness, bankrupt of education for no fault of their own, are left forlorn to live and die as if the love-tide never flowed on earth. They have not been given access to fountains of new knowledge, and remain outside new thought currents which are invading the minds of men. They do not understand the men, they cannot cheer or console. They do not understand the new world which is changing rapidly around them. Children born of such unions grow up in an unreal environment. Take a young man from his college to his village home, from the glowing world of books to the bare world of custom, traditions and grim realities. The books that he reads unfold the drama of love and death. He reads of political freedom, and of exciting courtship and pulsating passion.

and all compelling love, which men and women enjoy in England. He reads of beautiful houses and flower-gardens, freedom and leisure with wonder. He dreams dreams as must all those who are in the spring tide of life. He finds that his wife cannot understand his aspirations, or share his dreams. He expects passionate response and equally passionate expression, but she has not read what he has read, her horizon is limited. She is modest, loving, true and obedient, that is what her mother taught her. She tries to please him but it is not what he wants. He wants more than that, true companionship for which her education has not fitted her. Life becomes a strange parody of the real thing, it does not satisfy the parties and only evokes the ridicule of the old folk. Life without any moorings, ideas in a state of fluid which never crystallise, all combine to create for our educated men a world of make-believe, of disappointment, and despair.

The ideal of perfect love is attainable neither in the East nor in the West, in this imperfect world, which breathes change. Every thing here is in a state of flux and change alone has an appearance of permanency. The Eastern life was based on an acceptance of the reality of sorrow, that love vanishes and only his tears remain, that real bliss was to be found not in earthly love, for men were like phantoms that cast their shadow on the sands of time and disappeared, but in the eternal life of God. It was argued that life on earth was precarious like that of a man who chased by a tiger takes shelter in a well, hanging on to the root of a tree to discover a cobra perched below with its hood spread ready to dart upon him, just at that moment a drop of honey falls on his lips and in its sweetness he forgets the chasm that yawns

beneath and the danger that threatens him from above. Why attempt the impossible and ignore the reality, say our philosophers? The sweets of life are uncertain, while its dangers are real and inevitable.

Western writers pay little attention to the Eastern teaching, for to them life is real and its sweets worth striving and attainment. They seem to say when to-day union with the beloved can be attained why wait for the promised to-morrow of the religious minded? They awaken love and give hopes of its fulfilment, which alas in this world of change is not easily attainable. Thousands of men and women flutter and flash and dream of the dwelling place of light and only a few as their reward catch a glimpse of the gleam which leaves darkness all the darker. Young men and women read with beating hearts novels which whirl in the vortex of passion and truth, and sigh away in despair. The desire for fulfilment is planted in the heart of every man and woman. Fates, however, rarely favor them to open even the first chapter of the book of love, for it is only when thoughts of self melt away that the sunshine of true love enters and illuminates the heart. The West is young and the East is old, and that, perhaps, in the past accounted for the difference in outlook. Now the new wine of English literature is creating new thirsts and fresh desires in the old heart of India. Salvation which Buddha, Christ, Krishna and Ramachandra promised is losing value with the young India in comparison with the palpitating reality of this palpable world. The Vernacular literature in various provinces of India is following the Western models. The novel is carrying every thing before it and producing a

similar effect on the minds of men. It is romance for which people thirst and also for good things of life, for gardens and flowers and beautiful rooms. They desire clever women with ready repartee, laughter and sunshine and love—pathetic yearnings of eager souls throbbing with new desires, and required to conform to old moods of acceptance.

Western culture has to prove itself in the balance of time. There is much in it that is raw and immature. To accept it entirely would be a mistake. To take what is best in it would be wisdom, but such wisdom is rarely given to any nation or country, and we shall have to find our way through twilight shadows and darkness, to the dawn of a new day. We must educate our women even though it means loss of some things which we prize most. The new times call for it. Modern education of our women is necessary for health and strength and harmonious homes. But there should be no make-shift arrangement in this our most vital concern. The education of our boys is a haphazard arrangement. A scheme of studies in which the capacity of an average boy does not count nor his spiritual nor emotional needs, the examination is an end in itself; the supreme goal, pleader-ship, service, or petty clerkship. The education available for girls is of the same type. It is secular and uninspiring and it does not aim at helping to full growth woman's special gifts of love, labour and sacrifice. It is completely divorced from old ideals of Indian life and makes light of traditions and customs which insure sweetness and sincerity to Indian homes. The wholesale transplanta-tion of Western habits and customs will not only disturb and unsettle but lead to moral and material chaos. The

educational problem of our women, therefore, needs careful study. The change to new ways of life when necessary must be slow, and moods and manners which have sweetened life for untold generations should not be cast off with scorn. Nor should there be any tolerance of evil social customs which have made such a mockery of the serious and true things of life.

In an educational system for our women we should seek a happy blend of Eastern and Western culture. It is not the paper schemes which will do it, but the presence of men and women who have assimilated the new teaching without losing hold of the old. It is only teachers educated in the arts of the East and West and inspired by the great ideals of the two, who can guide and give a right direction to education of the women in India. What we need is a Training College for women teachers under the most ideal conditions, and under the most ideal management, to work out carefully a system of education for the whole country, and to provide teachers to carry out the programme. Nothing finds its way to the heart of the pupils which has not its root in the heart of the teacher. Our first aim, therefore, should be to create a Training College for women teachers in an environment at once healthful and spiritual. We should get from England the most inspiring lady teachers, and from India the most devoted and spiritual women. The secular education should be under English teachers, while the religious education and the boarding house should be under Indian ladies. The College should have the discipline, the simplicity and the atmosphere of a convent with all that is good and healthful in English life, in an environment in which the spirituality of the

East is not absent but is a predominant influence. The Training College for women teachers for the first few years should have to be a denominational institution, or a compromise could be arranged by allotting special boarding houses to each community, to be maintained by the various communities, while the College is open to all, irrespective of caste and creed. I am of opinion that the education of women without religious training would be disastrous. It would spoil the fountains of life at their source. The down drooped eyes of women in the East conceal the passionate fires that reign beneath emotions that are now guided into devotion and self-sacrifice, but are pre-eminently elemental in essence and likely to betray once the old influences get slack. England has worked its way up to new ways slowly, and Christianity has not lost its influence on the lives of men and women. Indeed it is only the new generation which in the glitter and glory of things was losing belief in good and great things, but the message of death from which few English homes have escaped in this war has again revived keen interest in the other world. Men and women with broken hearts are searching for consolation in other than earthly realities, the search, perhaps, will bring restoration of faith. In India no mistake could be greater than to start the education of women on entirely secular lines.

The first step to provide the right kind of education for women is to provide the right kind of teachers who can command respect, who can inspire, guide and win confidence. We must first produce the teacher, and stint no money in making our Training Colleges for women, ideal institutions. The education of girls is of greater importance than that of boys, and a special effort should be

made to give women an education which would harmonise the ideals of East and West. The ideals that inspire the thinkers in the West are stated with great clearness in Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour" and Frederic Harrison's essays on woman in his "Ideals and Realities." Olive Schreiner shows how a parasite woman is a man's weakness, and how a comrade woman is his strength, and Frederic Harrison defines the position of women as mothers and wives. No charter can confer liberty on India till Indian women are educated and help in the making of a free nation. The other half "Ardhangi" must develop equally with the first half, if India is to move forward and take its place amongst the nations of the world. The woman must again command worship and occupy her old position as a Goddess of Hearth and Home. The new national temple which will win worship of all, irrespective of caste and creed, will rise only when the woman's hand lays its foundations, when a woman lights its sacrificial fires and kindles in the hearts of men love for the mother land, standing at the altar with the incense burning as the priestess of national regeneration.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

A Gujarati translation of this article has appeared in Manoranjan, Bombay.

VILLAGE SANITATION.

AS means of communication increase and the country settles up, the special problems of rural and urban hygiene disappear and the work of State medicine will be making one question of the whole.

There is no just reason for considering the farmer as peculiar or possessed of special privileges or immunities; nor is it right to create distinctions between urban and rural dwellers or establish line procedure, in sanitation, applying exclusively to one or the other class. But there are matters of detail and environment and practical points in the farmer's business that demand consideration the same as any other business. I shall treat here of the special sanitary measures from a practical point of view.

Rain water on which depends the rural water supply is nearly chemically pure, except for impurities in the air carried down by the first portion of the rainfall. These impurities vary greatly and may contain considerable organic and bacterial matter but, taken as a whole, the total precipitation is quite pure at the moment it falls upon the earth. But such soft water is a rapid solvent, and not only carries into solution many of the chemical substances in the soil and the rock strata but by virtue of

its contained oxygen gas and ammonia, it acts chemically and produces hydrates and oxides. In the earth it takes up carbonic acid and that in turn produces other chemical changes. In sandy soil there is very little carbonic acid. There is no substantial ground for the view that melted snow water, from clean regions, is more impure than rain water.

For these reasons much ground water is not fit for domestic use, aside from later contamination. Arid plains, alkaline deserts, country underlaid with sulphides, arsenic and other toxic minerals, gas, and oil, and even some kinds of limestone, all yield water either partially or wholly unfit for use. Settlers in a new country should carefully examine into the water supply. Sulphur waters should be used cautiously, as they are reputed to cause extoses in cattle and other diseases of bone in man. Calculi may be caused by limestone waters, while goitre may arise from the constant use of magnesian and sedimentous waters. All this indicates the importance of the watershed from a chemical point of view.

Natural organic impurities need not occasion much alarm. Nature maintains a balance and, except in marshy and tropical lowlands, these impurities are not especially dangerous. Country spring water contains little organic impurities, few bacteria, and a mere trace of albuminoid ammonia.

Small streams and springs are the most liable to dangerous contamination, and none should be used for a water supply until after it is followed up to its source and its watershed well examined. It is these small watersheds that are of the greatest importance to the farmer

as contamination is not diluted largely by them. One case of typhoid on such a shed may infect a whole neighbourhood.

River water is usually rich in bacteria, but the important matter is to keep out typhoid bacilli, the common colon bacillus and all kinds of sewage. Lakes and slow-flowing streams are natural sedimentation basins, and such matters as coal culm, sand, clay, mica particles, and mud settle out. But in a rapid-flowing stream they do not. At times of freshet the rivers carry nearly every abomination ever heard of, much of which cannot be successfully filtered out.

It is a big problem for the State to control corporate contamination of waterways. A look at the Hooghly River at Calcutta or the Ganges at Benares makes one a pessimist about river water supply. Nevertheless there are rivers and rivers. Some must be inevitably contaminated, and it would be slow suicide to use them for a municipal supply.

A question of both urban and rural interest is that of self-purification of streams. Certainly sedimentation and oxidation both combine to bring this about. The first process is favored by a sluggish current, while a shallow and swiftly-flowing stream churns up the water and aerates it effectively. Most streams have reaches of both kinds, and surely do much towards their own cleansing. Furthermore, clay and aluminium sulphate in the water act as coagulants and precipitate many impurities, while algae, infusoria, and micro-organisms convert organic matter into inorganic. However, the vitally important matter of killing the putrefactive and pathogenic bacteria is not

accomplished by these natural methods or is but imperfectly accomplished.

Rural water supply demands extreme care, since the usual supply is from a very limited source and any contamination cannot be adequately diluted. Organic impurities from marshes and graveyards are to be sedulously avoided, and running brooks should be explored throughout their entire length and extent of watershed before they are used as a supply.

Domestic filters are often needed on the farm and since filtration cannot be trusted to free us from all probable contamination boiling is the sheet anchor of a pure water consumption since boiling water kills most fungi and bacteria, lessens organic matter, and removes most carbonates, iron salts and sulphides.

Infected wells are a source of much illness in rural districts. Artesian wells pierce geological basins and their water is pure. Sinking wells near to barnyards or vaults is dangerous. Graveyards are especially liable to infect deep wells. The conditions of a "good well" can be surmised from the following account of it. The locality of the well is of paramount importance. It should be as far as possible from the house, barn, and privy. The surface of the ground about the well should be a little higher than the surrounding soil, so that any surface washings may be carried away from the top of the well. The ground about the top should be well sodded with grass. This not only adds to the attractiveness of the well, but it takes care of a great deal of water that would otherwise have to stand in pools about the well. If the stock have to be watered from the well there should be a pipe leading to a stock trough

not less than twenty feet away, so that the stock need not come up to the well itself.

A well to be safe should not be less than twenty feet deep, that is to say, twenty feet from the surface of the ground to the top of the water. It should go well through the surface soil, preferably through a layer of clay. The lining should be of brick or stone laid in cement. Any lining that allows water to seep through it above the surface of the water may lead to infection. The space between the casing and the surrounding soil should be filled with sand or earth.

The top of the well should be raised from the ground about a foot, and set on a cement or masonry coping that goes at least three feet below the surface of the ground. Over the top should be laid a solid, double tongue and groove flooring that is absolutely waterproof. This is essential. Most wells are polluted by material that falls in or is washed in from the top, and not by seepage through the soil.

Over the well top there should be a good pump, carefully set so as to exclude leakage from around its base. If the pump cannot be used there should be an automatic tipping bucket. The well bucket should not be handled with the hands. Many wells have been infected by handling the bucket with soiled hands and then letting it back into the well, the filth then being washed off into the well.

Below the spout there should be a trough with a pipe leading some distance away so that the waste water may be carried away from the well.

A well of this description will almost always furnish a water that is perfectly safe, and the saving of sickness and

trouble will many times overpay for the expense and care involved.

A bubbling spring rising out of clean soil is an almost ideal supply, but even such a spring may be and often is contaminated. It is always well to wall in the spring with stone or concrete and lay sod or gravel around it upon ground graded away from the spring. Algae are prevented by roofing over the spring. No dirt or rubbish should be allowed to remain near by. If the spring is on a side hill, it is well to terrace about it or build a diverting retaining wall.

Cisterns afford soft water for the laundry work and fair water for culinary purposes in rural districts. Much that is said about wells applies equally to cisterns.

It is well to have the stock housed apart and the question of drainage is a simpler one. Manure pits are not only more sanitary than is the open heap, but they cause a real saving of valuable fertilizing material. The stable manure should be so disposed that the liquid portion is utilized upon certain growing vegetation. By this plan there is no barnyard drainage except surface water, which presents no sanitary problems. In the bank barnyard the soggy dungheap oozes a trail of wasteful abomination most of the time and always so after rain. Nothing but condemnation can be written of this plan and it contaminates thousands of small streams. The proper way to provide for barnyard drainage is to have none. Down spouts from buildings should never be allowed to empty near to the dungheap, but the water should be directed away from the building and grounds. If manure heaps are covered and no rain

water allowed to run into them, little liquid drains from them, especially if the soiled straw bedding is piled up with the manure. It is well to run a drain from the stalls to carry away urine, and when a manure pit is well placed the urine can be run into it. Flies are one of the farm nuisances and it is well known that they breed in stable manure. If the manure is kept in covered pits and screened at the openings, the generation of flies is very much reduced.

The septic tank system of sewage disposal is well adapted for minor townships and the underlying principles are as follows:—

All organic matter is injurious as soon as it begins to decay, and is saturated with harmful bacteria. If we can change organic matter before decay into inorganic, we avoid all this danger. We know that there are aerobic bacteria which thrive in air or oxygen, and anaerobic bacteria which do not require air or oxygen. In practice we empty the sewage into a closed tank, and it is there acted upon by anaerobes which largely convert the sewage into inorganic matter. In due time it runs from this tank to the filter bed where the anaerobes die and the aerobes complete the work of disintegration. As the country settles up and cities pollute streams more and more, it will be necessary to legally require all municipalities to install such a system. No township or borough has any right to contaminate the river and spoil it for people living down stream.

By Broad Irrigation or Sewage Farming is meant "the distribution of sewage over a surface of ordinary agri-

vegetation (consistently with due purification) for the amount of sewage supplied." The soil should be reasonably porous, and the land selected low enough to allow the sewage to flow by gravitation. The excess of effluent should be carried away to the nearest watercourse by under drains if the soil be not very porous. The sewage must be discharged on the land in a fresh condition and the coarse portions removed by precipitation or sedimentation. Irrigation of sewage should not be continuous, but must be intermittent, so that aeration of the soil can take place during the period of intermission. The land is laid out on the ridge and furrow system and the sewage flows down the centre of the ridge towards the furrow. Where land is cheap this method can be profitably carried out and even in the neighbourhood of houses without endangering health. But it is desirable to locate the farms at a fair distance from towns or human habitations. It is a cheap method and the cost of upkeep is small. Immense crops of coarse grass can be grown on such a farm. Sugar cane, plantains and other vegetables may also be cultivated with profit and no harm could possibly accrue from eating such products.

Some method for the disposition of human excrement is necessary to civilization, but the farmer usually selects the worst possible method. Except where sewers are installed, dry ashes or dried earth should always be mixed with the dejecta. Very simple appliances are required, and details vary only in accordance with the size and location of the closet. An outside dry closet should be at least one hundred feet from the house, on the opposite side from the well and comfortable and well roofed. Keep a divided barrel filled with dry earth or ashes inside and provide a

scoop holding a pint, to apply the ashes. There must be wire screening to exclude flies.

Since live-stock is the necessary complement of a flourishing farmer, strict adherence to hygienic observances must be maintained in rearing and keeping them. Every horse should have fifteen hundred cubic feet of air space, good ventilation and light in his stall, and clean surroundings. Cattle are peculiarly liable to tuberculosis and fresh air is even more essential to them than mankind. Cows should be kept clean by being curried or brushed every day and they should have exercise in clean places and a dry and dust-free bedded stall at night.

This brings me to the question of milk supply. This is a broad question and cannot be dismissed summarily. We can touch here only the fringe of the subject. It is well known that infected milk causes much illness. At the same time it must be understood that it is responsible for serious epidemics.

Sources of milk contamination are many—the chronic bacillus carrier, the milker who fails to wash his hands or does not clean his finger nails, milkers nursing contagious disease, the tuberculous milker, the one who moistens his hands with saliva, or who wears dirty clothing; filthy cows and dirty stables, stable and barnyard dust, milk pails not properly scalded, or from infected surroundings becoming contaminated; defective water-supply, non-sterilized milk coolers; cans not properly scalded and aired etc., etc. I can only give a danger signal here that the public may be mighty chary of being indifferent to the milk-supply. They must insist on a pure supply of milk and until the people clamour for an ideal

supply the evil practice of serving good, bad or indifferent milk according to the passing whim of the notorious milkman will continue to the detriment of public health.

Insects play a definite role in the transmission of disease. Many of the most serious ills of man are conveyed from person to person through the medium of mosquitos, flies, lice, ticks and other forms of vermin.

To demonstrate the untold havoc played by one "fell enemy" the mosquito—I have only to say that the mortality from Malaria in India is two-million persons per annum. Sir Ronald Ross that standard authority on Malaria says "Malaria tends to abound in the most fertile countries and at the season most suitable for agriculture. Very malarious places cannot be prosperous, the wealthy shun them; those who remain are too sickly for hard work; and such localities often end by being deserted by all save a few miserable inhabitants. Malaria is the great enemy of the explorer, the missionary, the planter, the merchant, the farmer, the soldier, the administrator, the villager and the poor, and has, I believe, profoundly modified the world's history by tending to render the whole of the tropics comparatively unsuitable for the full development of civilization'. How significant and how true! Fortunately this Savant of Malaria cheers up saying "Malaria is of all diseases the one regarding which we possess the fullest knowledge. We know the cause of it

Since stagnant water is the host of the mosquito and the mosquito pleads guilty of malaria Sir Ronald Ross gives it as the first law of Tropical Sanitation "the Slogan" "No Stagnant Water" Campaign against mosquitoes is the most efficient way of grappling the situation. Mosquitoes can be as completely exterminated in any locality as dirt can be swept from a building. The mosquito lays its eggs only on standing water and passes the first ten days of its existence in water. *Without standing water there can be no mosquito.* Put kerosine oil in all cesspools and on surface of necessary standing water once in three weeks. Quinine is a dependable remedy and is a cure *per se* for malaria. Hence a free use of quinine in malaria-stricken places should be encouraged and enforced if needs be.

Public Instruction forms the chief item of malaria prevention. Anti-malarial leagues must be formed to diffuse knowledge on the subject by means of lectures, pamphlets, placards and magic lantern demonstrations.

India is in a region whose development is distinctly held in check by Malaria. *Malaria being a preventable disease* it is our duty as men, as members of a social community, as citizens and as factors of a big nation to fight it out stoutly with the aid of the sum total of the knowledge we have about its origin, etiology and treatment. Malaria is a slow killing disease and its course is so insidious, so gradual and so slow that it makes us oblivious of the fact that its path is strewn with devastation, destruction and denationalization. Of the insect pests of man the fly takes the precedence over all others. Flies are even more dangerous than mosquitoes. A single fly may be responsible for the development of typhoid fever or other illness of

a serious nature. Of the many kinds of fly the house fly is the most culpable. It stands charged of transmitting the following lethal ailments—typhoid fever, diarrhoea and enteritis, cholera, dysentery, paratyphoid fever, intestinal parasitic infections, sleeping sickness, surra and nagana. Fly prevention is much more successful than fly eradication. Manure, collection of refuse, organic waste, decaying vegetable matter and street sweepings should be removed every four days to prevent fly breeding.

The proper disposal of garbage is of paramount importance. It is best that all household refuse be kept in water-tight metal cans having accurately fitted lids to prevent access of flies. Collections of rubbish about the yard are responsible for much of the fly breeding, and public dumps also constitute a prolific source of these nasty insects. If these accumulations are permitted, fly breeding is inevitable.

To put in a nutshell all the preventive measures against these terrible insect pests I have to exhort with Kellogg "Keep your premises clean, your dwellings clean, and your bodies clean."

This short paper on Village Sanitation is necessarily imperfect in many details. Some of the vital sanitary questions that concern rural communities I have only broached and certain problems of rural hygiene that require more exhaustive treatment I have summarily dealt with. Others there are which space precludes me from even hinting at on account of their hugeness.

India is essentially a rural country and questions of Rural Sanitation are of national importance. Ignorance

is the arch enemy of sanitary reform and publicity is the modern panacea for many ills of the body politic. Shakespeare denotes its significance after his unapproachable manner "There is no darkness, but ignorance."

The duty of enlightening the masses devolves on our educated brethren. It is a sacred duty which every intelligent citizen owes to his neighbour. To shirk the obligations of this holy task is to inflict misery on the populace and what is more on one's own self.

By judicious instruction what is called a "Sanitary Conscience" must be awakened in the people and every individual must realize that "he is his brother's keeper." Morality is higher than law and observance of sanitary laws must be a canon of the Moral Code and not an Enactment of the Legislature.

Eternal vigilance being the price of sanitary success, health must be appraised at its real worth and anything that drifts to undermine it must be sedulously counteracted.

M. R. SAMEY.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL

AN ALLEGORY.

I wandered into a long neglected garden. There was a strange wild beauty in it that spoke to my soul, I felt God is here, all this wild life is full of Him, but He is not visible.

I saw what a fair, productive garden it might be, if cultivated, but now, tho' there were flowers, they were not perfect specimens, and there was no fruit. It was just a wilderness; the beautiful shrubs were choked by brambles. Some lovely plants were there, but could not flower because they were overgrown by weeds; the grass grew rank under the dark shade of overhanging boughs.

A voice said, "But this is your garden, your very own, what will you do with it?" "Oh no," I answered, "I can't undertake it, I should not know where to begin, and it would mean such hard work, never ending work, just think, to dig all this hard ground, and clear away all this overgrowth and to go on weeding, perhaps for years. No! it is too big a job for me. Yet all the time pictures of this garden, some of it cultivated and trained, some of the grand wild natural bits left, the fruit trees pruned

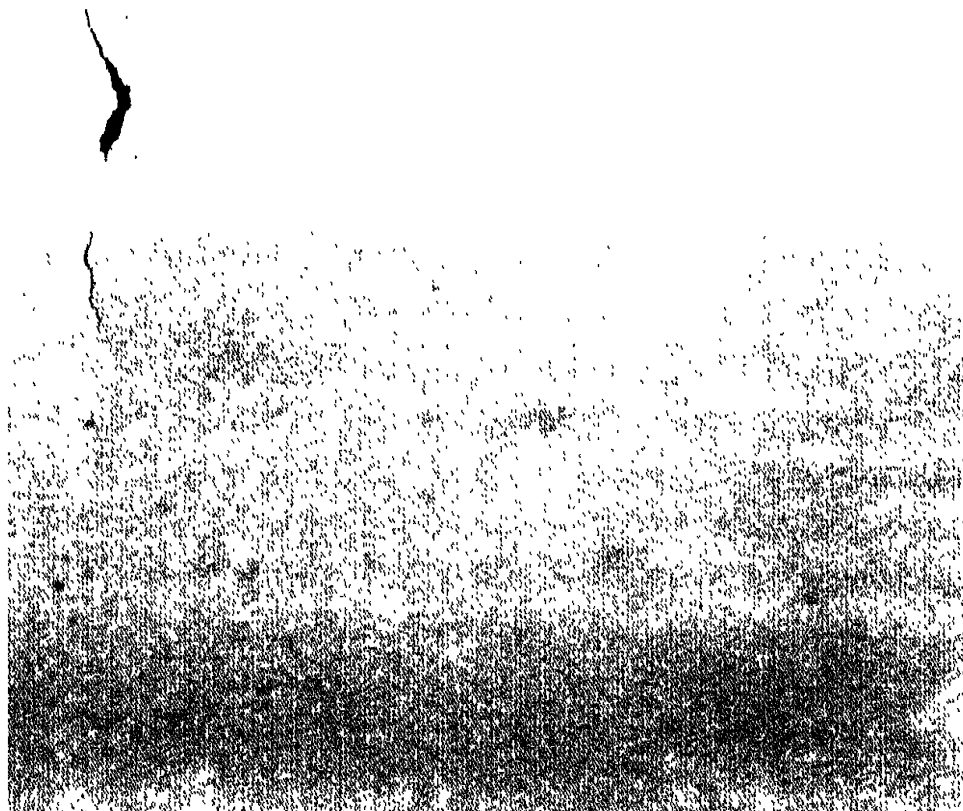
and fruit bearing, and the cleared spaces filled with beautiful flowers, rose before my mind, and a great longing came over me to create, to make the barren place bloom and the trees bring forth fruit, so I whispered an answer to that inner voice, "I will try, I will begin just somewhere and see what can be done."

It was distracting work at first while I cut down the brambles in one part, the weeds grew up again in another, and then when I dug up the ground and sowed, the seeds of the old weeds fell into the fresh soil as fast as the flower seeds I was sowing, and so all the weeding had to be done over and over again; but a few flowers sprang up too, and looked so sweet and nice, I longed for more, so worked harder than ever. Then I pruned the trees, but being a novice I cut them hastily and much too hardly so that the trees bled uselessly, and still there was no fruit but it did some good, for it let in the sun and made everything look brighter; it gave me hope. Next time I went about my pruning more wisely, and by and by was rewarded by seeing some blossoms and later a prospect of fruit; then I got quite keen and began to love the work that was gradually making my garden fair. I began to realise that I was not working alone; a glorious divine life was sleeping, breathing, in every bush, in every tree, in every flower; Christ's life-giving power was pulsing within all; I worked—but God gave the increase.

I thought of another garden—a soul garden—with a wilderness of undisciplined (or untrained) thoughts. Yet in this one, too, was the throb and pulse of the life of God, tho' not visible. The weeds of idle fancies and actions overgrowing the plants of righteous desire, the rank grass

of materialism smothering the ideal life; so that the delicate wishing-flowers could not bloom; the dark overhanging boughs of doubt and false belief keeping out the light of the word. The Christ within—the Son of God—could not shine through these obstructions, the soul garden could not thrive without light and life from above. But deep down the Divine Spirit was sleeping, waiting for the owner of that garden to arise and use his will. A voice said “This is your soul garden, what are you going to do with it?” “Oh no,” I said, “it is too big a job for me to undertake, it has run wild too long, I should not know where to begin. It would be never ending work,” but within me was born the thought, “How glorious a work it MIGHT be if I COULD face it and open up this mind, or soul garden, so that God’s light might shine on it and God’s life vitalize it.” “Try,” whispered the inner voice, “just begin somewhere.”

‘HEATHER.’



RECLAIMED BY A PETAL.

“**L**atā, Latā, you are my fiancée. Do you know, I am betrothed to you to-day?” panted Sarat, as distinctly as his breath would allow.

“You are mistaken, Sarat,” was all Latā could gather courage to utter.

Sarat had heard his parents talking about his betrothal. He did not wait to hear, to whom he was betrothed. Of course, it was his adored Latā. How could the child dream that he could be married to any one but his Latā?

There was a sad note behind the simple enough words “You are mistaken, Sarat”.

Sarat was twelve; Snehelatā a few months his junior. They lived hardly a few yards away from each other. Both belonged to families ancient, noble and wealthy.

They had their childhood play and quarrels together. But of late, the latter had vanished, and a serious, substantial friendship was being established, in the place of the alternating endearments and estrangements. They had vowed, more than once, to be man and wife, when it came to that. The while, scarcely a day passed without their playing ‘the married couple.’ In this land of sunshine, consciousness of youth dawns earlier than in the West.

A subtle process of transformation from girlhood to womanhood, was quietly asserting itself, behind Latā's black eyes, still full of the mischief of childhood. Six weeks before Sarat came to greet her as his fiancée, she was engaged to a boy of sixteen, whom she had hated with all her early passion. His crime was one that could never be forgiven. One morning, before her engagement, when returning from Sarat's with some Champaka flowers his mother had given her with a kiss, she met Raman on the way. Without any provocation, he snatched the flowers from her hand, crushed them and threw them at her feet. The child wept for a while, gathered the petals and strode homeward. The memory and the petals remained.

"It is Saroj, not I, Sarat. I heard it just before you came," said Snehalatā ——— A very, very short pause. The tears checked at the threshold, gave a rare depth to her eyes. For once, a girl not yet in her teens, willed a heroic action.

"Sarat dear, Saroj is a very good girl" murmured Snehalatā. "She is in my school. I will be her friend."

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Snehalatā is twenty now. Four years of married life have been anything but a continued honeymoon. A Hindu woman is a monotheist; her husband is the only God she worships. She must love him, she must respect him, but more than everything else, she must worship him. It is no business of a woman to judge her husband's virtues and vices.

Snehalatā had been brought up in all these traditional beliefs. The modern orthodox Hindu makes a great virtue of confounding between the ancient and the medieval. Any thing that he can trace to the time before he was born, has

all the sanctity of the ages. The husband-worship of the enslaved woman, is as much a part of his religion, as the search of the Eternal. Snehalatā's parents were orthodox in their beliefs.

Four years of sustained effort, before her marriage, to do her duty—to love and idealise her husband—had not been quite unavailing. When she married at sixteen, she could assure herself that she should do all a devout wife would do. Only she had crushed her heart, her individuality, her soul.

Worse things than the wanton crushing of the Champaka flowers, occurred. His father died soon after his marriage, and Raman from boyish mischief slipped into vice. He ran through his small property in about a year. He left his wife generally alone. Her suffering was her own.

The wolf was soon at the door. Leaving his wife to feed herself as best she could, Ramanlal got his meals at the hotels, with what he could scrape together to pay the bill. But that did not last long. He next tried the trick of slipping out by the back doors. Unfortunately, the waiters proved too sharp-witted for him. He exchanged his liberty, for his few good clothes—a mockery of his better days—and that was the last time, he visited the hotel.

For Snehalatā, sorrows came, as is wont with them, in battalions. Her father, a confirmed widower, had recently married a young woman. She turned his affection away from his only child. The paternal door was closed against her.

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Time passed on. Sarat and Latā met again. Latā was ready to pour out her mind.

"Saratachandra, are the experiences of childhood all unreal? Does life only begin with youth? Is the time before that without any purpose, dying on its own echoes, Sarat?"

"Not if it can be helped, La—Snehalatā" said Sarat looking into her eyes.

An inviting look from Snehalatā's eyes, had induced Sarat, out of his way, into her house. The short conversation, that followed, was distant and friendly, but a vibration in her voice betrayed her.

Sarat took the old familiar 'Sarat' for all it was worth. He saw a throbbing heart, behind formal words.

"But could one help its being so. Is not the world too strong for the childhood? By the bye, do you know, my father has married again? asked Snehalatā.

"Yes. The world can be taken in, if one has courage and shrewdness," replied Sarat, ignoring her last question.

Sarat stood up. He raised his hand. It dropped on Latā's shoulder. A thrill responded to a thrill. Her physical charms had survived all her sufferings. They were too much a part of her real self—not the bloom of the spring-time of youth—to succumb to time and many miseries.

"Oh Sarat, let me be Latā, not that dreadful, horrid, cold Snehalatā" and Sarat responded by gathering her into his arms. Something fluttered down, on to the ground, from her breast. She looked below, struggled out of his arm and stood before him, a changed being. A strange light illuminated her eyes. One small withered petal of a Champaka flower had worked a miracle.

"Sarat . . . Chandra. Don't. Remember we are friends".

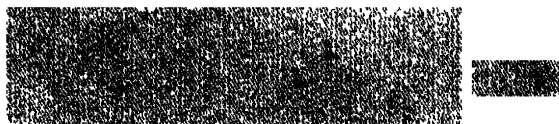
Her eyes kept him at a distance. Man always yields to a woman, when she is truest to herself.

Sarat could say nothing. Then she poured her troubles into his ears. How her husband betrayed her and wished to use her for his own ends. It was a sad story and Sarat was in tears.

I understand, Latâ, let me help you out of this——" he said.

But there is no help. Latâ must endure her fate to the end of her days.

THAKORELAL M. DESAI.



AN EASTERN GRAVE

In solitude I watch'd the light that fell
 Through sombre foliage on a sculptur'd name;
 I could not think thou wert constrain'd to dwell
 In sleep, unconscious both of life and fame:
 Nay! rather did I feel some presence bless'd
 Was near me as I knelt so tired and wan,
 That thy bright spirit fain would give me rest,—
 Not quietude like this I gazed upon,
 Wrapp'd in cold marble with its sense of loss,
 That empty stillness which Death holds in trust
 Beneath the benediction of the Cross,
 Love's sacrifice for frail and erring dust.
 The broad-leav'd Banyan softly breath'd on me
 Divine compassion, and it cover'd thee.—

Where the doves nestl'd when long shadows met
 The grey green wall round which blue lizards sped,
 There in her evening robes—before sunset—
 Stood Rosa Mutabilis flaming red:
 Unseen! Unsung! Dear eyes here lose their sight
 For earthly things, else were I not alone
 Who saw, or hail the day in virgin white—
 At its meridian blush! while time has flown
 Deepen'ng to crimson all her wondrous bloom,—
 Desire's delight!—But passionless this throng,
 They hear no Springtide whisper'ngs in the tomb
 Where pallid lips kiss not, nor smile in song.
 Only the small owl calls its lonely mate,
 The flitter-mouse makes twilight desolate.

VIOLET de MALORTIE.

THE ACCUMULATED PAST

ON the following Saturday the whole county knew of Howard's Magic Mirror. He had quite forgotten the presence among his Archæological guests of the Scotch reporter. The young man had made the most of his opportunities, and the *Humham Herald* appeared with great headlines: "Extraordinary phenomenon at Hexford Castle": "Ghosts in a Looking-glass: " "A Mirage of Dazzling Beauty and of Murderous Terror": "A Haunting Face....." The reporter, who claimed the gift of second sight, described the incident in lurid journalese, which, however, hardly veiled his evident sincerity. He put forward the theory that some scene enacted in the room, and still clinging in its atmosphere, had become so concentrated in the Mirror that those attuned to vision were able to surprise it.

Doubtless he himself and Mr. du Parcq of Westmorland had been vouchsafed a glimpse in the life of some ancestors of the present highly-respected owner of the Castle.

Howard brought the paper with a troubled air into the Guard Room where du Parcq was sitting.

"I've seen it," said du Parcq shortly, "if you hadn't been so huffy and reserved about the whole matter, I might have saved you this silly publicity."

Howard passed his hand over his brow, "What could you have done?" he asked.

"Well, I could have supplied the *Herald* with a scientific judicial statement. All this farrago about ancestors and ghosts is nonsense. The scene enacted is obviously mediæval and Italian, inherent in the Mirror and not a reflection from outside. I would have set out the causes of the appearance, and described with exactitude the results witnessed,—"

"But you don't know the causes of the appearance," Howard objected.

"I shrewdly suspect them: and if you had given me opportunity for experiment, which I must say you have rather churlishly denied me....."

"Don't take offence, Julian. This isn't a common case. I am swayed by strong personal motives. I can only ask you to bear with me patiently—"

Du Parcq got up and put his hands on Howard's shoulders. "Old friend," he said, "Why not take me into your confidence? Why not let me help you? I believe even at this moment I could ease your mind and bring you some measure of satisfaction. I've made good use of the leisure time I've had on my hands,—"

"I know I've been a shocking host," interrupted Howard with compunction.

"Come, sit down. Let us examine the situation calmly," said du Parcq, "What's perturbing you? Simply the unknown. You've run across a mystery that you can't explain—you've got a problem chained up in your bedroom that's tormenting you for its solution night and day—"

"Dear old boy, I must work my problem out alone—"

"Nonsense!" said du Parcq sharply, "What do you know about occult chemistry?"

"Occult chemistry"!

"Certainly. We have to concern ourselves with the occult properties of Mercury. The old alchemists knew that this element possessed in an unusual degree mystical properties, and used it extensively in their experiments. Mercury has an extraordinary sensitiveness, and the most casual observer must have noticed its quick response to vibrations. Not for nothing has it given its name to the Messenger of the Gods."

"But how does this explain....."

"Wait a bit. The Mirror was evidently made by occultists, with full knowledge of the hidden side of things. They knew how to make the element yield to sight its stored up impressions. By what means? you ask. That is for us to discover."

"A possible theory, I admit," said Howard.

"By a lucky accident, you and I and that fool of a reporter have blundered upon this secret," du Parcq continued, "he may have second sight, as he says,—as to you, a pretty straight and vigorous life is no bad preparation for vision,—as to myself, possibly study in this direction may have rendered me sensitive. In any case I consider that we—you and I—have a grave responsibility towards the scientific world. We are bound to pursue researches along these important lines,—it is our plain duty to conduct exact experiments, to make rigid tests,—"

"There are conditions that complicate," Howard interrupted, "conditions that make such an analysis as you propose impossible. I don't know how much you saw in the Mirror,—"

"Oh, just the reflection of an Italian-looking room, a beautiful girl plainly, and a man in the dim background,—"

"The human element: you have left that out of account."

"There's no human element; I seek the cause of an appearance."

"Julian, there's a human element so strong, so vital that it has shaken me to the core of my being. Try and see my point of view. An intimate document has come into my possession, containing the key to a woman's life. I have in full transcript a record of high endeavours and failures, of tears and of despair. in unguarded moments, of moods of hope with her own soul. Those hours when the girl was alone prayer, agonies, sacred moments of aspiration and these are my property, mine to pry into as I choose. Can't you understand my reserve now,—my wish to shield this secret from too curious eyes?"

"This growth is interesting," said du Parcq, "the reflection has assumed a personality then, it has a history, an attraction?"

"A personality that stirs like strange fragrance,—a history that curls like the stings of whips,—"

"Tell me more."

"A girl's life is laid bare before me in all its crystal nakedness, in all its trembling beauty. I have seen what

no man has seen before,—womanhood unfenced, unguarded, unconscious of itself.....”

“And so you are touched at last,—captured by a shadow,]” said du Parcq, “well, one can never gauge the depth of an idealist.”

“You see now why I cannot throw open the door like a showman at a Penny Fair to the whole tribe of sensation-mongers clamouring for a sight of her? You see now I cannot even dissect this revelation in the interests of science?”

“But hang it all, Tom, the thing’s only an image in a looking-glass, a memory of the past entangled in matter,—a problem of reduplicated reflection—”

“I’m not so sure of that,” said Howard in a low voice, “sometimes I think that she is aware of my sympathy,—my worship,—that it helps her,—”

“Come, come,” said duParcq, “that’s hysteria, you’re losing your balance,—and little wonder, dwelling as you have been for months under these abnormal conditions. But surely my dear fellow, you realize how unwise it is to indulge in such fancies,—how easily the imagination may lead you astray?”

“The world must never learn my real reason for refusing to show the Mirror,—it would’nt understand,—even you don’t understand,”

“I hate hugger-mugger,” said duParcq impatiently, “it always gives rise to absurd stories and silly speculations.”

“I know, Lilian has already set me at my wit’s end.”

"Ah—Miss Thrale. I had forgotten her. A young lady not very easy to put off. You'll have to get rid of the Mirror, Tom. She won't stand it. Sell it at once."

"We all admit it's bad enough to sell a woman's body. You ask me to sell a woman's naked soul."

"Nothing of the kind. In the interests of science and possibly of history, I ask you as an honorable man to allow the world to benefit by your discovery. Besides, we may have struck only one series of the Mirror's potentialities,—"

Howard shook his head. "There are things more important than scientific discovery or historical fact."

"You'll alienate your friends by this hokey-pokey," said du Parcq, "you'll offend the county,—you'll ruin your own happiness,—"

"What must be, must be."

"Better break the accursed thing, and spill out drop by drop the invaluable knowledge it holds! You've had your revelation, as you call it,"

"No," said Howard, "day by day I am given more. I can't describe the craving, the rapture,"

"A phantom without reality, an appearance that deceives the senses, a rootless dream,—"

"And yet of such infinite power as to destroy a man utterly and build him anew."

"If you feel like that, hadn't you better throw over Miss Thrale?" asked du Parcq half-angrily.

Howard got up. "There are some things a man doesn't do," he said. "Will you understand this, Julian? If it were another woman,—a woman who wanted

more—I might feel I was depriving her of what was her due by having ideals and sympathies away from her. But Lilian desires other things,—things I can give,—things I have promised to give. Poor little girl,—she's had a miserable time so far. I intend, I hope to make her happy. But when I am married to her I shall need all the more my dream,—you called it so yourself,—you wouldn't grudge me a dream, a phantasm, a mere appearance ? ”

“ So you've sounded Miss Thrall,” said duParcq slowly. “ That's a surprise too. It would have been better to have seen less clearly. Do you think Miss Thrall will submit quietly to this intangible rival ? ”

“ She is not submitting quietly,—that is to say, she is naturally inquisitive, and, of course, to-day's *Herald* will prick her further... ..”

“ Its going to be a deuced muddle,” said du Parcq, “ we've not got enough experience to meet these new inrushes of knowledge, and they play ducks and drakes with our emotions”

“ In any case the Mirror is only a mirror to Lilian. She has proved incapable of vision,—”

“ Better let me conduct a short investigation after all ” said du Parcq.

“ I've got to refuse you, old friend,” said Howard, “ that girl is in my keeping. Its a kind of trust. I've locked the Mirror up in the loft above my room. After this newspaper article, I can't risk leaving the door of her life wide open to everyone. If you are hurt, I am sorry,—”

“ Hurt ? No, I'm not hurt,” du Parcq replied, “ of course, I would like you to have had more confidence in me,—to have trusted my discretion,—”

Howard sighed. It grieved him that a shadow should have come on so old an affection.

But if du Parcq was difficult to satisfy, it was impossible to quiet the persistence of Lilian. Howard admitted to her that the Mirror retained reflections out of the past, but would not be drawn to describe these further. While she resented his attitude of secrecy, she began to resist the firmness that resisted her demands. She had always regarded Howard as a trifle "soft" and had been confident of twisting him round her fingers; lately, however, he had displayed a character and a force that had invested him with personality, so that while she chafed at her loss of power, the fibre in him woke in her an answering thrill! She could not know how these months of companionship with a high nobility had given him her measure. She could not divine how all her petty exactions and small jealousies and trivial meannesses showed against the foil of a golden and perfect womanhood. She only knew that the man she had captured after weariful efforts and disappointments in other directions was not after all a mere cypher, a wisp of straw; the subtle sense of strength he conveyed, his very reserve had its attraction, and the consciousness of unexplored tracts in his being piqued had held her. She remembered vaguely and brooded constantly upon the description duParcq had given of the girl in the white satin gown sown with pearls, and the thought of her lit a smouldering fire. This picture,—supposing it were only a picture—that he kept looked away and apart,—this secret that he refused to share with a single soul,—this mystery that he denied to all, denied to her, threw flame upon her excited emotions, so that she craved something sharp, something stinging, something vital to answer her

mood. Howard was always very kind, very courteous, very gentle, fastidiously thoughtful for her needs and desires and comforts ; and she who had thought to find her best content in ignoring him, would now have given anything to bring an answering flash to his eyes, a grip of real feeling to his touch. He received all the little artificial coquettries she practised on him in so quiet a way that she became self-conscious ; she felt that they lowered her in his eyes, yet her whole desire now was to win him. He was concerned at her pallor, the rings round her eyes, the alterations of her moods, but even his enlarged sympathy did not help him to guess the cause. It hurt her, he thought, and naturally, that the county was beginning to look askance at him ; he knew that people called him 'a little queer' ; old stories of haunted rooms revived in the popular mind ; and in public places he found himself intangibly avoided. All this would, of course, be very disturbing to his future bride,—it was disturbing even to him ; for Howard loved to have his kind about him, and to rub shoulders with men and boys of all classes. Du Parcq might have come to his aid, but du Parcq stood aloof,—talked, indeed, rather unwisely ; so that but for the daily stimulus of the vision in the Mirror, Howard would have been indeed in sad case.

But she seldom failed him ; neither did any monotony enter into the revelation. He surprised, of course, only moments of her existence. Sometimes he had to wait for hours before the reflection passed over the Mirror, or rose from its depths ; so that it seemed to Howard that the appearances synchronized in time with the old events of that mediæval past. The unfolding was undoubtedly

continuous, and each day brought some subtle change. But of these moments he could wave no connected story; indeed, during them, he seemed to transcend ordinary experience, and memory failed to account for the emotions that whelmed him.

So it drew on to the wedding day and in the fever of preparation and the stress of arrangement Lilian forgot a little the baffled desires and thwarted hopes that had been darkening her days.

They made a grave couple at the altar,—Lilian harassed and strained, and Howard so absent that with difficulty they got him through the service. It had been arranged that the first night should be spent at Hexford Castle, and that the bride and bridegroom should start next morning for Italy. After the ceremony and reception, the poor of the parish were given a late tea at the Rectory, and entertained by a choir of Howard's boy proteges, so that it was not till late at night that Lilian and Howard drove home.

The octagonal chamber under Lilian's directions had undergone a transformation. The walls were hung with tapestry; a rich carpet covered the floor; the window-seats were cushioned, the windows curtained, the great bedstead draped. Howard had loved the old beauty of line, the cool contours and colour; to him the place was hurt by all this gaudy padding and irrevelant upholstery. A few delicate refinements were all that his own mother had desired,—tints that enriched without disturbing the harmony. But Howard knew it was for Lilian to choose—and put the thought aside.

A log fire burned on the hearth. All its light seemed concentrated in the Italian Mirror.

Howard stared at it amazedly. Lilian was a little pale. "Who has brought this down?" he muttered, "who has had my keys?"

"I gave Lucile the keys," his wife replied, "Lucile the new French maid. I told her to lock away my jewellery,—to see that all was in order,—"

"Where did you get my keys?"

"They were in your great coat pocket in the Hall at the Rectory. I could not see you to ask.....You don't mind?"

"You told her to get the Mirror brought here?"

"I suppose she saw that the room had no proper one. Is this the sensational Mirror then?"

She took a step forward. Howard was very pale.

He was not a man given to anger, but fierce anger possessed him at the moment. To steal his keys,—to rifle his secrets, to make a maid the scapegoat,—these were actions so despicable that he felt they deserved no mercy. As he did not answer, Lilian turned to him. She had acted almost on impulse in the matter of the keys, though it seemed to her a permissible trick to have played him, and an assertion that his wife must share all his most intimate preoccupations. She had foreseen that he might be annoyed; she had not known he could assume so terrible an aspect. With a little shuddering cry she faced the Mirror; roused to an abnormal pitch of emotion by the events of the day, and further agitated by the dark look in Howard's face, she attained for one second the stature of vision. There in the Mirror instead of her own face she saw a face of dazzling beauty,—pale and pearl-like, but as it seemed to her, cold and disdainful—

of an aloofness that Lilian took to be mockery. So here then, was her rival,—living if not breathing, powerful if not tangible,—here was the vampire that had sucked Howard's love away from the possibility of her winning it. This white inhuman thing, unreachable, untouchable, secure in her silver palace, had for the past months been warring against her with a grace and a loveliness and an exquisite distinction impossible for a provincial clergyman's daughter to combat. A surge of hatred came over Lilian, and in an impulse of passion she struck out blindly. Her hand crashed against the glass, which was only lightly hung in its frame, and it fell to the ground.

But as a drowning man sees at the last gasp all his life concentrated in one flash, so, as it fell, Howard read in its radiant depths the whole shining message he had received. All the beauty and glory and strength of the accumulated past gathered itself in the Mirror in one dazzling flame before his eyes ; the whelming marvel of the vision hovered one sublime second on the verge of doom. In that one second he realized the overflowing measure that had been given him,—draughts of fortitude and of purity from some quenchless source ; in that one second he recognized the irrevocable stroke of time when inspiration would be withdrawn and when he must tread the long years with only a memory to light him. The irrevocable stroke ; the inevitable end ; in that culminating shock of crisis he felt that the Mirror had yielded to him its all : and while his dream-world was crashing into a million sparkling atoms at his feet, he felt himself suddenly strong to face a life more instant to his care,—a life that demands the constant translation of ideals into

action. So he turned to Lilian with a new illumination in his soul.

Lilian covered her face with her hands. There came a sickening revulsion of feeling. The omen of the broken Mirror on her wedding night appalled her. She reeled a little, and Howard, thinking she would faint, put his arms about her. She burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

All Howard's tenderness at sight of a stricken creature came to his aid.

"Don't grieve, sweetheart," he whispered, "what's done is done."

"I saw her, you see," said Lilian almost inaudibly, "I feel as if I had committed a kind of murder."

"She was being murdered, I think—but not by you," Howard replied, "Perhaps the..... accident has spared me the sight of unspeakable agony. The breaking of the looking-glass may have meant release,—who knows? Before the final crash it seemed to me as if gates of pearl were opening and closing,—"

She clutched his arm. "You frightened me....."

"To see her suffer,—to be unable to reach her, to help her! But Lilian, dearest I am able to reach you, to help you—if you will let me. Don't let there be any artificial barrier between us, like that smooth, silver, cruel wall." He drew her to him. "Brush away your tears,—forget what has passed. To-night all things begin anew."

ETHEL HOLT WHEELER.

ABOUT BOOKS

RECOLLECTIONS -by Viscount Morley, two volumes (Macmillan & Co.)

LORD Morley was born in 1838 just when the skies were aglow with the dawn of new times. He was destined to take his share in making them. God gave him the gifts of a golden pen, sincerity and truth. He was given an intellect which could flash into the core of things and make all that it touched transparent from within and translucent from without. His studies of the great French writers reveal the range of his mind, and the clearness of his vision, enabling him to associate with sincere sympathy with such divergent characters as DeMaistre and Voltaire, Cobden and Rousseau. In modern times A. C. Benson in his memories of a brother is the only instance of an unbeliever speaking with comprehension and understanding of a faith which he does not believe and appreciating his brother's respect for authority at the same time. Lord Morley in the early days of self-assertion, left the sheltering wings of religion with the men of science who, having discovered a few laws of Nature, denied belief in any mysteries; his sympathy with divergent creeds comes from the depths of his heart, for though he has not found God he is a firm believer in good and moral actions. He became a positivist to realise in practice what often with the religious remains an empty formula, to increase the happiness of his fellow men. The positivism of Lord Morley meant strenuous endeavour in the realisation of the dream which was proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. Lord Morley is sometimes denied that he ever committed himself to such an idealism.

Indeed he is at pains to prove his entire practicability of mind, but the golden note which rings clear through all his utterances is his faith in humanity and its needs of a larger brotherliness and love.

L "The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common dream of vigorous and effective talent," writes Lord Morley. "New truths were welcomed in free minds and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. First principles were set afloat and supported by the right reasons. The standard of ambition rose higher and higher. Men learned to care more for one another." Lord Morley did not believe in miraculous change but he was firmly convinced that honest endeavour of best minds bent on attaining the unattainable holds the only promise of its attainment, assuring a broadening horizon and approach to the goal. Lord Morley followed in this dark planet the sunbeams of ideals and explored them for his own illumination and that of others.

Many of us in India have sat at the feet of the great Master, but the charmed hours in an intimate communion with him were not given to the people out here, now the bar has been removed. "The Recollections" though still keeping to the weightier matters of life permit to us spend delightful hours with John Morley of our dreams. You can visit with him the home where he began life and trace the environment which first impressed his mind. You can enter his world of books and the world of great men with whom he was associated. You can work with him at the editorial office of great papers, or walk with him to Downing Street where Cabinets were made and unmade and great issues discussed and brought to the focal point. You can watch the interplay of human motives with great questions, and the hazards of chance which baffle carefully set plans.

Fates do not favor many to test the truth of their ideas in actual working. The opportunity came to Lord Morley, and like Abul Fazal, with whom he has a great deal in common, whose erudition, spirit of advance and of tolerance he shares and

like him too he also came to guide the destinies of India; he proved that a philosopher king is far the best ruler, and a clear judge of human needs. The dream which stirred Akbar and his minister Abul Fazal has been told in winged words by Lord Tennyson. Lord Morley seems to have dreamed no such dream. India does not seem to have touched his imagination, but he served her to the best of his power. The Anglo-Indian critics have called his book an indiscretion, but they have their own standards which are neither Eastern nor Western. I wonder what his friend, Sir Alfred Lyall would have said; he in any case was not likely to place India outside the pale of ordinary principles of civilized Government. Lord Morley's letters reveal the difficulties which beset Indian problems and the solution which must be supplied. There is much that Indian politicians may learn from his letters. The impatient idealists can see how difficult it is for any Secretary of State to have his will in Indian affairs, and how a kaleidoscopic phase of our politics often leads them to ignore the imperishable ideals which guide the heart of India. Agitation does not mean sedition, as Lord Minto sometimes seemed to apprehend, but merely the reluctant acceptance by the Indians of methods without which our Government does not and cannot move. If the rulers only knew the heart of India they would not be nervous and hesitating. If they just stopped being nervously watchful and looking at the sword in the scabbard, and cultivated human relations, practising methods of Government in which education of opinion plays some part, they would find that most of the difficulties are of their own creation. Buddha did not proclaim without reason:—

"We suffer from ourselves, none else compels."

The sanity of the people has stood the test of war and is not likely to fail in times of peace. Lord Morley's letters lift the veil and reveal how Indian questions travel between India and England, and the delays which seem unending, and how the fates of 300 millions depend more or less on chance. Strange that such a large country should be so utterly helpless to help herself.

The Anglo-Indian press has not been able to tolerate the light banter in which Lord Morley sometimes indulged, and yet the Government of India rarely had a more loyal Chief. The letters of Lord Morley are delightful reading for lightness of touch; firmness of hand and clearness of vision, which no mists could overshadow; they are simply unsurpassed. You can at once feel the touch of a master hand and Lord Minto could not help being influenced. It was not because an autocrat ruled the India Office that things moved to his will, but a master mind sat in the seat of authority, after a life-long study of men, manners and methods. Lord Morley had taken his turn at the wheel before and faced the storms and steered the course and now that he was installed as the Maharaja of the India Office, he was there to guide and not to be guided by men who had not been apprenticed in the art of popular Government or by their petty fears and shallow expedients which he had known to fail before. Indeed in the past as in the present and the future, the true autocrat is the maker of empires, because he knows his mind and the mind of his own generation, and does the right thing at the right time. It is the men without vision, without the gift of understanding who seek to force their will to maintain a prestige which was secured by greater men and bring empires to ruin. They take the shadow for the substance and no sham kings can rule the people of God.

In an epilogue to his recollections Lord Morley thinks of the "hour when they who sail the seas hear the evening bell afar, and all with yearning in their hearts at thought of tender friends from whom they had been that morning torn away. No angelus across the waves reached my Surrey upland, but church bells ringing out with pleasant cheerfulness for evening service from the valley down below, recalled the bells of Lytham where in the quiet churchyard in the wood by the Lancashire seashore are the remains of those who began my days. A vaguely remembered passage of Chateaubriand floated into my mind about church bells: how they tell the world that we have come

into it, and when we leave it, into what enchanted dreams they plunge us—religion, family, native land, the cradle, the tomb, the past, the future. We cannot in truth be sure that the dreams of twilight and the evening bell will always savour of exaltment; they are the moments that awaken retrospect and the question whether a man's life has been no better than the crossing of a rough and swollen stream on slippery stepping stones, instead of a steady march on the granite road."

Hopes and fears and acceptances all told in a few sentences.

"Hope comes with evening's wandering airs,
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise and change, that kill us with desire."

J. S

LIFE AND FILMS OF STOPFORD BROOKE. —by *L. P. Jacks*, 2 Vols.

(*John Murray 15s. net.*)

It is not always that a biographer can be found who combines the gift of expression with the gift of understanding and personal attachment. Brooke's when he wrote the life of Robertson could have little imagined that his own would be written by Mr. Lawrence P. Jacks with an equal insight, sympathy and the skill of a literary artist. The revelation of Brooke, "his friendships and his passing contacts with men, and women, his changing moods and his permanent affections, his claim and his seriousness, his playful fancy and his stern resolution, his patient battle with protracted suffering and the constant interweaving of his art with religion" are all there, and as you read the book you feel as if you were living with this most remarkable man and moving with the richness, the variety, the dignity and the rapid movement of his life.

Stopford Brooke was an Irishman with all the impulsiveness, and love of laughter of his land. He came from a long line of clergymen, doctors, soldiers and landowners, "wild masterful men whose blood was quick with elemental force." His home presented all the conditions which make religion a habit and the beauty of holiness a living joy. The environment, however, was

not narrow, intelligence and imagination promoted the spirit of discovery and Brooke was permitted to roam into the world of imagination, romance and religion without restraint. He was ordained priest and his sermons attracted appreciative audiences. Men came to listen to him who were affected with doubt and went home heart-healed. He was often invited by Queen Victoria to preach. He was, however, incapable of owning allegiance to creeds which failed to satisfy his own affections and intelligence. Slowly he worked his way from the restraint of the Anglican church to the wide world of God and humanity. He was essentially religious, but his religion was anchored in the steadfast belief in the Fatherhood of God and of love as the master principle of life. He could accept nothing that narrowed his conception of God and his Love.

Brooke lived a long life, and up to the end continued his interest in the world around him, though with growing years the reality of the other world became more certain and definite. He was a mystic and a knower. Mr. Jacks does not tell much about it but on the other hand he makes it clear that Brooke was one of those who can step across the border and get glimpses of the great beyond. Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore met Stopford Brooke in his own home. What passed between the two has not been recorded in the diary. His biographer merely contents himself with pointing out the identity of the mystic message of Brooke with that of Rabindra Nath Tagore in his *Sadhna*. He was something of a Greek in his love of beauty, and found more illumination in the heart of a poet than in the arguments of a philosopher. His *Life of Robertson* is a classic, his studies of English poets, treasures of joy and beauty.

The social problems which wealth and poverty have raised in England did not leave him untouched. "His generous and sympathetic heart made him a lover of the people and a friend of the poor, his tastes made him an aristocrat and the two tendencies had to settle their account..... when he spoke of the rich and the poor, and of love as the reconciling element between them

he was unconsciously telling the story of his inner life." To live with a great and good man like Stopford Brooke is a privilege and Mr. L. P. Jacks has given this privilege to all who would spend their hours with him in an atmosphere of holiness and beauty.

J. S.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS AND THEIR WAYS by *Francis Wall.*

(*Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 7-6*)

The story of Canterbury pilgrims dates from the tragic death of Thomas à Becket who suffered martyrdom. His father fought before Jerusalem, was taken prisoner by a powerful Emir whose beautiful daughter fell in love with him and assisted him to escape. She followed him with the help of the only two words of English she knew. "London" and "Gilbert" and found him after her long and faithful quest. For love in the East is a burning fire which is quenched only by the sharbat of union and the fruit of this mingling of the East and West was Thomas à Becket. About 1143 Becket entered the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury and became his confidant and friend. Twelve years after Henry II appointed him Chancellor of England. "The bright gay, learned, clever, politic man of affairs fascinated the king as he had fascinated the Archbishop. They hunted, sported, feasted and joked together. When he progressed as the king's representative, he was accompanied by a gorgeous train of attendants. Also his lavish expenditure was a subject of wondering and envious comment."

All of a sudden to the gay courtier came the knowledge of the unreality of things. And like Bhartari he gave up the Court and became an ascetic. He feasted beggars and washed their feet with his own hands and stood for the privileges of the Church. This brought him in conflict with the king and he was murdered in the Church, where he stood in his episcopal garments. Two years later Henry came to do his penance. "He cast off his royal robe and over rough stones that cut his skin he walked barefoot to the place of martyrdom. The king knelt down against the tomb and was scourged by the Bishop and Prior with five strokes each, and by each monk (and there were

eighty of them) with three. The king passed the whole night without food and without removing from his body the mud or the marks of disorder." Mr. Watt's book has full eastern flavour. It takes me to the days of childhood and the pilgrimages I made with my father and mother. I can travel with Mr. Francis Watt by all the roads that lead to Canterbury and enter into the spirit of the old world pilgrims, their purity of faith, their ways, their manners, their amusements. Incidentally the book shows that there was not much difference in the old days between "East and West." And there will not be much difference again, when the East overtakes the West, on the new roads where the West has left her behind. The author has told the story with a passion for old world romance. All who read Mr. Watt's book will find what Erasmus said about the Canterbury Cathedral. "Then you enter and there falls upon you the spell of the great Church; *ut procul etiam intuentibus incutiat religionem.*" J. S.

THE AWAKENING OF INDIA—by *de Witt Mackenzie*.
(Hodder and Stoughton, London)

Mr. de Witt Mackenzie came as a special representative of the American Press and made an extensive tour through India. He heard from the Viceroy himself what he thought of the Indian situation. The Princes and people assured him of their own aspirations and devotion to the Crown. The conclusion he came to is summed up in a short paragraph. "There is great unrest in India but it has little in common with sedition. It is a healthy unrest, the evidence of a yearning for better things. It is the type of disquiet that has made great nations what they are, an agitation without which progress must cease and decay set in." Sir Charles Cleveland, the head of the Intelligence Department himself generously admitted "that it has been chiefly due to the sanity of the great Indian public which has withheld its support that German plans in India failed." Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Sir William Meyer, Sir Claude Hill have each spoken on things that they know. India through the eyes of an American journalist is therefore, extremely interesting. J. S.

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT—by *Winston Churchill*.

Mr. Churchill always writes to some purpose. He has the rare gift of investing pressing social problems with dramatic and human interest. In the "Dwelling Place of Light" he tells the story of two sisters to whom modern education gives new desires, and social conditions refuse fulfilment. It is a story of broken lives and pathetic disillusionments. The Dwelling Place of Light revealed at the end is the house of an author where love and understanding reign and where a broken girl finds a home, full of sincere sympathy. In the East the ancients declared that human inheritance of endless joy was riddled by five thieves: passion, anger, covetousness, desire and egoism; and in the conquest of these was the way to unchanging peace. In the West the leaders of new times promise in the fulfilment of the hunger of all these the road to victory and joy. The East found contentment while the West is discontented and perpetually at war groaning with agony. It seems as if ancient wisdom will come to its own in the end.

J S.

THE RED PLANET—by *William J. Locke*, (*John Lane, London.*)

William J. Locke has written before of the Dispensers of Happiness, of Temples of Innocence, and of Interesting Vagabonds, showing that darkness and shadow are of our own creation and have no place amidst sunshine and laughter which fill the earth. "The Red Planet" is a tale of the war, the pathetic story of great losses and noble acceptance of the loss. The grim reality of sin and sorrow finds admittance, though sorrow is only the gateway to redemption. Men go into flames to prove themselves, and women true as steel accept love and labour and sacrifice. The story reveals the unsullied and strong character of men of old aristocratic families who will not suffer defeat, and straight as an arrow march to death on the call of duty, zealous to keep their honor bright, and other men who are conscious of class wrongs only. The story gives some personal items of the War as it has affected different classes in England. The new times have dis-

turbed old loyalties and the story speaks of men who are anxious to have all the good things of life without the necessary sacrifice. Men of this class ignore that love and strength and wisdom are the bulwarks of national progress and a selfish search for the good things of life its weakness. "The Red Planet" does not bubble with innocent laughter but its sweet serenity has the old charm of Locke and the book is interesting from cover to cover.

J. S.

THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP—by H.G. Wells (*Cassell & Co., London.*)

The fertile brained H. G. Wells has written another book. It is really the sequel to his *Invisible King*. It is no less interesting and thought provoking than the former. The grim realities of war suddenly awaken in the mind of a Bishop the spirit of enquiry which leads him to leave the Church and seek salvation in humble work. The Bishop sees visions, a doctor gives him an elixir which releases him from the body, and then he sees God. He sees German and Russian prisoners talking together, and a Brahmin talking to an English painter on the blind intolerance of race and caste in a friendly way, recognising that all this confusion of wars, of castes and creeds, and national animosities, is made by men, by kings and churches and deluded egotists. The Bishop, as sponsored by Wells, comes to the conclusion that after this war there will be no kings and no churches and mankind will settle down in peace and friendliness. Mr. Wells has prophesied before and it seems that he sometimes sees. It is, however, incredible that without an inner change mankind without its shepherds will at once develop wisdom and right understanding, marching straight to the feet of God. J. S.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES—by Talbot Mundy
(*Constable and Co., London.*)

Talbot Mundy in his "Winds of the World" struck the right note when he wrote of the great comradeship that existed between Indian soldiers and English officers. Indeed the story if translated into Punjabi will be a source of inspiration to Indian soldiers. In his "King of the Khyber Rifles" Yasmani again appears,

mysteriously enchanting as the scent which perfumes the air she breathes. The story is told with skill and insight, and it seems as if like Rider Haggard in Africa the author has found an unfailing source of romance on our frontiers. Talbot Mundy, unlike other English writers who, when speaking of the people of India, find nothing to admire or to praise, has departed from the accepted tradition and discovered that India is the very mother land of chivalry, "that besides sedition she breeds gentlemen with stout hearts, that in addition to what our Christian book calls whoring after strange Gods India strives after purity. He knew that India's Ideals are all imperishable and her crimes but a kaleidoscopic phase." The war has proved the reading of Talbot Mundy and his art is revealed in the story which we can unhesitatingly recommend.

J. S.

CHRISTINE by *Alice Cholmondeley*, (*Macmillan, London*).

Just a sheaf of letters to her mother by a charming English girl who happened to be in Germany at the outbreak of war and died on her way home. In her brief sojourn in Germany she fell in love with a German officer. Just fourteen days of love and sunshine, as she pathetically puts in one of her letters, and then the war came and her lover started "to pay off his bill of duty to the last farthing." In the meanwhile she flitted across the border where those who are united truly find perfect love. Incidentally the letters provide an extraordinarily vivid picture of the state of feeling among the German people in that period, a state of excitement and elation and relentless determination overshadowing all other considerations.

J. S.

THE DREAM PROBLEM *Compiled—by Ram Narain, L. M. S.*
(*Practical Medicine, Delhi*)

Mr. Rama Narain dreamed rather a remarkable dream and has been asking for its solution. The replies which he received are now collected in a handy little volume revealing that one of the commonest experiences of mankind remains uncommonly beyond the grasp of our physical intelligence. There are dreams and dreams. The ordinary working of the brain in half sleep and

its kaleidoscopic activities deserves little attention. It is dream that come true, visions flashed from across the subliminal into brain consciousness which call for a solution. The dream writers on the "Dream Problem" have not tried to measure the immeasurable depths of human consciousness which remain unexplored. Indeed one has to say with Tennyson:—"Nothing worthy proven can be proved."

J. S.

FYODOR DOSTOIESSKY—THE MAN.

AN APPRECIATION.

Many English people have read and heard little of the Russian writer Dostoïessky, though his name is becoming known to an ever larger circle of thinkers and readers in all countries besides his own where he is looked on as one of their greatest writers, many putting him above Tolstoi and Turgenieff: but Dostoïessky cannot be compared with anyone, he has an individuality of his own, he is afraid of nothing and nobody. He dares put into the form of words, thought, rarely expressed before with such clearness and conviction.

The fact of PAIN is hammered in, in all Dostoïessky's novels. They are cruel and ruthless in their exposition of evil and suffering, but serious thinkers must reckon with him and his outlook on life. His sincerity and powerful will grappling with the forces of good and evil, grip one as only the thoughts of a really great spirit can do.

Dostoïessky will not appeal to readers of light literature, to the thoughtless and censorious, but to those who care to pierce through the shams and subterfuges of life, and to face realities, he has a message to deliver, though it is fraught with pain and suffering.

We owe our growing knowledge of Dostoïessky and his works in a large measure to Mrs. Constance Garnett's recent and sympathetic translations, though there have been other translations previous to hers. Some of his works, such as "The Idiot", are now to be had in Everyman's Shilling Library edition.

There is a Biography of Dostoiesky by Evgeny Soloviev, which is translated into English under the title "Dostoiesky, his Life and Literary Activity" but this work does not reflect much credit either on Dostoiesky or on the writer. The author lacks the sympathetic insight necessary to understand a man like Dostoiesky who is above common standards.

Middleton Murray's "Critical study of Fyodor Dostoiesky" is an illuminating appreciation.

Fyodor Dostoiesky was born in 1821 and died suddenly in 1881. He intended becoming a writer from the time he was a boy at school, he did not finish his first novel "Poor Folk" until he was twenty-four. This at once brought him into touch with the best writers of the day in Petrograd.

In 1849, he was arrested, and sentenced to death. The day dawned when he and his companions were led out to the Semenovskiy Square to be shot. The prisoners were collected on a large platform, at the foot of which stood coffins ready to receive them. Three of the ringleaders were bound to posts and the order to fire given. Dostoiesky, awaited his turn for execution, poised on the brink of eternity, life on earth finished, a moment more and—what? where?

At this moment a reprieve arrived, the prisoners were unbound; instead of death, sentences of various durations were meted out for exile in Siberia. The strain had been too great for one of his fellow-prisoners, who went out of his mind and never recovered. Dostoiesky was condemned to four years penal servitude to be followed by a term of compulsory service as a private soldier. All civil rights and his rank of nobility were cancelled.

It was as if at the time of the execution Dostoiesky's soul having finished with this life, separated itself from his body and having once become detached, never returned. He had shown signs of this dual life before, but henceforward it becomes a marked feature of his life. "Peace and harmony are not for him. Pain and discord are to be his lot in life. Until his death he strove to find the meaning of Life, to find a "Way of Living"; his whole life is torp

by thoughts on the Why and the Wherefore of things. He had in a high degree that "Passion for Knowing" which to a greater or lesser degree inspires all thinkers, and it urged him into abysses where lesser men would have halted from prudence or fear.

Pain pulsates all his writing, he never created a character who does not suffer. He only sees anguish, evil and pain, and yet at the very bottom of all it seems as if he sensed a way out, but he did not take it. He cannot or will not believe that good can prevail, it is not for him. Purification by suffering is not what he sees around him, and he only portrays what he has himself experienced.

Dostoievsky is not a Christian, he does not believe in the Divinity of Christ, he has a passionate adoration for Christ, the Man because he suffered so much. In "The Idiot" and other of his works, this is strongly shewn, but the more he adores the Man Christ, the more he suffers, thinking of the agonies Christ was forced to go through before the apparent victory of the forces of evil.

One of the characters in "The Idiot" says of a Holbein picture of Christ after he is taken down from the Cross

"Looking at such a picture, one conceives of nature in the shape of an immense, merciless dumb beast, or more correctly, though it seems strange, in the form of a huge machine of the most modern construction which, dull and insensible, has aimlessly clutched, crushed and swallowed up a great priceless Being, a Being worth all nature and its laws, worth the whole earth, which was created perhaps solely for the advent of that Being".

Some years after the expiration of his sentence, when Dostoievsky was permitted to return to Petrograd, he and his brother started a couple of magazines which cost them much time, labour and money. One of the magazines was suppressed and in starting it again under a new name they incurred heavy expenses. After the death of his brother, illness and debt weighed so heavily on Dostoievsky that he had to leave Russia. He continued to work in exile and illness and extreme poverty. After a few years he was able to return and settle in Petrograd where partly through his already published

works, and partly owing to his "Journal of an Author" which was then appearing periodically, he was ranked among the first of Russian writers.

In order to understand Dostoïessky and his works, the three prime factors of his life need to be taken into account. His sentence of execution—his imprisonment in Siberia—and his epilepsy. His writings are all expressions of his thrice tormented soul. "Dostoïessky himself thought the thoughts of his thinking heroes, he lavishes his own blood to make them live. He created them because *the reasoning which they embodied was to him unanswerable.* That was the indispensable condition of their being" says Murray.

Incidentally it reveals the heart of a suffering people, driven to despair, without hope and without comfort. The old order has changed and a new order is still in the making. Russia surely deserves a better future.

MANSEL YOUNG.

WHEN SOLDIERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

The following batch of interesting letters from French and Russian soldiers at the Front, has been sent to us for publication, by the lady whose "Letters from a War Hospital in France" have enlivened the pages of this Review for the last two years. This intrepid and cultured lady answered the call of Duty as soon as the War broke out, and left her comfortable home in far-away Canada to tend the wounded soldiers in France. How tenderly she has nursed them back to life and to what extent she has earned the gratitude of the soldiers, these simple letters amply testify. They breathe devotion and affection such as must have fallen to the lot of but few such noble workers in the field. Our friend is not a "nurse" in the ordinary sense of the term: few soldiers call her by that name, they rather take pride in speaking of her as "mother" and the way in which French and Russian soldiers vie with one another in lavishing their genuine affection and undying devotion on the "Mother", is touching in the extreme. Happy the children who can claim such a "mother", and blessed is the "mother" who has earned the gratitude and love of so many "alien" children.

(Editor.)

The following letter was written during the first spring of the war by a soldier of whom I have no later news.

MADAME—

3-5-15.

HAVING received the muffler which you sent me I thank you deeply, for we have often enough rain, and it will do me great service. I am always in good health, and I keep the hope to find again my dear family, and when I feel discouraged, I at once make my act of resignation, "That Thy will be done", and if one day I should fall, I shall receive a welcome from Him, for I have always followed the doctrines which were taught me. We have much work at this moment and very little liberty, but we do it with a great deal of courage. For some time past we have been promised a rest at the depôt, but I do not expect to be there more than three or four days, and if the good God will that I return home, as I have always the good hope, I will be infinitely grateful to you. Receive, Madame, my profoundest gratitude.

Hector ———.

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25-3-15.

Dear Madame and Benefactress.

I received to-day when I arrived from the advanced post my helmet. I thank you very sincerely, for with this change of weather, it always rains. During our stay at the advanced posts we were well bombarded by the aeroplanes ; happily, they had not well gauged their distance. The shells fell at 50 yards from us, breaking great holes in the ground, but happily no one was wounded.

Dear Madame, we begin to have hope, for there is good news on the Russian side, in the taking of Prysmel, which cannot fail to advance us for the end of hostilities. Dear Madame, I thank you for the last sausages as well

as for the tobacco, which gave me great pleasure, for one has not often so fine and so good to smoke. *Enfin*, I need nothing more in the way of clothes ; if you send me something, send only eatables, that is what will give the greatest service. Now I leave you, Madame, to rest myself, for during the last four days I have hardly slept. Trusting in the grace of God to give us back our liberty, your friend and protégé who thanks you for your great generosity.

I have a comrade in my division who is a photographer, so he has taken us, and if that would give you pleasure I will send you one.

Jean P. F.

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10-5-15.

Dear Madame and dear Benefactress,

I begin by thanking you for your packets of cigarettes which gave me so much pleasure ; you are very good to have always something to send me, to take patience and courage to wait the end of this cursed war, which never ends. We have just learnt that Italy will perhaps come in on our side ; if it were only true it would perhaps hasten the end of the hostilities, for it will soon be ten months that we have left our families without being able to see them again. *Enfin*, let us leave all to the mercy of God, no matter what comes.

Receive, dear Madame, all my thanks. Your protégé and friend.

P. P.

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2 April 1915.

Dear Madame,

As always I write for myself and comrade Briet in order to thank you for your goodness in sending us all those

parcels, which give us so much pleasure and so much good, for we soldiers of the invaded territory receive nothing from our exiled relatives who have brought nothing away from that brutal and ferocious blow which destroyed and burnt the little which we possessed, and for the rest it would not be well done for us, for they have need of money to feed themselves, and they must work for that, they do not complain and they are French as we, and ask only to see us again at the end of this war if death spares us. Happy those who may find again their homes after these hard battles and the diseases that we fear, for here the air smells bad and the water is not always good to drink; it is full of dirt from the dung and waste which is everywhere, besides the water which washes over many dead, and our dead beasts, all that goes into the springs; so I am going to ask you if during the summer you could send us something to put in the water to make it fit to drink and to keep us from fevers and sicknesses if you will. Since you ask, send us a little chocolate, for that keeps a long time or anything else that your kindness prompts: that will give us pleasure and improve our diet for we eat only rice, beans, *rata*, potatoes cooked in water with some grease with a little meat cooked together; they would do better to brown their meat, it would be eaten with more pleasure, for we can no more relish it; it is the fare that we have eaten since the beginning.

Mavis S—

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The three letters which follow were written by a soldier artisan who, when called away from his home in a large manufacturing city of the North at the beginning of the war, left behind a wife and young son of whom he

was only able to receive the briefest news at long intervals. Badly wounded early in the war, he was nursed in a, Cannes hospital, and returned to his dépôt at Quimper, Brittany, whence the first letter is dated the last day of October 1915.

Madame,

I was a little uneasy not having your news, and I wondered if you were sick. I thank you very much for your good letter and I shall be very glad to receive the socks, muffler and jersey which you will send me, for which I can only thank you with all my heart, and be very grateful to you.

Madame, I am in a *compagnie de marche*, and I shall change again to go to the Front. At present I am well and I am very happy to take again my military service; now I do not find the time very long, for in the *compagnie de marche* we work from five o'clock in the morning until five at night; one has not a minute for rest and we are tired when the evening arrives.

As I already told you in my last letter, I have received news of my wife and my son so I am very happy, and I have sent another letter by Holland. I assure you that has given me new heart and courage, and I am more than ever impatient to return to the Front. I long for the war to be over to return home, but I can not think that it will finish before next year; cost what it may, we will go to the end and we pray God that He will give us the victory, and protect our families.

Since the last fifteen days the weather is horrible, always rain and hail, that announces the winter. At present we are at All Saints and we are free during two days to

go to the mass and to the cemetery, where we shall all go to honor the heroes who died for *la patrie*.

Wishing you good health and renewing my sincere thanks, I beg you, Madame, to accept the expression of my devoted gratitude and of my respectful friendship.

Jean D.

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Douarnenez, December 23, 1915.

Chère Madame,

I have just received your parcel and I haste to write you to thank you with all my heart. At the moment when I received it we were to start on the march. I taste ~~the~~ the bonbons during the march, and that prevented my having to drink water. I found them delicious as well as the chocolate. I thank you sincerely for the whole parcel.

In this moment there are *permissions* of four days for Christmas and the New Year, most of those still here are from the invaded district, and I would be 15 days older, that the *permissions* might be finished; for every one has his story, they speak of the New Year, and of their homes, that gives the *cafard*, and for me I think much of my son who should make his first communion in the next month of May, and nevertheless that does not prevent that we wait for next spring with impatience. We have the hope of finishing next year and more than ever we are sure of conquering our enemies. We are very numerous at the dépôt and we work a great deal; they form many sections of *mitrailleurs* and I am sure that by the springtime we shall give the Boches some thread to unwind. If only

they would come out of their holes, we could measure with them, but in open field they will not come, but we will have them all the same, our will will prove stronger than their preparations.

Dear Madame, I beseech and I pray God that the year 1916 may be the deliverance of all Europe, and that God will punish Germany for all the mourning which she has sown in the whole world.

Wishing you good health and renewing all my thanks, I send you, dear Madame, my sincere greetings.

Votre tout dévoué.

Jean.

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Douarnenez, 23rd January 1916.

MADAME,

I send you a few lines to tell you that I left Quimper on Friday with a detachment for the Front. Arrived at 10-30 o'clock, at noon we were already dressed to start, when at 1 o'clock they told us that the men of the class of 1899 and 1900 would not go; we were twenty-one men of those classes, we all went to the office of the Commandant to ask to go all the same, and nothing to do. I was very glad to leave, and now I feel ill again, but I don't think that we will be long without starting. This morning the Adjutant came to look for me to take again my place as orderly, but I, seeing him arrive, hid myself, for he would keep me again longer and prevent me from leaving, for I prefer to take again my place on the field of battle than to stay longer here. I received a letter from N——, he is at his dépôt, he is in the second list to leave, he is sure he will wait longer yet. I think that they keep as many men as possible in the

depôts to avoid the sicknesses of the winter, and that next spring something will be done; but before all I pray God and ask Him of his favor that he will give the people their liberty, and that we may vanquish our cursed enemies, and that this sad war may soon end.

In sending you my new address I wish you good health, and I send you, Madame, my very sincere greetings.

Votre tout dévoué,

Jean D. ———

The letter that follows was written by a boy who arrived at a Cannes hospital in the early days of July 1915, sent down from the French Front with a leg so badly shattered that it was thought impossible to save it. He was not amputated, however, but spent a year and a half in the hospital before being *reformé* and sent home.

He had but little education and the spelling is of the sketchiest. There were only three sons in the family, himself and the two of whom he speaks.

(Cannes, the 6th January 1916.)

My dear Nurse,

I write you this letter to give you my news which are very good for the moment, and I hope with all my heart that this will find you the same on its arrival.

The other day the Principal passed, and proposed me for another operation, it is to close the hole in my leg. It will not be a great thing; but after all it is always an operation and you may believe that I begin to have had enough. *Enfin*, one must take it with patience.

The other day we received the bad news which struck me to the heart that my brother Joseph is dead, the one who was wounded; you may believe that there is cause for grief.

You will tell me if you receive news of the other brother, the one who was made prisoner? I received the little souvenir you sent me for the New Year, and I thank you very much.

Your little Jules who thinks of you.

* * * *

From the same:-

The 18th February 1917.

My dear Nurse,

I write you these few words to give you my news which are very good for the moment, and I hope with all my heart that this will find you the same on its arrival.

My dear *infirmière*, I wish to tell you that I am no more at the Parc, they sent me to A — and one is not so well here as at Cannes. Before I left Cannes a lady came to see me, sent by you, to take the details about my brother. I thank you very much, you are so kind to me, you may believe that never in my life will I forget you.

For my leg it goes well, I walk now with a cane. I did what you told me before leaving; I gave the crutches that you bought for me to a comrade who had none. I embrace you with all my heart, your little wounded who will never forget you.

Jules.

(No news was ever received of the missing brother.)

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The following was written by a Corsican after a change of hospital. The writing is beautiful, almost like copperplate, and the spelling nearly perfect.

Nice, the 25th November 1915.

MADAME,

I am very happy to have had your news. For you must have a good constitution to be always caring for my comrades, although I do not know them, but to-day all soldiers are brothers.

As for me, I am in a hospital since the 10th of this month. I find myself in the hospital at———.It is well enough, but not like Gréoux for the food, and for your untiring care, and your frequent visits, it was not like this, but I do not complain ; we have a very good doctor, very kind, a good man. I must tell you that I suffer always with the enteritis and the rheumatism, and with palpitations of the heart. I take always medicines, but my diseases being chronic, the remedies do not have any effect, and I am condemned to suffer.

I am very happy to tell you that yesterday afternoon I received the letter from your friend, Mademoiselle Page, at the same time as yours. I was much surprised, because she said she would come to see me, that will be an inconvenience for that gracious and noble person.

She had the kindness to ask me what might give me pleasure. Truly, Madame, I dared not to say much, not knowing her. Since she asked me much to tell her in my reply, I prayed of her without inconveniencing herself, to bring me some beads. It is my only distraction to kill my time otherwise I become too melancholy without doing anything. By the same occasion I shall profit to make you something pretty, and send it you as soon as made.

I answered Mlle. Page. I think she will have the letter to-morrow. I thank you infinitely for the trouble you have taken for me, I shall be always grateful to you.

I have to tell you, Madame, that I received the visit of my brother, he is always at his depôt, he is going to take an examination. The other three are always on the Front. For Gurnier, I have not had his news for long. I will write him one of these days. He has no luck either I share his suffering.

Please give many thanks to those good people of the United States for the good they do to us continually, above all many thanks to your kind daughter.

Receive, Madame, a cordial greeting from all my family, and my best thanks, that I will never forget.

In the hope of reaching you, receive my respectful homage .

Le Soldat Valery Abraham.

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The following was addressed to an elderly Frenchman who was for a time an orderly in the hospital, but who was a mason by trade. In the original, of course, the pronouns of affection, *thee* and *thou* are used, which are to be rendered in English by the cold "you." This letter is very well spelt.

The 23rd October 1916.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I send you this letter to give you my news. For the moment things are not too bad, but there is news in the regiment that we have passed into a new division of attack, and certainly we are going to leave for the Somme, so I shall try to give you my news as regularly as possible, and if you are too long without receiving them, do not worry. I have given your address to the regiment, and in case I am killed or wounded they will let you know. I go with the greatest possible courage, but I hope to

have the good fortune to come out of it as well as may be. I hope that out of your two sons one may come back to you. Give my news to Etienne. At the same time I must tell you that I have not yet received anything from that kind lady who was going to send me winter clothing. Well, I hope to receive them soon. Greet her for me, and thank her very much on my behalf. Well, my dear father, I don't have a great deal to say to you for the moment, only that I embrace you with all my heart.

Your son who loves you,

JEAN.

I forgot to tell you that we have snow, and it is very cold.

SONNET

With fixed gaze I've watched thy hallowed face
 From Times unknown beginning, Heart's desire.
 From land to land I've tracked thee in thy race
 And drunk thy Beauty's nectar, with heart on fire
 Away from thee my senses know no rest,
 Yet thou prolongest this cruel hide-and-seek
 My love to try and my love to test
 Such is thy frolic fancy's playful freak
 Thou art the life that shines in radiant stars !
 Thou art the joy that lights the dome of sky !
 Thou art the force that warrest ' yond all wars !
 Thou art the bliss—the bliss for whom gods die !
 Thy Beauty clothes this woe-worn earth in light
 Thy music moves it on to heavenly height.

Allahabad.

SHYAM SUNDAR LALL

THE CRY OF THE MOTHERS.
(From Overseas).

"For Freedom, and the Right, we gave them
 gladly
Yea! Even to death with Honour but to shame
We ne'er had spared them" say the mothers sadly
"Was it for *this* to Britain's aid they came
 Our gallant sons ?

Was it for this—to face a grave temptation
Leading to others—in *the Motherland*
When more than one (and surely wiser) Nation
Has swept the dreaded scourge from out her land
 We speak of Drink!

Oh! England, Mother England— do your duty
And save our sons from this so dreaded snare.
Which wrecks too soon both soul and body's
beauty
Hearken dear England to the Mother's prayer
Their *Honour* spare.

B. M. WILLS.

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL INDIA.

AS President of the Industrial Conference held at Lucknow, the Hon. Rai Sitanath Roy Bahadur wound up his illuminating address with a glowing picture of the future that stretches before Industrial India. A survey of the present industrial situation and a scrutiny of its possibilities lend proper perspective and significance to this prophetic utterance. The Hon. Mr. Sitanath in his peroration said : " I see before me an Awakened India. I see her teeming millions working in mines and factories dotted all over her surface and along the banks of her mighty, majestic rivers and along her sea-washed shores. I see her cottages once more full of busy life. I see the Indian and distant seas ploughed once more by Indian ships, manned by Indian crews, navigated by Indian mariners, laden with Indian merchandise. I see India bringing again to distant nations her great gift of spiritual civilization." It should be the earnest and incessant endeavour of all those interested in the welfare of this country to help the resuscitation of industries and vigorous spread of commerce. The inspiring vision of an India industrially advanced, commercially supreme and spiritually blessed is to be transmuted into a living reality. With vast and varied natural resources, with a numerous and industrious population, with

the growth of wealth and of habits of proper investment, with the opening up of the highways and high seas for commerce, with the increased needs incidental to a material civilization, the advance of India to the forefront of industrial nations may well be viewed with robust and yet reasonable optimism. On all sides, the forces of expansion and competition, invention and manufacture are at work in the industrial world. The days of isolated village units as the centres of economic life belong to the irrevocable past. Equally so are the days of slow-weaving in artistic design and "wind-woven" texture. These are times of strenuous and not always scrupulous competition when the machine dominates the industrial sphere. A quaint English writer of an early period was certainly shrewd in doubting if the machine made by man would not retaliate by enslaving him. His words have a more intimate and astonishing significance at the present day when the problem of factory life and the pouring of inventions sternly betoken industrialism. The questions of Capital and Labour, the growth of the movements of socialism and syndicalism, the activities of Trusts and Trades Unions, have all followed in the wake of the great transformation known as the Industrial Revolution in the West. The changes in the West have been quick and sweeping: they have affected the methods and materials of production, they have universalized markets, and introduced the benefits as also the risks of mobile credit. Sheep-rearing and wool-growing in ENGLAND have given place to energetic and extensive manufactures for export abroad. Economic conditions in England as elsewhere have undergone a complete readjustment and in India alone they can not persist in their Old World tenour.

It has come to be recognised even in high and distant quarters that India can no longer afford to remain "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." The conditions of primitive ease and simplicity, of Vedic self-abnegation can not be predicated of this land in the twentieth century. India has moved far away from the old moorings. She can not be held tight to them when the current of progress urges her to the high seas of commerce. The old system was admirable in many respects, but it must be remembered that it necessarily becomes effete and anachronistic when the conditions to which it was attuned have been almost revolutionised. She can not cling to a falling tower or, to adopt the telling phrase of Mr. Sitanath, she can not "stand on her last legs" and yet bid defiance to a fast-moving industrial world. The time is propitious and pressing, the need is imperative and the course is clear. Casting aside the shackles of conservatism, India is to use a free hand in the shaping of her economic destiny.

The old world methods that have to be discarded or modified belong to the category of "archaic economy" familiarised by Sir Theodore Morison. "The Old order changeth yielding place to New" is as true of the economic as of other lines of national development. Economic *methods* are tested by the measure in which they suit and satisfy *existing* requirements; their spirit and framework call for adjustment to the changed conditions of the time. *Adaptation then is the life and law of congenial progress*—sudden and ingenious creations are out of the natural order and are seldom successful whether in the political or the economic sphere. *Natura non facit saltum* is a motto which Prof. Marshall is not tired of presenting to the mind of his readers. This spirit of wise adaptation takes into account the

past and the future alike. The roots of progress strike into the past but are so to be directed and protected as to bring nourishment and fruition into the future. The trend of economic activities is to be keenly watched and guided towards a prosperous culmination. To go *against* the past would thus be to misread the process of *natural* evolution. It would also mark alike lack of insight and gratitude. The pinnacle of industrial welfare which appeals to us should not avert our gaze from the foundation on which it should rest.

Among the prominent features of the Archaic system may be mentioned Caste as a social division of Labour, agriculture as the mainstay, self-sufficing village life, small scale weaving and difficult transport. These conditions existed when custom had a strong grip over the mind, when the needs of the people were few and simple, when the isolation of economic life in villages in point alike of principle and transport narrowed the market. No large manufactures or intense competition, no speedy communication or varied requirements, no high standard of living or growth of wealth could be expected under these limitations. But broadening influences have set in later and we have to consider here the result they have produced and the response they require. The changed conditions to-day call for a suitable re-fashioning of economic aims and activities. Birth should not be allowed to operate as an invidious bar to any employment. Careers must be open to talent drawn from whatever levels of society. Merit, resourcefulness and training alone should count in the work of economic development. Division of labor doubtless is indispensable; it stands for specialisation and close business acquaintance. But it need not run along lines of social stratification. In

the economic world, as distinct from the social or religious, there should be no conventions or limitations. Freedom to grow, resist, benefit and survive is the sign and *sine qua non* of economic prosperity. Agricultural occupation, again, in secluded and self contained villages, can not satisfy the mind or quicken the advance of Indians at the present day. The plough, though an emblem of peace, is hardly an instrument of progress. Agriculture as a pursuit is conservative and narrowing in effect; it is beset with the uncertainties of weather and varying fertilities of the soil; it is subject to the law of diminishing returns and holds out only a faint and fluctuating prospect as the mainstay of an entire people. Moreover, the increasing millions of Indian people can not be maintained out of the resources of agricultural occupation. There is the danger of population outstripping the means of subsistence unless new and profitable avenues of employment are opened up. Malthusianism, despite its exaggerations and omissions, is not devoid of a core of truth. It draws pointed attention to the risk of relying on agriculture alone to meet the requirements of a fast growing population. And in India to-day, no question can be of more vital moment than the problem of *variegated* employment as an outlet for surplus population. The Famine Commission once hinted that the agricultural condition of India has been responsible for the recurrence of droughts. The best safeguard against this evil is the development and revival of industries in India. The capacity of this country in the production of raw materials offers the best argument and assurance for the bright future of Indian Industries. In point of fertility, land in India takes precedence of most other

portions of the globe, of Labour-force India has a vast reservoir to be regulated in order to fertilise agriculture and industries. Industrial training, capital, leadership and a judicious fiscal system are alone needed to develop the industrial resources of this country. The growth of these industries *pari passu* with the improvement of agriculture will afford an outlet to the surplus population, enrich the resources of their land and strengthen the economic self sufficiency of the Empire itself. This Empire policy of invigorating the members, intensifying their unity and knitting them closer together in Imperial comradeship won on its economic side a happy reference from Sir. Guy Flectwood Wilson as Finance Member of the Government of India.

In the words of Justice Ranade, a sober economist, "India has natural aptitudes in her children, undeveloped but unlimited resources, peace and order, the whole world open and a marvellous situation as the EMPORIUM of all Asia—priceless advantages that will secure success if we deserve it by STRIVING for it." This suggestion derives force and significance from a survey of the industrial advancement of India in the past. An inquiry into the past affords guidance and inspiration for progress in the future. The lines of Indian genius, the marvels of her industry are clearly imprinted in the days when this country was an Emporium of fine manufactures. Industrial greatness of India is not of yesterday, but stretches back to the twilight of history, and to the days of ancient Empires both in Europe and in Asia. The researches of Radkumad Mukerjee have brought to light the extensive and elaborate shipbuilding and maritime enterprise in ancient times, the writings of Ananda Kumaraswamy

and Havell point to the high degree of development attained by handicrafts and the appreciation evoked by them. Indian manufactures were proverbially excellent and were much in demand all the world over. Indian emigrants founded settlements as far away as Java and America. Indian ships laden with merchandise scoured the high seas, bearing to distant lands the precious freight of oriental manufactures. Those were heydays of material prosperity when the "wealth of Ind" was the envy of the world. Even Pliny is heard to forbid the drain of gold from Rome to India in return for silks and brocades. Dacca, Cashmere, Delhi were long known as centres of muslin, shawl and silk manufacture. The blades of Damascus hailed from the workshops of India. Indian cotton goods excited the admiration of western customers and writers. Their design was exquisite and finish faultless. Art was a living reality in the land, machinery was unknown, manual dexterity and artistic taste combined to give the products of India their worth and reputation. Those were times when industries flourished in cottages and handicrafts were indigenous alike in design and workmanship. Whatever may be the advantages of large scale manufacture with the aid of machinery, it can not be denied that it has a de-humanising tendency and does not conduce to the growth of artistic faculties. To recall Adam Smith's remark, a factory-man helps to produce a very small fraction of a pin, say its head, and does that act again and again; he is deprived of the use and pleasure of fashioning an *entire* pin. More intricate operations, need it be said are split up into countless processes. There is a real and keen delight in creative energy. To have made a whole thing by

oneself and embodied in it his artistic sense and manual skill is a source of genuine satisfaction, while machinery standardises manufactures ; handicraft individualises them. Every person has a certain tone and touch to impart to his work by way of design or finish, but the machine rapidly turns out only uniform products. The glowing industrial record of Ancient India should not make us merely complacent ; it should rather stimulate and encourage our efforts in the direction of future development. The success of industries in India is a demonstrable fact ; it is to be made a living fact at the present day. What was attained in early days, it is for us to improve, not to ignore or forget. With the facilities opened up by modern civilisation, with the increase in demand for all sorts of commodities, it is quite easy and essential that India should take her place in the front rank of industrial countries. The economic formula of wealth creation is Demand that calls into alliance Capital to act upon human labour and raw materials. A great industrial opportunity awaits India at the present juncture, and if properly utilised it will enable her to outshine the glories of her economic past.

If the early history of Indian Industries is full of inspiration and guidance, their later record offers warning and instruction. Thrown upon times of scramble and insecurity, forced into competition with cheap and machine-made products, bewildered by collision with entirely different economic policy and methods, Industrial India entered on a phase of decline from the 18th century. The Powerloom ruined the hopes of Indian craftsmen. In his economic History of India, R. C. Dutt has gathered a wealth of detailed information and he puts forward a vigorous plea

for protection for the building up of Indian manufactures. This dismal chapter in Indian economic history emphasises the lesson that Free Trade is suitable and beneficial *only* when a certain stage of Industrial development has been reached and that *until then* protection is necessary and justifiable. In order that India may profit by Free Trade, it is first necessary that her industries should be brought on a level with those of her competitors in point of methods, facilities and cost of manufacture. Then alone will competition be fair and equal, else it is spurious and fatal to the weak party. As in a tug of war, not only *number* but *strength* should be taken into account. The inability of India to cope with competition under conditions of Free Trade springs from the fact that her industries are not sufficiently developed, her methods are not economical and up-to-date, her fiscal system is eminently unsuitable. Let us turn to the West for a study of the stages leading up to Free Trade.

Industrialism and Free Trade in the West is but of recent growth. The Industrial Revolution marks as late as early 19th century the ascendancy of protectionist policy. Protection in the West has been a necessary stage in the evolution forwards Free Trade. It markedly prevailed in England during the period of Mercantilism and Parliamentary Colbertism when English industries were protected, imports penalised, exports encouraged, navigation Acts and corn laws were vigorously enforced. In those days the importer of foreign goods was condemned as a traitor, and the exporter of home-made articles considered a true patriot. Raw materials were imported from the Colonies and manufactures were shut out. English industries were thus encouraged and strengthened under a protective regime

in the 18th and early 19th century. When they were sufficiently developed, the move forwards towards Laisser faire was taken. Freedom in the exchange of commodities was adopted and emphasised. Doctrinaire economists caught up the cry of Laisser faire and pushed that principle in all directions. They strengthened the hands of factory owners against their workmen offering them heavy work, miserable surroundings and meagre wages—all in the hallowed name of Freedom of Contract ! Freedom experienced in starvation was not very comforting. The cry of the children and their mothers moved the legislators into passing Factory Acts laying down restrictions so as to ameliorate their condition. Thus *fairness* was secured in the exchange of labour, and *freedom* in that of commodities. The principle of Factory Legislation shows forcibly that the weaker party is to be protected and that Freedom as an economic gospel should not be pressed too far in contract or commerce.

The lesson for India from the economic experience of the West, especially of ENGLAND, is that Free Trade *per se* is not beneficial, that it is preceded and prepared by protective measures. Equality of footing is the soul of competition. India to-day is at the threshold of an Industrial Revolution like that through which England passed in the latter half of the 18th and early 19th century. Her industries are languishing and clamour for revival, her resources are vast and undeveloped, her population numerous but untrained. Industrial India, weak and undeveloped, is brought face to face with advanced nations under conditions of Free Trade. She requires protection, like Western countries while they were in her position, so as to be braced up to a capacity for equal participation in the benefits of Free Trade. It is in this respect that the fiscal *system of India needs adaptation.*

The scope and nature of the Protection required for Indian industries may be briefly outlined. It is not a plea for spoon-feeding nor a cover for incapacity. It is a claim based on *jact and principle* for the nourishment of Indian industries *until* such time that they are able to compete freely with the manufactures of other countries. It is a qualified, reasonable, discreet and provisional system of Protection that is claimed for Indian industries during their formation or revival. Such a system has benefited England; it is found necessary now in the United States, Japan and Germany. In the case of infant industries it has won the approval of Mill, List and Marshall. It is absolutely essential as an *intermediate* stage in passing from Agriculture to Manufacture. The writings of Telang, Ranade, Dutt, Dadaboi and Gokhale reflect the protectionist turn of Indian enlightened opinion. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Roper Lethbridge are prominent advocates of Imperial Preference. The contentions of those who bespeak Free Trade for India condemn themselves. Lord Cromer objects to long-lived Protection but forgets that it is intended to be short-lived; he says Indian industries are not sufficiently developed for it now but will later on say they are too developed to need it. Mr. Chatterton insists on the impossibility of excluding the foreign *manufacturer* from availing himself of the advantages of protectionist conditions in India but fails to recognise the educative value of foreign skill and the practical method of restricting its importation. Lastly, Prof. Lees Smith theorises like Lord Cromer and threatens like Mr. Chatterton. In saying that protection will not be tolerated in respect of Indian jute, cotton, hides, etc., the Professor loses sight of the principle of Reciprocity and the Scheme of Preference within the

Empire. The congenial and suitable development of the economic resources of *every* member of the Empire, the adoption of the Policy of Preference within and Reciprocity outside its confines will surely enhance national prosperity and cement Imperial solidarity. The tariffs should be regulated from the immediate stand-point of the individual Unit and the wider stand-point of the Empire as a whole, the economic interests of the Empire would thus be intertwined and enduring. The resolution of the Colonial Conference of 1907 was coloured by a Preferential Scheme. The Imperial War Conference at which India happily is in a way represented will be dealing also with the economic readjustments to be made after the war. The Prime-Minister has agreeably observed that "by every canon of justice, fair dealing and liberty, Indian interests ought to be paramount in considering any fiscal matter directly affecting that country." It is to be fervently hoped that in the spirit of this pronouncement the fiscal problem for India will be tackled and solved so as to benefit her and strengthen the Empire. A qualified system of Protection for India as part of a scheme of Imperial Preference will brighten her economic future and help the resuscitation of her industries.

The full benefits of the change in fiscal policy urged above can be worked out under the guidance and encouragement of the State. The present war has strikingly revealed the helplessness of India in the industrial world. She has been producing and mainly exporting raw material *e.g.*, cotton, jute, hides etc., and receiving back finished goods. An increasing proportion of trade with India has been fast slipping into the hands of Germany and Austria.

On the eve of the war, their volume of trade is represented by the following figures:—

INDIAN EXPORT TRADE

1912-1913		1913-1914.
To Austria, £ 4,834,774		£6,408,800
Germany £16,575,543		£16,867,800

INDIAN IMPORT TRADE.

From Austria.	£2,844,800 (1912-13)
Germany	£8,542,000 (1913-14)

Excluded from Austria and Germany. Indian exports are diverted to the United Kingdom, and U. S. A. and imports hail from Japan, Java and U. S. A. Mr. Findlay Shirras in his Report on Indian Trade admirably traces the incidence of war on the movement of commerce. Japan is stepping into the place lost by Germany and Austria. The effect of the war has been to cut off Indian raw materials from the belligerent markets and accumulate them in this country itself without the means or facilities of working them up into finished goods to meet Indian requirements. The conviction is forced upon our mind that India should not merely depend on export of raw materials but should seek to utilise them for industrial purposes within her own borders, thus enriching her resources and providing employment for her growing population. India is rich in the factors of production. They have only to be organised into a fruitful combination. The problem of Industrial India reduces itself into the question of *Men and Money*. To-day Indian Industries are straggling in infancy or in decadence. The factory system is springing into existence. Cotton, Jute, and Rice mills are working in Bombay, Calcutta and Rangoon. Cotton manufactures in India find themselves set against heavy odds; first the

crises brought about by easy over-production and then the Excise Duty which is felt to be a detriment to the export of products of Indian mills. An Excise duty on raw material like Jute would afford a plentiful source of revenue, develop that industry here and lighten the general burden of taxation. Woollen manufacture, dyeing, sugar-making, glass industry, match-making, have been grievously handicapped for want of capital, proper management, trained labour and improved methods. Indigenous efforts are limited and spasmodic and result only in instructive failures. With the solitary exception of the Iron and Steel works started by J. N. Tata, Indian Industries have not attained any noteworthy dimensions. Especially now that the effects of the war have brought home the disadvantages of relying on export of raw materials,—and these in principle have been elaborated by Jadunath Sarkar—, an impetus should be given to Indian Industries. The aid and sympathy of the State is required for the removal of certain obstacles that lie in the way of industrial regeneration. It is not idly contended that the State should play the *role* of an *entrepreneur* and create industries in the land. It is, however, necessary that in matters where individual initiative and resources are of no avail, the Government should freely add its moral and material support. The progress of present-day Japan is an illustration of the success vouchsafed to Industries under a system of State-Aid. With similar facilities, India will make headway in the industrial world.

The scope for State aid in this country may be briefly indicated. Considered with reference to the departments of Production, State aid is necessary and beneficial until a certain stage when applied to Labour, Capital, Leadership, Banking and transport. These factors represent the *Cornerstones* of economic prosperity.

As regards Labour, the Co-operative Societies working under Statutory sanction mark a step in the direction of State-encouragement. These Societies have achieved success in relieving indebtedness among the peasantry and rescuing them from the clutches of the money lender. They have kept Credit easy for agricultural purposes and safeguarded its proper utilization. An extension of the work of these Societies is badly needed not alone in the field of Agriculture but also in Industries. They may well take up the task of educating cultivators and familiarising them with the use of improved implements and manures. They may hold agricultural exhibitions and stimulate interest in progress. In Industries, these Societies have before them the prospect of reviving Cottage-handicrafts. Cottage industries flourished long in India of the past and may be re-invigorated as a Congenial system. Havell believes that they can compete even with Power looms. Kabir working his material shuttle in a mystic mood may inspire workers in this line. In his Foundations of Indian Economics, Radhakumad Mukerjee records the progress of Cottage industries in the past and their promise of success in the future. The growth of this home-industry will also mitigate some of the harsher features of Industrialism which is inevitably coming over India. Industrial India will be immensely helped by the labours of men on the lines started by Wolff, Raffcisson and Sir Horace Plunkett. Again, in the training of labour, the State has the function of imparting Technical Education, starting numerous schools, providing industrial experiments and familiarising up-to-date methods of Production. In this way, the mass of Indian labourers may be turned into vigilant and well informed industrial workers.

As important as Men is Money in the development of indigenous industries. India is proverbially known for her hoarded wealth, though at present the hoards are gradually thinning away. There is wealth in India but unhappily it is not available for industrial development. As a mode of investment, industrial concerns do not sufficiently appeal to the moneyed people. This is due to lack of confidence in the success of industrial enterprise. Capital, therefore, is very shy indeed here. Foreign Capital has pioneered the way for certain industries and it is to be hoped that it will be followed up by Indian Capital. Habits and opportunities of industrial investment have to be encouraged in this land. The State can do a great deal in rousing confidence by its guaranteeing a minimum to shareholders, by granting bounties to select industries, by purchases of shares or of products in some promising industrial concerns. To material strength moral support will thus be added and investment of Indian Capital will be largely attracted.

Industrial leadership, again, provides the link, as it were, between Men and Money. The Industrial *Entrepreneur* organises a suitable business and brings into it trained men and financial resources. He need not be a Capitalist himself. His function is to bring Labour and Capital into unison in the working of an Industry. He should possess confidence in himself and of others, capacity and controlling power which he will devote to the management of his business. Knowledge of men and of the conditions and scope of his work is indispensable. India looks to Captains of Industry for the successful pioneering or fostering of indigenous manufactures. The training of industrial workers and the investing inclination of

Capitalists will prepare and smooth the way for Industrial leadership. Here again, the State can hasten the advent of industrial leaders by starting Polytechnic Institutes, offering scholarships for study in other lands, opening up model factories with up-to-date machinery and by organizing chambers of industry and commerce. The remarkable success of Japan in recent times has been wrought by the active aid and sympathy of the Government extended to the people in industrial advancement. Likewise cherished, Indian Industries will gain vigorous development. Even in regard to Transport, it is not too much for the State to provide facilities for conveyance by way of cheap and safe freight and proximity to markets. Again the currency policy of a country is most vital in influencing foreign trade. It should be automatic and acceptable; it should enable a brisk and wide transaction of business. In this respect the currency policy in vogue in India needs a readjustment. It seeks to maintain a token coin like the Rupee in unlimited currency. Such a system is quite anomalous and indefensible. The Gold Standard Reserve does not hold out any near prospect of Gold Currency being introduced here. It is absolutely necessary that the Currency in India should be made automatic and responsive to her trade requirements and be brought on a par with that of other industrial nations. A State Bank may also be organised on the lines of the Bank of England or of France for enriching the financial resources of the country, extending investments, mobilising credit and succouring industries with money. However desirable, the State Bank has been left to remain an "open question" after the deliberations of the Currency Commission of 1914. This institution will consolidate and

improve the monetary resources of the land to be utilised for industrial and commercial purposes.

It is gratifying that an Industries Commission should have been at work, gathering evidence on the point of the scope of State aid in the invigoration of Indian Industries. Though a change in fiscal policy is avowedly not in contemplation, it is hoped that the proceedings will throw side-light on its necessity. Presided over by Sir Thomas Holland, who has spoken highly of the metallurgical advance made in Ancient India, the report of the Commission may with confidence be expected to touch upon the effective forms of State aid that will enable Industrial India to evolve a future worthy of her great past. No half-hearted recommendations or evasive "open questions" will satisfy her pressing needs of to-day. Liberal, Constructive and well-directed measures will lead her on to an epoch of Industrial Renaissance—while in consonance, as far as may be, with the spirit and ideals of the past, Industrial development in India should also incorporate those of the advanced West. Industrialism with its advantages but without its drawbacks may thus be secured. The future of Industrial India is crowded with possibilities, though not unmingled with perils. It is the part of patriotism, and economic wisdom so to profit by experience and analogy as to deem the Industrial Revolution only a prelude to lasting economic prosperity.

S. AMBRAVANESWAR, M.A.B.L.,

Madras.

NATHU AND HIS WIFE.

The spirit of the desert fascinated my friend H, and human interest in the unfamiliar life grew upon him. He laughed to scorn the burning sun and howling dust storms. In the neighbourhood of Multan far-famed for four things:— beggars, heat, graves and dust storms, he was determined not to be beaten even though the burning sun, the relentless winds and his own subordinates were ranged against him. In the month of May he walked in the fields cool and self-possessed. He perspired profusely and called the process nature's Turkish Bath. His broad brimmed hat to which he attached a thick towel to protect the nape of the neck did its duty magnificently. A boy with an earthen jar followed him with water boiled and filtered carefully. This was the only luxury he allowed himself, besides the Bahadur cigars which he smoked incessantly. He relieved the monotony of a solitary evening by chatting away with his men. He did not understand their language, nor they his, and yet they followed each other somehow. He expressed himself in half English and half Urdu and conveyed his meaning. 'Tum baitho' in his vocabulary acquired a new meaning. It "meant why are you sitting" instead of "sit down".

It was a strange Sahib, a mad Sahib they said. He bawled and shouted it was true like all Sahibs but unlike

others he joined with them in their laughter also and paid them good wages. He loved to help his men. A woman told him in confidence that she thought Sahibs were "janwars, strange birds to be much feared, but, I am not afraid of you though you are a Pucca Sahib."

H. laughed. He had in any case demolished the barriers. In spite of race, creed and colour he found human Nature everywhere the same at bottom. A man who can share the joys and the sorrows of his fellow creatures whether in the land of white men, brown men, yellow or black men can never be kept away by any dividing line.

H. was an utter stranger in the new settlement, a mere employer of labour. Men came to him, whom he had never known, whose language and manners were strange, unfamiliar and unknown. He called them his men and they became verily his. There was sympathy and comprehension on both sides. The men came to him and told him their troubles. He sympathised with them and was always ready to help them, their joy was his joy, their grief was his grief.

H. was agreeably surprised by the freedom of women in the farm. The men and women, married and unmarried, mixed freely and were always courteous and well behaved. The young men loved to show off. They oiled their hair and put on their swagger garments when the work was over. But a well behaved lad never looked into the eyes of a maid that worked beside him. Their manner towards women was different both from ordinary Indians and Anglo-Indians ways. There was no conventionality, no symptoms of a studied gallantry and no attempt at small talk or pretty flirtations, as in English

society and no veiled prudery of an Indian home. Men and women associated freely both at home and in the fields. The absence of the Purdah killed irrepressible curiosity, which even well-born Indians cannot resist in the presence of the veiled women, nor do the caged women resist the temptation to catch a glimpse of the forbidden land. It seems as if the pursuits of pleasure in Europe has led the smart set into perilous paths, while the Easterns in their anxiety to make woman a play thing, a mere object of pleasure, have unfitted her to be the mother of brave and heroic men. Here in this land of dust storms, they followed a happy medium. "Woman" obtains respect as a mother, and the maiden as the sister. There is nothing of that reckless levity which one meets in the central Punjab, or the flutterings of the butterfly woman for life which, alas, is discovered only by those who learn to deny the self.

H. was very much respected but his men did not hesitate to deceive him on an occasion. They thought he was rich enough to stand a little bleeding. One evening as he was smoking away, surrounded by his workers, a woman approached him. She wore a rueful expression. There was a glint of determination in her eyes. Some of the workers stopped and looked over their shoulders with suppressed smiles. She flung her child before the Sahib in a dramatic manner. "I am starving", she said. My husband is in the jail. I have no one to look after me". She knew the Sahib was tender hearted. The ready tears started.

He did not quite comprehend her meaning. "Where is your husband", he inquired in his broken Hindustani.

"In jail", she replied and bent down her eyes as Nathu advanced towards the group.

"Help her Sahib", said Nathu, "She is very poor."

"Her husband has been in prison for ever so long", repeated several voices.

"I want just to go and see him in Multan", she continued. "I want only the Railway fare for myself and my children to go there."

The Sahib kept silent : observant though saying nothing.

They now all began to entreat him to help her.

The Sahib was not to be so easily entrapped. He came out with a counter proposal. "All right", he said if all of you give four annas each, I will give her two Rupees

Nathu at once uncoiled the first coil of his turban, and loosened the corner knot and brought out a four annas piece which he promptly placed on the palm of the woman's hand. The others agreed but made no payment. This gave the Sahib his clue.

"All right", he said "I will deduct the money from your wages and send my Chaprasi to buy her the ticket." The proposal evoked no enthusiasm. The men slunk away. The woman walked back and the matter was dropped at this stage.

Two days after, the same woman came for medicine accompanied by another old woman. The Sahib recognised her.

"Who is she", he asked the woman accompanying her.

"Nathu's wife", was the prompt reply.

"Aha", said the Sahib with a laugh. "The cat is out of the bag. Your husband has been ever so long in jail."

"What of that", she said. "He has had 15 years of it I can assure you."

"My husband was 20 years in jail", said the other woman. She was not going to be beaten down by Nathu's wife.

"Grand", said the Sahib, "You are wonderful."

"We were merely trying to test you" said Nathu, advancing from behind the corner of the tent unashamed.

A huge laugh closed the episode. J.S.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY—YPRES 1915.

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt
 With bayonet and with spade,
 Four hundred to a four-mile front
 Unbacked and undismayed—
 What men are these, of what great race,
 From what old shire or town,
 That run with such good will to face
 Death on a Flemish down?

*Let be! They bind a broken line:
 As men die, so die they.
 Land of the free! their life was thine,
 It is St. George's Day!*

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand
 At bay by yonder bank,
 Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand
 Close up the quivering rank.
 Who under those all-shattering skies
 Plays out his captain's part
 With the last darkness in his eyes
 And *Domum* in his heart?

*Let be, let be! In yonder line
 All names are burned away.
 Land of his love! the fame be thine,
 It is St. George's Day!*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

From "The Times."

INDIA: HER PEOPLE, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS.

The Governance of India, as it is and as it may be : a handbook of progressive politics, by Babu Govinda Das.
(Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras, Rs. 3.)

THE SITUATION.

Babu Govinda Das of Benares has carried a keen intellect and a soul of fire in a body racked by endless diseases and sufferings for over 50 years, and from the earliest years of his life he has devoted himself to the careful reading of books on every conceivable subject: history, politics and sociology having been specially studied. In fact the only two vocations and amusements he has had in his life has been books and asthma. It has been the serious complaint—not without reason—of his numerous friends that by not writing anything himself, his great knowledge was being utilised only by himself and that he was depriving his countrymen of the benefit of his labours to which they were legitimately entitled. Some years back he was induced to write and publish his book *Hinduism and India* which commanded a very large circle of readers and was highly appreciated far and wide. In it he pointed out the social and theological ills of the Indian people with freshness, originality and caustic criticism. Now Mr. G.A. Natesan of Madras is to be congratulated on having induced him to bring out the work under review which

graphically describes the political ills of the land and offers helpful suggestions for reform and improvement all round. The author has ransacked numerous authorities to strengthen his arguments and we have every confidence that the book will gain wide publicity and find access to the high officers now engaged in shaping the future constitution of the Government of India.

To begin at the very beginning, let us take the India Office into consideration. It is not an Office that can be trifled with: it enjoys and exercises very substantial power. Says the author:—

“In spite of recent great constitutional changes and much devolution of power, the real power behind the throne is the India Office, and it is essential that the powers and functions of the Secretary of State for India be brought into greater harmony with the present state of affairs in the country by a very much greater devolution of his powers to the Governor-General in *Legislative Council*.”

In this long period vast political changes have occurred, and scientific discoveries with their practical applications to every day life have completely altered the conditions of existence. Is it any wonder then that the methods and machinery of the India Office require considerable re-modelling before they can become helpful. The Government of England need have no misgivings in boldly enunciating reforms for India. Their political experience shows “how discontented and rebellious Canada has been transformed into a perfectly loyal and helpful part of the Empire, the penal settlement of Australia into the powerful Australian Commonwealth, and the mutually hating—with the bitterest hatred possible—Boer and Briton [of South Africa

have become so utterly loyal after the grant of self-government, that the Boer Generals, who were foremost in fighting the English are the Ministers in the South Africa of to-day and have swept their old allies, the Germans, out of that vast continent." Reform would, therefore, result in greater peace and security in India and a firmer consolidation of the Empire. Let the British statesmen embark boldly on reform: nothing but good would be the outcome.

The first thing that is necessary is the adjustment of the mutual relations of the India Office in London and the Government of India at Delhi and Simla. The control of the India Office has always been very stringent. The author whole-heartedly supports the authority of Lord Morley when he was bent on reform and is not unaware of the difficulties which arise when a different type of Secretary of State happens to be in power.

"In view of a great deal of nonsense that has been talked by some of the more rabid Anglo-Indian dailies in this country about the autocratic way in which Lord Morley has dealt with the Government of India, his treating the Governor-General and his Council as mere delegates, as hands and mouths for the Secretary of State...it becomes necessary to say a few words...The howl raised by the Anglo-Indian press will deceive nobody who knows the real reasons at the bottom of the outcry against a liberal and not indolent Secretary of State." Here the author clearly upholds the authority of the Secretary of State for he is in a mood of reform; but again we read—this is the other side of the picture:

"For cases where a strong-handed, unsympathetic Secretary of State, mostly ignorant of India and its various

and rapidly changing conditions and unmindful of its interests...pulls the wires from London and keeps the puppets dancing in India, some ways and means have to be found to bring regulating pressure on him."

What to do then ? We seem willing to leave power in the hands of the Secretary of State if he uses it for our good, but how are we sure 'that we would not be having unsympathetic Secretaries appointed more for (their) political views on home questions and for (their) services to the party in power than for (their) personal knowledge and fitness for the post' ? We all knew for a fact 'that no Secretary of State is strong enough to withstand the tremendous social and political pressure of parties, corporations and even individuals.' Sir Charles Dilke has unequivocally stated :

"Even their [the Government of India's] official representative [the Secretary of State] himself is subject to pressure from his constituency, which may render him upon some questions but a half-hearted friend."

To cure the evils, to create a condition wherein ('neither the Viceroy nor the Secretary of State can, profitably to the Indians, be permitted to go his way unchecked by the others'; let us ponder over the suggestions of the author. At the very start he repeats — and very rightly — the age-old demand of the Indian politician to the effect that 'the salary of the Secretary of State for India, and the Parliamentary Under Secretary, should be a charge on the British budget.' This appears to be the only method of bringing India into the arena of English politics : her being regarded as sacrosanct has been instrumental in making her the most neglected, albeit the most important, part of the

Empire. Parliamentary interference is a necessity. Lord Morley has himself declared:

“ That...pretension to oust the House of Commons, from part and lot in Indian affairs...must lead in logic, as in fact, to the surprising result of placing what is technically called the Government of India, in a position of absolute irresponsibility to the governed...No government can be trusted if it is not liable to be called before some jury or another.” Lord Courtney writes:

“ No part of the expense involved in the Government of India comes before the House of Commons in Committee of Supply. The salary of the Colonial Secretary is voted by Parliament, and there is thus a possibility of annually reviewing his policy in the full activity of Parliamentary session. The salary of the Indian Secretary is paid by India and never comes before the House of Commons...”

It is high time now that this ‘most elementary justice’ should be done to India.

Another important suggestion of the author is that the present India Council should be enlarged and metamorphosed into a Board of High Commissioners. There should be fourteen such Commissioners, not more than four being appointed by the King-in-Council ‘from among the eminent British public workers’ and not less than eight being ‘elected from among the eminent Indian public workers by the non-official members of the provincial and Imperial Legislative Councils of India, so that every major province might be represented’: the author wants the Government of India to nominate not more than two members. As matters stand the India Office is the exclusive preserve of retired Anglo-Indians and this has very disastrous effects on Indian progress.

Indians must be largely represented in the India Council for 'no person, however sympathetic, alert and intelligent can adequately represent people who are of a different nation than himself.' Sir Charles Wood has openly said:

"It is notoriously difficult for any European to make himself intimately acquainted with either the feelings or opinions of the native population." The proposed Board is to have no administrative functions: it is to be entirely consultative and advisory.

Babu Govinda Das has some very scathing words to say about the 'secret department' and demands its instant abolition. Another suggestion is that 'the statutory provision that Members of the India Council must not be Members of Parliament should be repealed.' Readers of Lord Morley's recently published *Recollections* would remember that this provision seriously interfered with his desire to nominate an experienced administrator to his Council. Then, it is no more safe to allow India being constantly saddled with financial burdens without as much as 'if you please.'

Says our author:

"Having no Indian electors to conciliate, no Indian votes in the Parliament to reckon with, he [the Secretary of State] as well as the Cabinet naturally take the line of least resistance and never hesitate to transfer the obligation incurred for British benefits to Indian shoulders. The only method which would be a safeguard against such unblushing transactions would be a tribunal removed from the din of political strife. *The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would be an ideal body for adjudicating upon all such questions.*"

The author also suggests that 'all revenues or moneys raised or received by the Government of India should vest in the Governor-General-in-Council, and not, as at present, in the Secretary of State acting for His Majesty the King-Emperor. They shall form one consolidated Revenue Fund to be appropriated by the Legislative Council for the purposes of the Government of India.'

Before closing his interesting chapter, Babu Govinda Das would like India to be directly represented in Parliament 'for the purpose of making its voice heard in the home of its rulers'. So far as India is not as autonomous as the Colonies there is no other way open to have the voice of this country heard in the Imperial Legislature, and the number of Indian representatives in Parliament will be so very small that there need be no fear of unnecessary interference of India in the domestic politics of England.

The second chapter of the book under review deals with the Imperial Government. 'The whole thing needs very careful overhauling and a thorough scrutiny by a commission of enquiry which 'should make a *full* and *genuine* enquiry into the *entire machinery* of administration as was done in the olden days when the East India Company's Charter had to be renewed periodically.' This work should be carried out by a Retrenchment Commission for 'expenditure has been going up by leaps and bounds ; salaries are being increased, special allowances are being granted, highly paid posts are being multiplied, and taxation is becoming ever more burdensome, while the economic condition continues to be deplorable.' This is a general consideration. On special heads the author recommends that the Viceroy's term of office should be four



years 'with the distinct understanding that if (he) has proved himself to be wise, progressive and sympathetic..., he should be re-appointed for a further four years' term, by the Crown, *on a petition* by the Legislative Council.' The Viceroys' salary should be the same as that of the Governors-General of Canada, Australia or South Africa, *i. e.*, £10,000 a year. 'Surely this is ample emolument.' The author is totally opposed to the proposal of having a member of the English Royal Family as the Viceroy of India. That would only add to expense and prove entirely useless. The Viceroy is an important personage and the Government in England should exercise the utmost circumspection in appointing him. The Viceroy must be a man of 'transparent sincerity, whole-hearted sympathy.' 'On the intellectual side...he must be a sound financier and business-man, and he must be an economically-minded man and up-to-date in the real...workings of the political economy that is being actually practised by the various nations of the West. He must possess enough strength of character and honesty of purpose to keep steadily before himself the good of India and not allow himself to be made a party to its hurt.' Such men must England send out to be Viceroys of India.

The Executive Council of the Viceroy should come and go with him. 'All ministers should be bound to put their resignations in the hands of the succeeding Viceroy or Governor within a month of his taking office. This will give the necessary free hand for the appointment of a Cabinet homogeneous in its political connection, and not one whose integral parts are ever warring against each other.' Then these ministers 'should have no prospects of further preferment under the patronage of the Viceroy.' That

alone can insure absolutely independent and disinterested counsel in the executive government of the country. This reform was advocated it will be remembered by the late Mr. Gokhale as well. Mill has said:

“The advisers attached to a powerful and perhaps self-willed man ought to be placed under conditions which make it impossible for them, without discredit, not to express an opinion, and impossible for him not to listen to and consider their recommendations.”

Babu Govinda Das would abolish the present epithet of ‘member’ and call the executive councillor a ‘minister’ which is a more dignified term and is in keeping with usage and tradition. He recommends eight ministers to be respectively in charge of (1) finance and revenue; (2) justice; (3) war and marine; (4) the interior; (5) commerce and industry; (6) foreign and feudatory affairs; (7) education and public health; and (8) agriculture, fisheries, forests and irrigation. We need refer to only one or two salient points and leave the reader to go to the original for the rest. So far as the ministry of war goes, the author says:—

“Let the portfolio of war be held by a senior army man, but—this is the crux—let him be dissociated from the *actual command* of the army. That should be the business of officers on the active list. Abolish the post of the *Commander-in-Chief* with its dual duty of actual command of the army and that of a minister of war.”

Then the foreign department needs organising. The Viceroy should not be his own minister in this department.

The home department ought no more to be allowed to be in charge of law and justice. That is an anomaly. Says the author;

"What is really wanted, in the interests of genuine British justice, is still further to enhance the prestige of the High Courts by not only handing over to them the full executive control of all law courts subordinate to them, and the abolition of various provincial judicial departments or, to be quite accurate, of handing these over to the subordination of the High Courts but—and here is the kernel of the situation—of attaching all the High Courts to the Government of India, under the minister of justice." These various ministers should each enjoy a salary of Rs. 5,000 a month and not less than half of them should be Indians:

"We want that *not less than* one half of the ministers shall be native Indians, and, further, that *not less than* one-fourth of the higher grades of the Secretariats shall be manned by Indians. The present state of affairs by which theoretically admissible to every one of these posts they are, for all practical purposes, kept wholly out of them, is absolutely indefensible. We further want that *not more than one half* of the ministers shall be Englishmen chosen from among the ranks of men trained and educated in the public life of England, so that India may have the benefit of a wider outlook and larger experience of the outside world."

Though the Viceroy appoints his ministers, the author suggests that there should be some safeguards by which, if the peoples' representatives in the legislative Councils feel that the appointment of some one would be undesirable, they should be able 'to prevent such an appointment.' Then these ministers ought to have attached to themselves advisory boards. 'They would help them to see where action was imperative and where the ground was to be

allowed to lie fallow. They would be feelers warning them of dangers ahead.' The chief aim in all these proposals is that the Government of India should no more continue to be a close preserve of the bureaucracy and influenced by the vested interests of that narrow oligarchy. Walter Bagehot has graphically described the ills of bureaucrats and bureaucracy :

"It is an inevitable defect that bureaucrats will care more for routine than for results; or, as Burke puts it, 'that they will think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms of it.' Their whole education and all the habit of their lives make them do so. They are brought young into the particular part of the public service to which they are attached; they are occupied for years in learning its forms, afterwards, for years too, in applying these forms to trifling matters. They are... 'but the tailors of business; they cut the clothes, but do not find the body'... 'Not only does a bureaucracy... tend to under—government in point of quality, it tends to over-government in point of quantity'." The secretariats breed these bureaucrats. Mr. Bernard Haughton, himself of the Civil Service, has said that 'the secretariats are the very apotheosis of clerkdom, and they tend to infuse in those who labour in them, a clerk's mean outlook on public policy' and he boldly states :—

"Though the Indian Civil Service were manned by angels from heaven, the incurable defects of a bureaucratic government must pervert their best intentions and make them foes to political progress. It must now stand aside and, in the interest of that country it has served so long and so truly, make over the dominion to other hands.

Not in dishonour, but in honour, proudly as ship-builders who deliver to seamen the completed ship, may they now yield up the direction of India."

Among the other suggestions of the author we should mention the establishment of a Supreme Court of Law at Delhi to which appeals could be sent from the High Courts at the option of the litigants who may prefer to go to Delhi rather than to London and which would 'serve as a sort of Hague tribunal for settling differences between the suzerain power and the vassal Indian States, and among these States themselves'; the founding of a 'non-territorial university complete in all its faculties' at Delhi; the abolition of the Simla exodus and thus making Delhi 'the one and *only* capital of India from which Secretariats are never moved and *where only* the meetings of the Executive and Legislative Councils are held'; and lastly, the granting of much larger fiscal and administrative autonomy to the provinces. Says our author on the last point :—

" I would strongly plead...that the routine net of dull, respectable mediocrity be not wound tight round the provincial administrations choking out all initiative ; but that the utmost freedom compatible with the safety of the Empire be allowed to these, to experiment unflinchingly and tread out new paths for themselves and for others...By limiting the sphere of activity of (the provincial) Governments, the Supreme Government deprives itself of a unique field of observation and experiment."

SRI PRAKASH.

Benares.

(*To be continued.*)

IN ALL LANDS

**The German
Offensive.**

The German offensive against the French army was just successful enough to occupy a little more territory in the early part of last month. Paris was said to be threatened, but for one reason or another the enemy slackened his efforts. His losses were great, the French resistance was stubborn, and if he was not strong enough to hold the British army in check in the north, the advance in the south would have created serious difficulties. He did not succeed in detaching the Allies from each other, and he will perhaps be obliged to attack the northern and southern portions of the Allied line alternately. In the last week of the month Mr. Lloyd George was expecting daily, perhaps hourly, a huge offensive against the British. He was, however, confident of complete victory in the end. On the other hand a German minister created a sensation in Berlin by doubting if the war will end before 1920.

* * *

**The Austrian
Offensive.**

It is surmised that Austria refused to send her troops to France or Flanders on a large scale, but consented to launch an offensive against Italy, so as to divide the attention and energies of the Allied army. In any case the long expected offensive was launched last

month, with success at the outset. But the onrush was not only resisted but turned back, and the enemy was compelled to retire across the Piave, which was in flood. The Austrians claimed to have taken 40,000 prisoners, though the statement was contradicted in Italy, and the Italians appear to have taken 20,000 prisoners, besides much war material which was left behind by the retreating enemy. The first offensive, therefore, ended in a defeat and it is not expected that a second attempt will be made early. The economic condition of Austria-Hungary is said to be desperate, but this is an old story. At least one large organisation appears to demand immediate peace, and such demands must have been heard before. So the war will last, no one can conjecture how long.

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**America and
the War.**

The rate at which American soldiers are pouring into Europe has given satisfaction in England and France. An American minister told an interviewer about the end of last month that 900,000 had reached France by that time. German submarines are said to be active in American waters; indeed they are believed to have reached the northern Pacific to supplement the arrival of Germans by land at Vladivostock. They may be working some havoc among mercantile vessels, and stories of their attack on battleships appear to be circulated in Mexico and elsewhere. Brazil has begun to patrol the seas on behalf of the United States. Nevertheless troop ships, which are protected by destroyers, do not seem to have been attacked with success recently, and whether the submarines are destroyed more quickly than they are replaced, or not, they have not checked the

flow of American soldiers into Europe. These have already distinguished themselves in several actions and must turn the scale in the stupendous struggle.

Every village in Russia has its own government, says Mr. Lloyd George. The Bolsheviks suspect Germany of supporting an imperialistic movement against them.

Russian Affairs. They have perhaps several enemies. Semenoff headed a revolt against them in Siberia and is believed to have been defeated by them. A prominent Bolshevik leader was shot dead in the streets in the last week of last month, and others do not go about without an armed escort. No one can tell who will come into power when they are overthrown and what their attitude will be towards the other Powers in Europe. Germany seems to be as much in an expectant mood as any other Power, but her agents may be working with definite aims, and if monarchy is restored it may for the time being form an alliance with Germany. But Germany's hands are full and at present she may be content if Russia is useful in solving her food problem. It seems that Turkey wants more from Russia than is ceded under the recent treaties.

Many of the stories which reach this country regarding the difficulties of the Central Powers may be exaggerations. It is, however, inherently improbable that forced treaties secure real

Peace and Discontent. and lasting peace. If Bulgaria is satisfied, Turkey is not, for though she has got something in Asia, she has got nothing in Europe, and the Turks are said to be satisfied that the ultimate object of the Central Powers is

to exploit their Asiatic possessions and not to allow them economic independence. The final peace is yet to come and no one can tell how Turkey will stand after the war. But the German Press has begun to assume a tone of severity towards Turkish aspirations. Ukraina is independent of Russia, but is under the heel of German officials. Her harvest this year is said to be bad, and yet she will have to meet her obligations. Rumania is trying to swallow and digest her indignation. Indeed no one will be satisfied until all the nations involved in the war participate in a general peace.

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In the last week of last month Baron Kuehlmann delivered a clever speech, apparently in reply to Mr. Balfour. He declared that world dominion was a dream which Germany had never cherished, and which only Napoleon had the folly to harbour. He cast the responsibility for the present war on Russia: no one had done that before, but Russia is now dumb and no one will think of claiming an indemnity from her in her present condition. He asserted that Germany had no more vaulting ambition than that of securing her colonial empire and promoting her trade, besides being a strong independent Power. He declined to shout out his ideas regarding Belgium, but did not add that he was prepared to communicate them confidentially to any Power. He thanked Heaven for the gift of Mackensen and Ludendorf, but did not expect that military successes would end the war even in 1919. He claimed that Germany had twice before made honest endeavours to bring about peace, and, therefore, it is now the duty of others to propose negotiations.

Japan is said to be making active preparations for war. Siberia is now open to the Germans and numbers of them are believed to have arrived at Vladivostock.

Asia and the War.

Hundreds of Czecho-Slovaks are also said to have gone there with a view to participation in the war against their former friends, the Austrians, after crossing America and the Atlantic. Some of them have managed to join the Italians, but they can approach the Western Front in Europe in large numbers only by crossing Asia and America. Japan has very largely benefited by the present war; her trade has prospered and she has gained valuable concessions in China. It is expected by some that Germany will manage to get not only her food supply from Russia, but men to fight, for in the present condition of that country patriotism is not enlisted and directed by competent leaders and men may be found to fight for money in Asia, if not in Europe. If Japan does not intervene, the danger to India will be greater.

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Home Rulers in India as well as Ireland expected that the war would force the Government to accede to their demands quickly. In Ireland a Home Rule

Ireland and India.

Bill was being drafted, when the Government detected a conspiracy to help the enemy and conscription was opposed by many. The War Cabinet's present attitude is against proceeding with the reform until Ireland evinces her readiness to co-operate with the rest of the Empire in the crisis through which it is passing. The incident is instructive to Indian Home Rulers. Some of them have repeatedly commended the example

of the Irish patriots. They were advocating the policy of bargaining with Government and promising support only on condition of the Government granting Home Rule at an early date. If all Indian publicists had adopted a similar attitude, Mr. Montagu would probably have suspended his scheme of reforms. But the bargainers are a small number, and the Government will proceed with the work undertaken at H. E. the Viceroy's instance.

A letter addressed to President Wilson by a leading Home Ruler of Madras attracted the attention of the British Parliament last month. When Mr. Montagu was in India, he spoke severely to Sir Subramina Aiyer and he has now publicly condemned the letter in Parliament, the author has renounced the titles which the Government had conferred upon him, and no further notice need be taken of the affair. Dr. Aiyer's famous letter to President Wilson promised him at least five millions in three months for service at the Front, and five millions more in another three months after the promise of Home Rule to India, and requested the President to intervene, so that this huge manpower might be available in the war. Americans are accustomed to deal with large figures and to listen to exaggerations. But this promise of ten millions in six months by a retired Judge who had no experience of recruiting or fighting, must have staggered even the American President. Among other doubts it might have occurred to him to ask how India would finance so huge an army. India has some financial dealings with America and may have more if the War Loans are not taken up quickly. How many loans will have to be launched before making up the 100 millions promised to England ?

Ferment in the States.

With the spread of education, the political ferment which is working in British India is bound to affect the relations between the Government and the people in the Indian States as well. Now that the British Government has declared its policy to be to grant responsible government to the people of India, a public meeting was held sometime ago in Baroda to request the Ruler of that State to make a similar declaration there. It means that the power of the purse is to be placed in the hands of the people. In Mysore a deputation of Non-Brahmans and Mohamedans last month prayed to H. H. the Maharaja that these communities might be adequately represented in the public service and the legislative and other public bodies. It is sometimes asked why the denominational spirit which so often shows itself in British India is not visible in the Native States, the insinuation being that British officials encourage it. The deputation in Mysore shows that with the growing consciousness of rights, these disputes must occur everywhere.

Passive Resistance. The passive resistance in Kaira, by the payers of land revenue, was declared to have come to an end a few days before the War Conference at Bombay. The Government had explained in a Press Note that the greater part of the revenue had been paid, that suspensions had been granted where the raiyats were unable to pay, and that the resisters were those who could but would not pay. The attachments of pots and buffaloes reported in the papers seemed to show that the recovery of the revenue in many cases was difficult owing to the real inability of the cultivators to

pay. The local officers notified what the Government had laid down as a principle already followed, but it evidently not invariably followed, and the movement was not declared to have stopped when the raiyats were told that they would be made to pay only when they were able to pay. The story sounds rather curious, but the officers may be congratulated on the final result. It is reported that the spirit of resistance to what is felt as injustice has come to stay and shows itself in several ways.

Parties and Methods. The older leaders of the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League saw no necessity for a Home Rule League, inasmuch as the goal towards which the two earlier movements were working was also the attainment of self-government within the Empire. But the older leaders were represented as lacking the necessary energy to infuse into the agitation sufficient vigour and to quicken the pace towards the destination. The Congress was divided into two parties and the new League with the help of one dominated the other. The history of political agitation in all countries shows that the ball kicked down the hill gathers momentum in its course and cannot be easily stopped. In Calcutta the Moderates, who represent the original Congress, have started a National Liberal League of their own. They are not in sympathy with the methods of the Home Rule League, while young men in Madras tell Mrs. Besant that she is too slow for them.

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM.

NATIONALISM may, in its origin, be regarded as a pulse set in motion by the spirit of the Creator of Being, breathed upon the protoplasm of the Nation and developing through the ages movement and force, until it gives rise to visual appearances, and men recognise it as an influence moulding human nature, and through human nature the State, in so far as the latter is the product of conscious human effort. And, as a phenomenon, it has many phases. The activities of many, joined together by those associations which make up the sum of National consciousness, express themselves in as many ways, and each expression is a phase of Nationalism. The political phase is one, and sometimes but a minor one, but as Nationalism seeks always to express itself in the erection of a State, and as the State has in the world's eye a more tangible form and a greater significance than a literature of a social system, the political phase has appropriated the term almost to the exclusion of the rest, and at no period to a greater extent than now. The apotheosis of political Nationalism is being consummated in a bloody sacrifice. Whatever may be thought of the motives actuating the several States engaged in this awful war, this at least is beyond doubt, that on behalf of the rights of nationality, as opposed to

the claim for universal dominance, resting on the possession of a pseudo-superior culture, hundreds of thousands of splendid lives have been laid down. No finer assertion of Nationalism has been or ever can be made.

Nationalism, then being the dominant phase in the present stage of the evolution of European civilisation at least within the political sphere, having reached its zenith will begin to wane. The seeds of death are in the womb of life, and the stages of evolution grow ever more narrow in duration of time although they touch ever widening areas. To rush into prophecy is a risky proceeding but to-day when every other person is proposing panaceas which will prevent the recurrence of such a stupendous disaster as the present war, it may be permitted to glance in the light of history at such evidences as the present affords of those tendencies by which the future will be determined.

The evolution of political organisation bears a close resemblance to that of economic organisation, the tendency being in each to an ever broader environment, from the tribe to the nation, from the self-sufficient artisan to the Trust. They have run not on parallel but on converging lines, and economic motives now always influence; if they do not dictate political measures. Throughout the changes the people have remained slaves, merely changing one master for another, freeing themselves from the slavery of one set of conditions only to become subject to another, aware in the light of subsequent events, that the famous saying of Sieyès "the Third Estate! it is everything" was the most bitter irony. It would seem that man is by nature a worshipping animal. He must be subject to somebody or something. Freed from the shackles of the Feudal system, the vassal becomes a citizen and worships a King.

A leaven of each abandoned superstition still clings to him and to some degree influences his relations with the object of his worship. Thus a duke still expects and very often gets reverence, landholders seek to be, and are in some cases, landlords ruling their vassals and serfs with as much arrogance as in feudal times, and the master and the boss are common types in the industrial arena as in the political. But the coming of Nationalism brought about a relation between the individual and the object of his worship which tends to important developments. The reverence paid by a subject to a feudal chief or to a king was wholly objective. This right to rule emanated not from him but was based on a sanction, whether divine or otherwise, in which he could claim no share. Louis XIV's assertion "*L'état c'est moi*" was not so much a boast as the statement of an accepted fact. To serve and honour the king was the duty of the people, to rule that of the king. There was neither community of responsibilities nor partnership in advantages, acknowledged between the rulers and the ruled. But Nationalism has altered all that. The individual is conscious of the closest communion between himself and the other components of the nation. He is an essential part of an organism and every movement of the latter, however slight, is transmitted to him. In exalting the nation he exalts himself, if it is injured or insulted the injury or insult is personal. The conception of a people one and indivisible occasioned a revolution—that of the indivisible nation, which is but a development, has convulsed the world. The influence of Nationalism is partly subjective. The citizen is as it were born into a noble family and seeks to become worthy of it. Its traditions become his, national prestige lends something to him; he develops into a fuller, a worthier

man and national pride makes him alike ambitious for himself, for his fellow subjects and for the nation to which all belong. In the subject, nation activities thus set up tend to focus in political effort, but they are more evenly and more widely distributed in the independent State. This growth of Individualism is thus a concomitant effect of Nation worship, and it may be emphasised by reaction against the opposite tendency and harden into Anarchism; while on the other hand, the individual obsessed by the passion of exalting the object of his adoration may lavish his strength to create a monster, and hence we have jingoism, imperialism, militarism, terms which express different forms of this idolatry. Anarchism thus far is negative. It has not yet been able to achieve or even to conceive any concrete expression. But the rankness of Nationalism in the apotheosis of the State has found a very striking expression in the conception of the Kultur State. To realize what this means, to understand how it has gripped the imagination of a people naturally unimaginative, is to discover not only the reason for this war and its inevitableness, but the key to the history of Germany since the inception of the German empire, or the German nation as they saw it. Organisation in Germany has been developed to the perfection of a fine art. It extends even to the mental activities of the people, and a theory which obtained the sanction of authority finds general acceptance. Now nationalism was such a powerful influence in Germany that certain features of it may be said to have been made in Germany. For instance National Economics is a German conception—the universality of economic theory finding concrete expression in free trade being

rejected by German scientists as flabby cosmopolitanism. To the German mind the German Empire was the highest achievement of the present stage of political evolution, and Nationalism having effected this could do nothing more than reproduce feeble imitations of a masterpiece. Like a machine which has outlasted its efficiency, it should be scrapped. The German mind is very logical, and working on the assumption that the German Empire was the apex of modern civilization, it argued that the next stage in evolution would proceed from this point, the next political conception would be wider than the nation as the nation was wider than its predecessors. What could it be but the Kultur State? Such seemed to be the inevitable trend towards which the Gods urged mankind, and Germany was the instrument by which the will of the Gods was to be manifested to the world. Germany strives for the Kultur State with the same intensity as the Crusaders sought to reach the Holy Land. His is a lower ideal but not altogether ignoble. We cannot palliate but we can understand the ruthlessness of their methods, the blasphemous utterances of their philosophers and divines. Fanaticism has bred outrages in all ages and the outrages of Germany are only greater because organised and carried out with more efficient instruments. The madness of Germany on account of which the world groans is only the extreme type of a disease which has affected other European States, a disease bred from the rankness of Nationalism. Social evolution is determined by innumerable factors, some of which are unseen and imperceptible but not the less powerful on that account, others perhaps visible but defying measurement and seeming greater than they are. Neither to any man nor to any

State is it given to control the destinies of the human race, and the great successes of life are due to the cultivation of a sensitive aura within which development takes place in close harmony with the spirit of the age. A great prophet, man or nation, may hasten progress. A great genius may interrupt it, but no earthly power can side track civilisation. In attempting to do this lies the madness of Germany. The Kultur state may be in the womb of time, but not the German Kultur state, which is the still-born product of frenzy and pride. Elsewhere we must look for the evidences which go to indicate the form which social and political development will assume.

That Nationalism could be exploited in the interests of a class has long been obvious to many. Their belief has been confirmed by the present war. At the root of labour's resistance to the growth of armaments before the war, and to its prolongation at present, is not the actual loss or suffering occasioned, but the fear that the growing power of labour in combination may be arrested and neutralised by an increase in the resources of the capitalists; and although, as has been made evident, this war is not an economic or a trade war in the usual sense, that is, it is not due primarily to Germany's need for economic expansion, yet the ambition of capitalists all over the world has been and still is a powerful contributing cause; and if we watch the course which labour organisation has been following in recent years we shall be guided in our conception of the form which political evolution is likely to take. This tendency has been to an ever widening organisation of the forces of labour. Syndicalism was becoming an imminent danger in the years preceding the

war. The growth of this tendency is in the direction of international action which in the opinion of labour is an effective remedy for the danger of the migration of capital, for it is plain that if labour conditions are everywhere alike, capital must be satisfied to remain at home and make the best of a bad bargain. Other influences lend their weight to drive men's minds in the same direction. Certain facts which although elementary and axiomatic were concealed beneath the ponderous arguments of the scientists, distorted by the shiftiness of the politicians, and obscured and concealed by those who would strengthen class interests at the expense of the many, are now coming into the general ken. A good many hoary respectable hypocrisies have been stripped of the alluring garb with which convention had shrouded them. A good many shibboleths have lost their force, a few truths have come to the surface in this general upheaval. Humanity has again got hold of the truth, let us hope not to lose it again, that the test of civilization is human welfare, the moral and material possessions of man, that human efficiency is not merely an instrument in the production of wealth, but an end towards which all human effort must be directed, and that political freedom or national unity is only a means by which the development of mankind is furthered. On the basis of these simple truths the next stage of civilisation will be raised; and as a corollary to their recognition will follow the realisation that all artificial barriers whose action prevents the full development of any unit, individual or group, must in the interests of all be destroyed. The example of Germany notwithstanding, the war has taught the necessity for the closest and at the same time the most unfettered economic

relations between peoples. The pressure which will undoubtedly make itself felt when the war is over will emphasize this, and thus economic forces acting upon human consciousness already more enlightened and broader will bring about a conception of political organisation wider than the nation. Internationalism is the influence to which Nationalism will yield.

A very acute thinker, Mr. Hilaire Belloc has remarked that although internationalism would, if accepted, diminish the risk of war and localise quarrels, nevertheless, so powerful is the glamour of nationalism and so deeply laid its foundations, extending as they do in the popular conception back to the earliest history of the race, to the clan, the tribe, the family, and thus so strengthened by their association with those things which men hold and will continue to hold most dear, that everything points not to its decay, but to the growth of its influence as a political factor. And it is quite true that if the average man were asked to choose between the nebulous and uncertain advantages of a condition of internationalism and the real and tangible benefits which he derives from his nationality, there could be no doubt of the direction in which his choice would fall. But men are not asked to make the choice, nor do any but the very exceptional ever adopt a particular political faith. Stages in political evolution are not arrived at through human consciousness working from a particular formula, rather is the formula the expression of the play of forces which have produced a certain condition and these forces are largely economic and social and are set in motion by imperceptible changes in man's general outlook on life. Internationalism is an outlook on life just as nationalism is and feudalism was, and the

conditions which will make it generally possible are rapidly coming into being.

But what concrete expression in the way of political organisation internationalism will take, depends upon a more exact measurement of the many forces which will contribute to it than can be attempted at present. The horrors of the present time have aroused a passionate eagerness to find a remedy against the recurrence of such calamities. Various panaceas have been proposed. The League of Nations is the latest and the most widely accepted at present, but neither this League of Nations, inevitably reminiscent of the Congress of Vienna so wisely planned and so admirably intentioned, nor the Hague Conference sitting in permanent session, is likely to solve the problem. Human nature is an obstinate complex thing and human activities refuse to run on artificial tracks however smooth they be, however pious the intentions of their designers. Men and nations will "gang their ain gait," will cut out paths for themselves. All that can be said is that Internationalism will be the creed of the future and that the political organisation which will result from it will be very largely determined by economic forces and by the developments in economic organisation.

MACLIR.

HOW GERMANY MAKES PEACE.

SINCE December 1916, when the Kaiser made his formal offer of peace on the basis of a draw, and warned the world that he would not be responsible for the consequences should this magnanimous offer be refused (as though he and the system he stands for were not immediately and everlastingly responsible for the whole world calamity),—since that day there has been a succession of “peace campaigns” and “peace feelers” emanating more or less openly from the enemy side, each one, it is interesting to observe, making itself felt at the precise moment when Germany’s internal or military situation has rendered such a move from her point of view advisable.

The Power that precipitated war at the moment of her own choosing, is attempting to precipitate peace, also at the moment of her choice.

If there is any point on which it behoves us to be watchful, to be wary, it is this.

When the representatives of the Nations, the few picked brains of the whole world, assemble at the Conference Board, they will be sitting down, trained and tense, though outwardly composed, to the most subtle and most momentous game of skill the world has ever seen, on the result of which will hang the fate and happiness of unborn generations—it is scarcely too much to say, the future of mankind.

Each side will hold a number of Trump cards, put into their hands by the sacrifices of the races which they represent, and, conscious of their well-nigh overwhelming responsibilities, will play those cards, we may be sure, with all the ingenuity of which the human mind is capable.

But no skill in play will compensate for the holding of a poor hand.

"Not by speeches and majority votes are the great questions settled" said Bismarck in 1862 "but by Blood and Iron." Until Prussian militarism is finally crushed, that is terribly true.

We must send the representatives of Liberty to the board in a position as strong as we can make it:—and *no weariness on our part, no apparent reasonableness nor tempting proposals on the part of our opponents, must be allowed to induce us to send them there sooner.*

Even if we had not an object lesson in Germany's methods of making peace, her methods of waging war warn us to prepare for whatever double-dealing and duplicity might enable her to snatch the slightest advantage.

Fortunately (in this sense) we have such an object lesson. Unfortunately for Russia, fortunately for mankind, we have before our eyes to-day the most tragic evidence of Germany's methods of peace-making—of what happens when idealism run amok without material backing finds itself in the ring in opposition to a ruthless diplomacy based on Blood and Iron.

At the beginning of July 1917, the Russian armies under General Brusiloff ended the long inactivity caused by the Revolution, by once again attacking the enemy. But in a very short time it became evident that the influence of

the flood of half-assimilated ideals which had swept away the Russian state organisation was too strong for army discipline.

The London *Times* of 21st July 1917 dramatically presented the situation.

"German attacks on the Russian front in Galicia have succeeded. At first they were repelled, but at a critical moment some Russian troops refused to fight. "Our failure," the Petrograd Official report says, "is explained to a considerable degree by the fact that under the influence of the extremists several detachments, having received command to support the attacked detachments, held meetings and discussed the advisability of obeying the order, whereupon some of the regiments refused to obey the military command".

And on the opposite page the famous Reichstag resolution of the 19th July, which promulgated the formula of "no annexations".

"First of all, the territory of the Fatherland is inviolable. With an enemy who demands parts of our Empire we cannot parley. If we make peace we must in the first line make sure that the frontiers of the German Empire are made secure for all time.

"We must by means of an understanding and give and take, guarantee the conditions of existence of the German Empire upon the continent and overseas. Peace must build the foundations of a lasting reconciliation of the nations. It must.....prevent the nations from being plunged into further enmity through economic blockades, and provide a safeguard that the league in arms of our opponents does not develop into an economic offensive alliance against us."

As an apparently plain statement of war aims, that may surely be regarded as a masterpiece of duplicity, Germany, being mainly responsible for their condition, had good reason to know how greatly the talk of no annexations, of "give and take" and "lasting reconciliation" would appeal to the war-weary Russian Socialists. She knew how such a manly but moderate statement of her aims would soothe the growing demand among her own people for a move towards peace.

And in the application of these high sentiments there would be found loopholes enough and to spare. The German Socialist leader Bernstein has pointed out, for example, that the Chancellor's demand for a peace which would "secure Germany's frontiers for all time" was entirely incompatible with "no annexations" as applied to herself.

It was the same old game—a carefully staged comedy. to throw dust in the eyes of the world, and especially of Russia. No annexation of German soil, but any annexation of foreign soil necessary to "make secure Germany's frontiers for all time"—that is how it would work out. Germany's deliberate refusal to make any definite statement of her intentions with regard to Belgium, for instance, contrasts strangely with her expressed desire for "reconciliation" and "a just and lasting peace." She had no intention whatever of pledging herself to restore the independence of Belgium. Germany takes all she can, and lets go only when she is obliged.

True to her principles of thoroughness, Germany had the Russian ground well prepared in advance for the kind of peace-seed she intended to sow. Of all European people, the Russians are the least practical and most

idealistic. Wild, unpracticable ideals of international socialism were so deeply instilled in the minds of the Russian working classes that it needed but the promise of their realisation to undermine all thought of patriotism and honour and good faith.

"To the German Socialist, on the contrary, there is no such thing" as international socialism where German interests are concerned. It is a German invention used to humbug the rest of the world in the interests of Germany. Like everything else in that country, socialism is a Government weapon.

The game is a simple one. All good socialists are to oppose war actively in their respective countries, while German opposition is to be confined to vague declarations, with nothing more definite which might hamper Germany's action. We may recall how on the verge of war they sent a special envoy to assure the Socialists of France that in no circumstances would their party vote for a German war credit, in order to persuade their French "comrades" to refuse support to the French Government.

Exactly what Germany had been working for came about. Russia had become an uncontrolled and ignorant mob, drunk on fantastic promises, with leaders of its own crazy type. All was ready.

Look on a little. We see the Russian leaders, still fondly believing that they have only to open their arms and cry "*Kamerad!*" and the Germans will fall upon their necks like long-lost brothers—sitting down at Brest-Litovsk to negotiate formal peace with the Central Powers.

The proceedings of the gathering, said the President, Herr von Kuhlmann, are to be guided "by a spirit of placable humanity and mutual esteem."

The Russian stipulations included:

No forcible acquisition of territory.

The restoration of political independence to people who have lost it during the war.

The determination of their own destinies by national groups.

Compensation of private persons.

Can there be anything more pathetic than the spectacle of these poor, silly dupes, after discarding their arms and throwing wide their gates, proceeding to bargain with that grim figure from without as though they stood on equal terms? They had thrown away all they had to bargain with. They impose conditions? So might children impose conditions upon an ogre! To-day, the ogre "accepts in principle the Russian proposals," with his sinister smile of "placable humanity." The children discovered soon enough.

The negotiations proceeded. But before long it appeared that every German concession was nullified by some craftily drawn qualification or reserve. "No troops to be transferred from the Eastern to the Western Front." The ogre readily agrees, merely adding as an afterthought, "unless such transference has already begun."

Of course it had already begun. And it is safe to say that at the present moment not a single German is left on the Eastern Front who could be more usefully employed in the West.

Little by little, as the conference dragged on, and the Russian delegates got drawn more hopelessly into the toils, the Russian people more hopelessly disintegrated, the ogre showed his hand. The children were frankly bewildered. To them it was incredible that, now that they had indicated the way to universal brotherhood and happiness, that anyone should hesitate to throw down his arms and follow it.

"Russia will withdraw her troops from all parts of Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Persia occupied by her, while the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance will withdraw theirs from Poland, Lithuania, Courland and other regions of Russia." Agreed.

But a few days later, the delegates of the Central Powers handed in a note which creates positive dismay. Pledging herself to live henceforth on terms of friendship with Russia, Germany went on to declare that "the peoples of Poland, Courland, Lithuania and Esthonia have already clearly expressed their desire to be annexed to Germany. Accordingly, basing their action on the principle of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, Germany will remain in occupation of these regions, which Russia will hand over to her." None knows better than Germany how to assemble an artificial body that will express any desire which will suit her schemes of self determination.

Of what avail was protest? The Russian delegates complained that this was not at all the sort of peace they bargained for. The Austro-Germans affected to be affronted. "Really," they replied in effect "one would suppose, from the high tone adopted by M. Trotsky and his

colleagues, that they were victors imposing terms, and not, as the actual fact, vanquished obliged to accept conditions."

The mask was soon thrown aside, the situation stood clear at last in all its hideous nakedness. The Russians, in their mad idealism, and foolish trust in their German socialist "comrades", who, being what they are, have shown themselves to be not "comrades", but decoys, had thrown away their arms in the face of a cunning and unscrupulous foe, in the preposterous belief that he would follow suit; they had nothing left to bargain with, they were helpless,—and, perhaps for the first time, they realised it. Beguiled and betrayed by their German confrères, they have in their turn betrayed their Allies, their cause, and their country,—and for what?

For the sake of an ideal which all the rest of the world sees to be impossible of attainment so long as there remains a Power which bases itself upon Force, and has adopted bad faith as an avowed principle of policy. Their only excuse is that they were treacherously misled by German lies and cunning; their only achievement is that they have made the Central Powers disclose their hand for all to read.

If there were ever any doubt about Germany's real attitude towards "lasting peace" and "reconciliation" there can be none henceforth. The only peace she recognises is peace under an iron heel, and reconciliation by submission. Better terms than those can only be obtained by fighting for them.

Disastrous as Russia's collapse now appears to us, a grave set back to her friends and a tragedy for herself, it may be that in the end it will prove to be a blessing in disguise, if only because it has shown the Allies, before it is too late, the true nature of the people with whom we

are dealing, and that, unless we want a peace that leaves the Central Powers unhampered to do as they please with the world, so that they will have nothing to gain by war, there is no course left to us but to deal with them very faithfully.

A STUDENT.

CLOUDS.

Red and purple, pink and gold,
Low in the western sky;
The sea is wrapped in a silver fold
As the clouds on the mountains lie,
Turning the water to opal and pearl,
Covering the sky with a misty whirl
Of colours of rainbow hue,
Covering all with a filmy cloak,
The verdant valleys seem to choke
With the soft grey mists and the evening dew.

The colours soften to mauve and grey,
Sheets of amber across the bay,
They gleam for a little and then are gone,
As night, in her mantle of black rolls on.
Out peep the little twinkling stars,
Yonder's the great red planet, Mars;
The moon sails on her silver way;
Once more the end of a perfect day.

September, 1917.

KATRINE SILBERRAD.

WHEN SOLDIERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

The following batch of interesting letters from French and Russian soldiers at the Front, has been sent to us for publication, by the lady whose "Letters from a War Hospital in France" have enlivened the pages of this Review for the last two years. This intrepid and cultured lady answered the call of Duty as soon as the War broke out, and left her comfortable home in far-away Canada to tend the wounded soldiers in France. How tenderly she has nursed them back to life and to what extent she has earned the gratitude of the soldiers, these simple letters amply testify. They breathe devotion and affection such as must have fallen to the lot of but few such noble workers in the field. Our friend is not a "nurse" in the ordinary sense of the term: few soldiers call her by that name, they rather take pride in speaking of her as "mother" and the way in which French and Russian soldiers vie with one another in lavishing their genuine affection and undying devotion on the "Mother", is touching in the extreme. Happy the children who can claim such a "mother", and blessed is the "mother" who has earned the gratitude and love of so many "alien" children.

(Editor.)

The following letter was written during the first spring of the war by a soldier of whom I have no later news.

MADAME—

3-5-15.

HAVING received the muffler which you sent me I thank you deeply, for we have often enough rain, and it will do me great service. I am always in good health, and I keep the hope to find again my dear family, and when I feel discouraged, I at once make my act of resignation, "That Thy will be done", and if one day I should fall, I shall receive a welcome from Him, for I have always followed the doctrines which were taught me. We have much work at this moment and very little liberty, but we do it with a great deal of courage. For some time past we have been promised a rest at the depôt, but I do not expect to be there more than three or four days, and if the good God will that I return home, as I have always the good hope, I will be infinitely grateful to you. Receive, Madame, my profoundest gratitude.

Hector ———.

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25-3-15.

Dear Madame and Benefactress.

I received to-day when I arrived from the advanced post my helmet. I thank you very sincerely, for with this change of weather, it always rains. During our stay at the advanced posts we were well bombarded by the aeroplanes ; happily, they had not well gauged their distance. The shells fell at 50 yards from us, breaking great holes in the ground, but happily no one was wounded.

Dear Madame, we begin to have hope, for there is good news on the Russian side, in the taking of Prysmel, which cannot fail to advance us for the end of hostilities. Dear Madame, I thank you for the last sausages as well

as for the tobacco, which gave me great pleasure, for one has not often so fine and so good to smoke. *Enfin*, I need nothing more in the way of clothes ; if you send me something, send only eatables, that is what will give the greatest service. Now I leave you, Madame, to rest myself, for during the last four days I have hardly slept. Trusting in the grace of God to give us back our liberty, your friend and protégé who thanks you for your great generosity.

I have a comrade in my division who is a photographer, so he has taken us, and if that would give you pleasure I will send you one.

Jean P. F.

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10-5-15.

Dear Madame and dear Benefactress,

I begin by thanking you for your packets of cigarettes which gave me so much pleasure ; you are very good to have always something to send me, to take patience and courage to wait the end of this cursed war, which never ends. We have just learnt that Italy will perhaps come in on our side ; if it were only true it would perhaps hasten the end of the hostilities, for it will soon be ten months that we have left our families without being able to see them again. *Enfin*, let us leave all to the mercy of God, no matter what comes.

Receive, dear Madame, all my thanks. Your protégé and friend.

P. P.

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2 April 1915.

Dear Madame,

As always I write for myself and comrade Briet in order to thank you for your goodness in sending us all those

parcels, which give us so much pleasure and so much good, for we soldiers of the invaded territory receive nothing from our exiled relatives who have brought nothing away from that brutal and ferocious blow which destroyed and burnt the little which we possessed, and for the rest it would not be well done for us, for they have need of money to feed themselves, and they must work for that, they do not complain and they are French as we, and ask only to see us again at the end of this war if death spares us. Happy those who may find again their homes after these hard battles and the diseases that we fear, for here the air smells bad and the water is not always good to drink; it is full of dirt from the dung and waste which is everywhere, besides the water which washes over many dead, and our dead beasts, all that goes into the springs; so I am going to ask you if during the summer you could send us something to put in the water to make it fit to drink and to keep us from fevers and sicknesses if you will. Since you ask, send us a little chocolate, for that keeps a long time or anything else that your kindness prompts: that will give us pleasure and improve our diet for we eat only rice, beans, *rata*, potatoes cooked in water with some grease with a little meat cooked together; they would do better to brown their meat, it would be eaten with more pleasure, for we can no more relish it; it is the fare that we have eaten since the beginning.

Mavis S—

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The three letters which follow were written by a soldier artisan who, when called away from his home in a large manufacturing city of the North at the beginning of the war, left behind a wife and young son of whom he

was only able to receive the briefest news at long intervals. Badly wounded early in the war, he was nursed in a, Cannes hospital, and returned to his dépôt at Quimper, Brittany, whence the first letter is dated the last day of October 1915.

Madame,

I was a little uneasy not having your news, and I wondered if you were sick. I thank you very much for your good letter and I shall be very glad to receive the socks, muffler and jersey which you will send me, for which I can only thank you with all my heart, and be very grateful to you.

Madame, I am in a *compagnie de marche*, and I shall change again to go to the Front. At present I am well and I am very happy to take again my military service; now I do not find the time very long, for in the *compagnie de marche* we work from five o'clock in the morning until five at night; one has not a minute for rest and we are tired when the evening arrives.

As I already told you in my last letter, I have received news of my wife and my son so I am very happy, and I have sent another letter by Holland. I assure you that has given me new heart and courage, and I am more than ever impatient to return to the Front. I long for the war to be over to return home, but I can not think that it will finish before next year; cost what it may, we will go to the end and we pray God that He will give us the victory, and protect our families.

Since the last fifteen days the weather is horrible, always rain and hail, that announces the winter. At present we are at All Saints and we are free during two days to

go to the mass and to the cemetery, where we shall all go to honor the heroes who died for *la patrie*.

Wishing you good health and renewing my sincere thanks, I beg you, Madame, to accept the expression of my devoted gratitude and of my respectful friendship.

Jean D.

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Douarnenez, December 23, 1915.

Chère Madame,

I have just received your parcel and I haste to write you to thank you with all my heart. At the moment when I received it we were to start on the march. I taste ~~the~~ the bonbons during the march, and that prevented my having to drink water. I found them delicious as well as the chocolate. I thank you sincerely for the whole parcel.

In this moment there are *permissions* of four days for Christmas and the New Year, most of those still here are from the invaded district, and I would be 15 days older, that the *permissions* might be finished; for every one has his story, they speak of the New Year, and of their homes, that gives the *cafard*, and for me I think much of my son who should make his first communion in the next month of May, and nevertheless that does not prevent that we wait for next spring with impatience. We have the hope of finishing next year and more than ever we are sure of conquering our enemies. We are very numerous at the dépôt and we work a great deal; they form many sections of *mitrailleurs* and I am sure that by the springtime we shall give the Boches some thread to unwind. If only

they would come out of their holes, we could measure with them, but in open field they will not come, but we will have them all the same, our will will prove stronger than their preparations.

Dear Madame, I beseech and I pray God that the year 1916 may be the deliverance of all Europe, and that God will punish Germany for all the mourning which she has sown in the whole world.

Wishing you good health and renewing all my thanks, I send you, dear Madame, my sincere greetings.

Votre tout dévoué.

Jean.

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Douarnenez, 23rd January 1916.

MADAME,

I send you a few lines to tell you that I left Quimper on Friday with a detachment for the Front. Arrived at 10-30 o'clock, at noon we were already dressed to start, when at 1 o'clock they told us that the men of the class of 1899 and 1900 would not go; we were twenty-one men of those classes, we all went to the office of the Commandant to ask to go all the same, and nothing to do. I was very glad to leave, and now I feel ill again, but I don't think that we will be long without starting. This morning the Adjutant came to look for me to take again my place as orderly, but I, seeing him arrive, hid myself, for he would keep me again longer and prevent me from leaving, for I prefer to take again my place on the field of battle than to stay longer here. I received a letter from N——, he is at his dépôt, he is in the second list to leave, he is sure he will wait longer yet. I think that they keep as many men as possible in the

depôts to avoid the sicknesses of the winter, and that next spring something will be done; but before all I pray God and ask Him of his favor that he will give the people their liberty, and that we may vanquish our cursed enemies, and that this sad war may soon end.

In sending you my new address I wish you good health, and I send you, Madame, my very sincere greetings.

Votre tout dévoué,

Jean D. ———

The letter that follows was written by a boy who arrived at a Cannes hospital in the early days of July 1915, sent down from the French Front with a leg so badly shattered that it was thought impossible to save it. He was not amputated, however, but spent a year and a half in the hospital before being *reformé* and sent home.

He had but little education and the spelling is of the sketchiest. There were only three sons in the family, himself and the two of whom he speaks.

(Cannes, the 6th January 1916.)

My dear Nurse,

I write you this letter to give you my news which are very good for the moment, and I hope with all my heart that this will find you the same on its arrival.

The other day the Principal passed, and proposed me for another operation, it is to close the hole in my leg. It will not be a great thing; but after all it is always an operation and you may believe that I begin to have had enough. *Enfin*, one must take it with patience.

The other day we received the bad news which struck me to the heart that my brother Joseph is dead, the one who was wounded; you may believe that there is cause for grief.

You will tell me if you receive news of the other brother, the one who was made prisoner? I received the little souvenir you sent me for the New Year, and I thank you very much.

Your little Jules who thinks of you.

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From the same:-

The 18th February 1917.

My dear Nurse,

I write you these few words to give you my news which are very good for the moment, and I hope with all my heart that this will find you the same on its arrival.

My dear *infirmière*, I wish to tell you that I am no more at the Parc, they sent me to A — and one is not so well here as at Cannes. Before I left Cannes a lady came to see me, sent by you, to take the details about my brother. I thank you very much, you are so kind to me, you may believe that never in my life will I forget you.

For my leg it goes well, I walk now with a cane. I did what you told me before leaving; I gave the crutches that you bought for me to a comrade who had none. I embrace you with all my heart, your little wounded who will never forget you.

Jules.

(No news was ever received of the missing brother.)

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The following was written by a Corsican after a change of hospital. The writing is beautiful, almost like copperplate, and the spelling nearly perfect.

Nice, the 25th November 1915.

MADAME,

I am very happy to have had your news. For you must have a good constitution to be always caring for my comrades, although I do not know them, but to-day all soldiers are brothers.

As for me, I am in a hospital since the 10th of this month. I find myself in the hospital at———.It is well enough, but not like Gréoux for the food, and for your untiring care, and your frequent visits, it was not like this, but I do not complain ; we have a very good doctor, very kind, a good man. I must tell you that I suffer always with the enteritis and the rheumatism, and with palpitations of the heart. I take always medicines, but my diseases being chronic, the remedies do not have any effect, and I am condemned to suffer.

I am very happy to tell you that yesterday afternoon I received the letter from your friend, Mademoiselle Page, at the same time as yours. I was much surprised, because she said she would come to see me, that will be an inconvenience for that gracious and noble person.

She had the kindness to ask me what might give me pleasure. Truly, Madame, I dared not to say much, not knowing her. Since she asked me much to tell her in my reply, I prayed of her without inconveniencing herself, to bring me some beads. It is my only distraction to kill my time otherwise I become too melancholy without doing anything. By the same occasion I shall profit to make you something pretty, and send it you as soon as made.

I answered Mlle. Page. I think she will have the letter to-morrow. I thank you infinitely for the trouble you have taken for me, I shall be always grateful to you.

I have to tell you, Madame, that I received the visit of my brother, he is always at his depôt, he is going to take an examination. The other three are always on the Front. For Gurnier, I have not had his news for long. I will write him one of these days. He has no luck either I share his suffering.

Please give many thanks to those good people of the United States for the good they do to us continually, above all many thanks to your kind daughter.

Receive, Madame, a cordial greeting from all my family, and my best thanks, that I will never forget.

In the hope of reaching you, receive my respectful homage .

Le Soldat Valery Abraham.

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The following was addressed to an elderly Frenchman who was for a time an orderly in the hospital, but who was a mason by trade. In the original, of course, the pronouns of affection, *thee* and *thou* are used, which are to be rendered in English by the cold "you." This letter is very well spelt.

The 23rd October 1916.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I send you this letter to give you my news. For the moment things are not too bad, but there is news in the regiment that we have passed into a new division of attack, and certainly we are going to leave for the Somme, so I shall try to give you my news as regularly as possible, and if you are too long without receiving them, do not worry. I have given your address to the regiment, and in case I am killed or wounded they will let you know. I go with the greatest possible courage, but I hope to

have the good fortune to come out of it as well as may be. I hope that out of your two sons one may come back to you. Give my news to Etienne. At the same time I must tell you that I have not yet received anything from that kind lady who was going to send me winter clothing. Well, I hope to receive them soon. Greet her for me, and thank her very much on my behalf. Well, my dear father, I don't have a great deal to say to you for the moment, only that I embrace you with all my heart.

Your son who loves you,

JEAN.

I forgot to tell you that we have snow, and it is very cold.

SONNET

With fixed gaze I've watched thy hallowed face
 From Times unknown beginning, Heart's desire.
 From land to land I've tracked thee in thy race
 And drunk thy Beauty's nectar, with heart on fire
 Away from thee my senses know no rest,
 Yet thou prolongest this cruel hide-and-seek
 My love to try and my love to test
 Such is thy frolic fancy's playful freak
 Thou art the life that shines in radiant stars !
 Thou art the joy that lights the dome of sky !
 Thou art the force that warrest ' yond all wars !
 Thou art the bliss—the bliss for whom gods die !
 Thy Beauty clothes this woe-worn earth in light
 Thy music moves it on to heavenly height.

Allahabad.

SHYAM SUNDAR LALL

THE CRY OF THE MOTHERS.
(From Overseas).

"For Freedom, and the Right, we gave them
 gladly
Yea! Even to death with Honour but to shame
We ne'er had spared them" say the mothers sadly
"Was it for *this* to Britain's aid they came
 Our gallant sons ?

Was it for this—to face a grave temptation
Leading to others—in *the Motherland*
When more than one (and surely wiser) Nation
Has swept the dreaded scourge from out her land
 We speak of Drink!

Oh! England, Mother England— do your duty
And save our sons from this so dreaded snare.
Which wrecks too soon both soul and body's
beauty
Hearken dear England to the Mother's prayer
Their *Honour* spare.

B. M. WILLS.

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL INDIA.

AS President of the Industrial Conference held at Lucknow, the Hon. Rai Sitanath Roy Bahadur wound up his illuminating address with a glowing picture of the future that stretches before Industrial India. A survey of the present industrial situation and a scrutiny of its possibilities lend proper perspective and significance to this prophetic utterance. The Hon. Mr. Sitanath in his peroration said : " I see before me an Awakened India. I see her teeming millions working in mines and factories dotted all over her surface and along the banks of her mighty, majestic rivers and along her sea-washed shores. I see her cottages once more full of busy life. I see the Indian and distant seas ploughed once more by Indian ships, manned by Indian crews, navigated by Indian mariners, laden with Indian merchandise. I see India bringing again to distant nations her great gift of spiritual civilization." It should be the earnest and incessant endeavour of all those interested in the welfare of this country to help the resuscitation of industries and vigorous spread of commerce. The inspiring vision of an India industrially advanced, commercially supreme and spiritually blessed is to be transmuted into a living reality. With vast and varied natural resources, with a numerous and industrious population, with

the growth of wealth and of habits of proper investment, with the opening up of the highways and high seas for commerce, with the increased needs incidental to a material civilization, the advance of India to the forefront of industrial nations may well be viewed with robust and yet reasonable optimism. On all sides, the forces of expansion and competition, invention and manufacture are at work in the industrial world. The days of isolated village units as the centres of economic life belong to the irrevocable past. Equally so are the days of slow-weaving in artistic design and "wind-woven" texture. These are times of strenuous and not always scrupulous competition when the machine dominates the industrial sphere. A quaint English writer of an early period was certainly shrewd in doubting if the machine made by man would not retaliate by enslaving him. His words have a more intimate and astonishing significance at the present day when the problem of factory life and the pouring of inventions sternly betoken industrialism. The questions of Capital and Labour, the growth of the movements of socialism and syndicalism, the activities of Trusts and Trades Unions, have all followed in the wake of the great transformation known as the Industrial Revolution in the West. The changes in the West have been quick and sweeping: they have affected the methods and materials of production, they have universalized markets, and introduced the benefits as also the risks of mobile credit. Sheep-rearing and wool-growing in ENGLAND have given place to energetic and extensive manufactures for export abroad. Economic conditions in England as elsewhere have undergone a complete readjustment and in India alone they can not persist in their Old World tenour.

It has come to be recognised even in high and distant quarters that India can no longer afford to remain "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." The conditions of primitive ease and simplicity, of Vedic self-abnegation can not be predicated of this land in the twentieth century. India has moved far away from the old moorings. She can not be held tight to them when the current of progress urges her to the high seas of commerce. The old system was admirable in many respects, but it must be remembered that it necessarily becomes effete and anachronistic when the conditions to which it was attuned have been almost revolutionised. She can not cling to a falling tower or, to adopt the telling phrase of Mr. Sitanath, she can not "stand on her last legs" and yet bid defiance to a fast-moving industrial world. The time is propitious and pressing, the need is imperative and the course is clear. Casting aside the shackles of conservatism, India is to use a free hand in the shaping of her economic destiny.

The old world methods that have to be discarded or modified belong to the category of "archaic economy" familiarised by Sir Theodore Morison. "The Old order changeth yielding place to New" is as true of the economic as of other lines of national development. Economic *methods* are tested by the measure in which they suit and satisfy *existing* requirements; their spirit and framework call for adjustment to the changed conditions of the time. *Adaptation then is the life and law of congenial progress*—sudden and ingenious creations are out of the natural order and are seldom successful whether in the political or the economic sphere. *Natura non facit saltum* is a motto which Prof. Marshall is not tired of presenting to the mind of his readers. This spirit of wise adaptation takes into account the

past and the future alike. The roots of progress strike into the past but are so to be directed and protected as to bring nourishment and fruition into the future. The trend of economic activities is to be keenly watched and guided towards a prosperous culmination. To go *against* the past would thus be to misread the process of *natural* evolution. It would also mark alike lack of insight and gratitude. The pinnacle of industrial welfare which appeals to us should not avert our gaze from the foundation on which it should rest.

Among the prominent features of the Archaic system may be mentioned Caste as a social division of Labour, agriculture as the mainstay, self-sufficing village life, small scale weaving and difficult transport. These conditions existed when custom had a strong grip over the mind, when the needs of the people were few and simple, when the isolation of economic life in villages in point alike of principle and transport narrowed the market. No large manufactures or intense competition, no speedy communication or varied requirements, no high standard of living or growth of wealth could be expected under these limitations. But broadening influences have set in later and we have to consider here the result they have produced and the response they require. The changed conditions to-day call for a suitable re-fashioning of economic aims and activities. Birth should not be allowed to operate as an invidious bar to any employment. Careers must be open to talent drawn from whatever levels of society. Merit, resourcefulness and training alone should count in the work of economic development. Division of labor doubtless is indispensable; it stands for specialisation and close business acquaintance. But it need not run along lines of social stratification. In

the economic world, as distinct from the social or religious, there should be no conventions or limitations. Freedom to grow, resist, benefit and survive is the sign and *sine qua non* of economic prosperity. Agricultural occupation, again, in secluded and self contained villages, can not satisfy the mind or quicken the advance of Indians at the present day. The plough, though an emblem of peace, is hardly an instrument of progress. Agriculture as a pursuit is conservative and narrowing in effect; it is beset with the uncertainties of weather and varying fertilities of the soil; it is subject to the law of diminishing returns and holds out only a faint and fluctuating prospect as the mainstay of an entire people. Moreover, the increasing millions of Indian people can not be maintained out of the resources of agricultural occupation. There is the danger of population outstripping the means of subsistence unless new and profitable avenues of employment are opened up. Malthusianism, despite its exaggerations and omissions, is not devoid of a core of truth. It draws pointed attention to the risk of relying on agriculture alone to meet the requirements of a fast growing population. And in India to-day, no question can be of more vital moment than the problem of *variegated* employment as an outlet for surplus population. The Famine Commission once hinted that the agricultural condition of India has been responsible for the recurrence of droughts. The best safeguard against this evil is the development and revival of industries in India. The capacity of this country in the production of raw materials offers the best argument and assurance for the bright future of Indian Industries. In point of fertility, land in India takes precedence of most other

portions of the globe, of Labour-force India has a vast reservoir to be regulated in order to fertilise agriculture and industries. Industrial training, capital, leadership and a judicious fiscal system are alone needed to develop the industrial resources of this country. The growth of these industries *pari passu* with the improvement of agriculture will afford an outlet to the surplus population, enrich the resources of their land and strengthen the economic self sufficiency of the Empire itself. This Empire policy of invigorating the members, intensifying their unity and knitting them closer together in Imperial comradeship won on its economic side a happy reference from Sir. Guy Flectwood Wilson as Finance Member of the Government of India.

In the words of Justice Ranade, a sober economist, "India has natural aptitudes in her children, undeveloped but unlimited resources, peace and order, the whole world open and a marvellous situation as the EMPORIUM of all Asia—priceless advantages that will secure success if we deserve it by STRIVING for it." This suggestion derives force and significance from a survey of the industrial advancement of India in the past. An inquiry into the past affords guidance and inspiration for progress in the future. The lines of Indian genius, the marvels of her industry are clearly imprinted in the days when this country was an Emporium of fine manufactures. Industrial greatness of India is not of yesterday, but stretches back to the twilight of history, and to the days of ancient Empires both in Europe and in Asia. The researches of Radkumad Mukerjee have brought to light the extensive and elaborate shipbuilding and maritime enterprise in ancient times, the writings of Ananda Kumaraswamy

and Havell point to the high degree of development attained by handicrafts and the appreciation evoked by them. Indian manufactures were proverbially excellent and were much in demand all the world over. Indian emigrants founded settlements as far away as Java and America. Indian ships laden with merchandise scoured the high seas, bearing to distant lands the precious freight of oriental manufactures. Those were heydays of material prosperity when the "wealth of Ind" was the envy of the world. Even Pliny is heard to forbid the drain of gold from Rome to India in return for silks and brocades. Dacca, Cashmere, Delhi were long known as centres of muslin, shawl and silk manufacture. The blades of Damascus hailed from the workshops of India. Indian cotton goods excited the admiration of western customers and writers. Their design was exquisite and finish faultless. Art was a living reality in the land, machinery was unknown, manual dexterity and artistic taste combined to give the products of India their worth and reputation. Those were times when industries flourished in cottages and handicrafts were indigenous alike in design and workmanship. Whatever may be the advantages of large scale manufacture with the aid of machinery, it can not be denied that it has a de-humanising tendency and does not conduce to the growth of artistic faculties. To recall Adam Smith's remark, a factory-man helps to produce a very small fraction of a pin, say its head, and does that act again and again; he is deprived of the use and pleasure of fashioning an *entire* pin. More intricate operations, need it be said are split up into countless processes. There is a real and keen delight in creative energy. To have made a whole thing by

oneself and embodied in it his artistic sense and manual skill is a source of genuine satisfaction, while machinery standardises manufactures ; handicraft individualises them. Every person has a certain tone and touch to impart to his work by way of design or finish, but the machine rapidly turns out only uniform products. The glowing industrial record of Ancient India should not make us merely complacent ; it should rather stimulate and encourage our efforts in the direction of future development. The success of industries in India is a demonstrable fact ; it is to be made a living fact at the present day. What was attained in early days, it is for us to improve, not to ignore or forget. With the facilities opened up by modern civilisation, with the increase in demand for all sorts of commodities, it is quite easy and essential that India should take her place in the front rank of industrial countries. The economic formula of wealth creation is Demand that calls into alliance Capital to act upon human labour and raw materials. A great industrial opportunity awaits India at the present juncture, and if properly utilised it will enable her to outshine the glories of her economic past.

If the early history of Indian Industries is full of inspiration and guidance, their later record offers warning and instruction. Thrown upon times of scramble and insecurity, forced into competition with cheap and machine-made products, bewildered by collision with entirely different economic policy and methods, Industrial India entered on a phase of decline from the 18th century. The Powerloom ruined the hopes of Indian craftsmen. In his economic History of India, R. C. Dutt has gathered a wealth of detailed information and he puts forward a vigorous plea

for protection for the building up of Indian manufactures. This dismal chapter in Indian economic history emphasises the lesson that Free Trade is suitable and beneficial *only* when a certain stage of Industrial development has been reached and that *until then* protection is necessary and justifiable. In order that India may profit by Free Trade, it is first necessary that her industries should be brought on a level with those of her competitors in point of methods, facilities and cost of manufacture. Then alone will competition be fair and equal, else it is spurious and fatal to the weak party. As in a tug of war, not only *number* but *strength* should be taken into account. The inability of India to cope with competition under conditions of Free Trade springs from the fact that her industries are not sufficiently developed, her methods are not economical and up-to-date, her fiscal system is eminently unsuitable. Let us turn to the West for a study of the stages leading up to Free Trade.

Industrialism and Free Trade in the West is but of recent growth. The Industrial Revolution marks as late as early 19th century the ascendancy of protectionist policy. Protection in the West has been a necessary stage in the evolution forwards Free Trade. It markedly prevailed in England during the period of Mercantilism and Parliamentary Colbertism when English industries were protected, imports penalised, exports encouraged, navigation Acts and corn laws were vigorously enforced. In those days the importer of foreign goods was condemned as a traitor, and the exporter of home-made articles considered a true patriot. Raw materials were imported from the Colonies and manufactures were shut out. English industries were thus encouraged and strengthened under a protective regime

in the 18th and early 19th century. When they were sufficiently developed, the move forwards towards Laisser faire was taken. Freedom in the exchange of commodities was adopted and emphasised. Doctrinaire economists caught up the cry of Laisser faire and pushed that principle in all directions. They strengthened the hands of factory owners against their workmen offering them heavy work, miserable surroundings and meagre wages—all in the hallowed name of Freedom of Contract ! Freedom experienced in starvation was not very comforting. The cry of the children and their mothers moved the legislators into passing Factory Acts laying down restrictions so as to ameliorate their condition. Thus *fairness* was secured in the exchange of labour, and *freedom* in that of commodities. The principle of Factory Legislation shows forcibly that the weaker party is to be protected and that Freedom as an economic gospel should not be pressed too far in contract or commerce.

The lesson for India from the economic experience of the West, especially of ENGLAND, is that Free Trade *per se* is not beneficial, that it is preceded and prepared by protective measures. Equality of footing is the soul of competition. India to-day is at the threshold of an Industrial Revolution like that through which England passed in the latter half of the 18th and early 19th century. Her industries are languishing and clamour for revival, her resources are vast and undeveloped, her population numerous but untrained. Industrial India, weak and undeveloped, is brought face to face with advanced nations under conditions of Free Trade. She requires protection, like Western countries while they were in her position, so as to be braced up to a capacity for equal participation in the benefits of Free Trade. It is in this respect that the fiscal *system of India needs adaptation.*

The scope and nature of the Protection required for Indian industries may be briefly outlined. It is not a plea for spoon-feeding nor a cover for incapacity. It is a claim based on *jact and principle* for the nourishment of Indian industries *until* such time that they are able to compete freely with the manufactures of other countries. It is a qualified, reasonable, discreet and provisional system of Protection that is claimed for Indian industries during their formation or revival. Such a system has benefited England; it is found necessary now in the United States, Japan and Germany. In the case of infant industries it has won the approval of Mill, List and Marshall. It is absolutely essential as an *intermediate* stage in passing from Agriculture to Manufacture. The writings of Telang, Ranade, Dutt, Dadaboi and Gokhale reflect the protectionist turn of Indian enlightened opinion. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Roper Lethbridge are prominent advocates of Imperial Preference. The contentions of those who bespeak Free Trade for India condemn themselves. Lord Cromer objects to long-lived Protection but forgets that it is intended to be short-lived; he says Indian industries are not sufficiently developed for it now but will later on say they are too developed to need it. Mr. Chatterton insists on the impossibility of excluding the foreign *manufacturer* from availing himself of the advantages of protectionist conditions in India but fails to recognise the educative value of foreign skill and the practical method of restricting its importation. Lastly, Prof. Lees Smith theorises like Lord Cromer and threatens like Mr. Chatterton. In saying that protection will not be tolerated in respect of Indian jute, cotton, hides, etc., the Professor loses sight of the principle of Reciprocity and the Scheme of Preference within the

Empire. The congenial and suitable development of the economic resources of *every* member of the Empire, the adoption of the Policy of Preference within and Reciprocity outside its confines will surely enhance national prosperity and cement Imperial solidarity. The tariffs should be regulated from the immediate stand-point of the individual Unit and the wider stand-point of the Empire as a whole, the economic interests of the Empire would thus be intertwined and enduring. The resolution of the Colonial Conference of 1907 was coloured by a Preferential Scheme. The Imperial War Conference at which India happily is in a way represented will be dealing also with the economic readjustments to be made after the war. The Prime-Minister has agreeably observed that "by every canon of justice, fair dealing and liberty, Indian interests ought to be paramount in considering any fiscal matter directly affecting that country." It is to be fervently hoped that in the spirit of this pronouncement the fiscal problem for India will be tackled and solved so as to benefit her and strengthen the Empire. A qualified system of Protection for India as part of a scheme of Imperial Preference will brighten her economic future and help the resuscitation of her industries.

The full benefits of the change in fiscal policy urged above can be worked out under the guidance and encouragement of the State. The present war has strikingly revealed the helplessness of India in the industrial world. She has been producing and mainly exporting raw material *e.g.*, cotton, jute, hides etc., and receiving back finished goods. An increasing proportion of trade with India has been fast slipping into the hands of Germany and Austria.

On the eve of the war, their volume of trade is represented by the following figures:—

INDIAN EXPORT TRADE

1912-1913		1913-1914.
To Austria, £ 4,834,774		£6,408,800
Germany £16,575,543		£16,867,800

INDIAN IMPORT TRADE.

From Austria.	£2,844,800 (1912-13)
Germany	£8,542,000 (1913-14)

Excluded from Austria and Germany. Indian exports are diverted to the United Kingdom, and U. S. A. and imports hail from Japan, Java and U. S. A. Mr. Findlay Shirras in his Report on Indian Trade admirably traces the incidence of war on the movement of commerce. Japan is stepping into the place lost by Germany and Austria. The effect of the war has been to cut off Indian raw materials from the belligerent markets and accumulate them in this country itself without the means or facilities of working them up into finished goods to meet Indian requirements. The conviction is forced upon our mind that India should not merely depend on export of raw materials but should seek to utilise them for industrial purposes within her own borders, thus enriching her resources and providing employment for her growing population. India is rich in the factors of production. They have only to be organised into a fruitful combination. The problem of Industrial India reduces itself into the question of *Men and Money*. To-day Indian Industries are straggling in infancy or in decadence. The factory system is springing into existence. Cotton, Jute, and Rice mills are working in Bombay, Calcutta and Rangoon. Cotton manufactures in India find themselves set against heavy odds; first the

crises brought about by easy over-production and then the Excise Duty which is felt to be a detriment to the export of products of Indian mills. An Excise duty on raw material like Jute would afford a plentiful source of revenue, develop that industry here and lighten the general burden of taxation. Woollen manufacture, dyeing, sugar-making, glass industry, match-making, have been grievously handicapped for want of capital, proper management, trained labour and improved methods. Indigenous efforts are limited and spasmodic and result only in instructive failures. With the solitary exception of the Iron and Steel works started by J. N. Tata, Indian Industries have not attained any noteworthy dimensions. Especially now that the effects of the war have brought home the disadvantages of relying on export of raw materials,—and these in principle have been elaborated by Jadunath Sarkar—, an impetus should be given to Indian Industries. The aid and sympathy of the State is required for the removal of certain obstacles that lie in the way of industrial regeneration. It is not idly contended that the State should play the *role* of an *entrepreneur* and create industries in the land. It is, however, necessary that in matters where individual initiative and resources are of no avail, the Government should freely add its moral and material support. The progress of present-day Japan is an illustration of the success vouchsafed to Industries under a system of State-Aid. With similar facilities, India will make headway in the industrial world.

The scope for State aid in this country may be briefly indicated. Considered with reference to the departments of Production, State aid is necessary and beneficial until a certain stage when applied to Labour, Capital, Leadership, Banking and transport. These factors represent the *Cornerstones* of economic prosperity.

As regards Labour, the Co-operative Societies working under Statutory sanction mark a step in the direction of State-encouragement. These Societies have achieved success in relieving indebtedness among the peasantry and rescuing them from the clutches of the money lender. They have kept Credit easy for agricultural purposes and safeguarded its proper utilization. An extension of the work of these Societies is badly needed not alone in the field of Agriculture but also in Industries. They may well take up the task of educating cultivators and familiarising them with the use of improved implements and manures. They may hold agricultural exhibitions and stimulate interest in progress. In Industries, these Societies have before them the prospect of reviving Cottage-handicrafts. Cottage industries flourished long in India of the past and may be re-invigorated as a Congenial system. Havell believes that they can compete even with Power looms. Kabir working his material shuttle in a mystic mood may inspire workers in this line. In his Foundations of Indian Economics, Radhakumad Mukerjee records the progress of Cottage industries in the past and their promise of success in the future. The growth of this home-industry will also mitigate some of the harsher features of Industrialism which is inevitably coming over India. Industrial India will be immensely helped by the labours of men on the lines started by Wolff, Raffenison and Sir Horace Plunkett. Again, in the training of labour, the State has the function of imparting Technical Education, starting numerous schools, providing industrial experiments and familiarising up-to-date methods of Production. In this way, the mass of Indian labourers may be turned into vigilant and well informed industrial workers.

As important as Men is Money in the development of indigenous industries. India is proverbially known for her hoarded wealth, though at present the hoards are gradually thinning away. There is wealth in India but unhappily it is not available for industrial development. As a mode of investment, industrial concerns do not sufficiently appeal to the moneyed people. This is due to lack of confidence in the success of industrial enterprise. Capital, therefore, is very shy indeed here. Foreign Capital has pioneered the way for certain industries and it is to be hoped that it will be followed up by Indian Capital. Habits and opportunities of industrial investment have to be encouraged in this land. The State can do a great deal in rousing confidence by its guaranteeing a minimum to shareholders, by granting bounties to select industries, by purchases of shares or of products in some promising industrial concerns. To material strength moral support will thus be added and investment of Indian Capital will be largely attracted.

Industrial leadership, again, provides the link, as it were, between Men and Money. The Industrial *Entrepreneur* organises a suitable business and brings into it trained men and financial resources. He need not be a Capitalist himself. His function is to bring Labour and Capital into unison in the working of an Industry. He should possess confidence in himself and of others, capacity and controlling power which he will devote to the management of his business. Knowledge of men and of the conditions and scope of his work is indispensable. India looks to Captains of Industry for the successful pioneering or fostering of indigenous manufactures. The training of industrial workers and the investing inclination of

Capitalists will prepare and smooth the way for Industrial leadership. Here again, the State can hasten the advent of industrial leaders by starting Polytechnic Institutes, offering scholarships for study in other lands, opening up model factories with up-to-date machinery and by organizing chambers of industry and commerce. The remarkable success of Japan in recent times has been wrought by the active aid and sympathy of the Government extended to the people in industrial advancement. Likewise cherished, Indian Industries will gain vigorous development. Even in regard to Transport, it is not too much for the State to provide facilities for conveyance by way of cheap and safe freight and proximity to markets. Again the currency policy of a country is most vital in influencing foreign trade. It should be automatic and acceptable; it should enable a brisk and wide transaction of business. In this respect the currency policy in vogue in India needs a readjustment. It seeks to maintain a token coin like the Rupee in unlimited currency. Such a system is quite anomalous and indefensible. The Gold Standard Reserve does not hold out any near prospect of Gold Currency being introduced here. It is absolutely necessary that the Currency in India should be made automatic and responsive to her trade requirements and be brought on a par with that of other industrial nations. A State Bank may also be organised on the lines of the Bank of England or of France for enriching the financial resources of the country, extending investments, mobilising credit and succouring industries with money. However desirable, the State Bank has been left to remain an "open question" after the deliberations of the Currency Commission of 1914. This institution will consolidate and

improve the monetary resources of the land to be utilised for industrial and commercial purposes.

It is gratifying that an Industries Commission should have been at work, gathering evidence on the point of the scope of State aid in the invigoration of Indian Industries. Though a change in fiscal policy is avowedly not in contemplation, it is hoped that the proceedings will throw side-light on its necessity. Presided over by Sir Thomas Holland, who has spoken highly of the metallurgical advance made in Ancient India, the report of the Commission may with confidence be expected to touch upon the effective forms of State aid that will enable Industrial India to evolve a future worthy of her great past. No half-hearted recommendations or evasive "open questions" will satisfy her pressing needs of to-day. Liberal, Constructive and well-directed measures will lead her on to an epoch of Industrial Renaissance—while in consonance, as far as may be, with the spirit and ideals of the past, Industrial development in India should also incorporate those of the advanced West. Industrialism with its advantages but without its drawbacks may thus be secured. The future of Industrial India is crowded with possibilities, though not unmingled with perils. It is the part of patriotism, and economic wisdom so to profit by experience and analogy as to deem the Industrial Revolution only a prelude to lasting economic prosperity.

S. AMBRAVANESWAR, M.A.B.L.,

Madras.

NATHU AND HIS WIFE.

The spirit of the desert fascinated my friend H, and human interest in the unfamiliar life grew upon him. He laughed to scorn the burning sun and howling dust storms. In the neighbourhood of Multan far-famed for four things:— beggars, heat, graves and dust storms, he was determined not to be beaten even though the burning sun, the relentless winds and his own subordinates were ranged against him. In the month of May he walked in the fields cool and self-possessed. He perspired profusely and called the process nature's Turkish Bath. His broad brimmed hat to which he attached a thick towel to protect the nape of the neck did its duty magnificently. A boy with an earthen jar followed him with water boiled and filtered carefully. This was the only luxury he allowed himself, besides the Bahadur cigars which he smoked incessantly. He relieved the monotony of a solitary evening by chatting away with his men. He did not understand their language, nor they his, and yet they followed each other somehow. He expressed himself in half English and half Urdu and conveyed his meaning. 'Tum baitho' in his vocabulary acquired a new meaning. It "meant why are you sitting" instead of "sit down".

It was a strange Sahib, a mad Sahib they said. He bawled and shouted it was true like all Sahibs but unlike

others he joined with them in their laughter also and paid them good wages. He loved to help his men. A woman told him in confidence that she thought Sahibs were "janwars, strange birds to be much feared, but, I am not afraid of you though you are a Pucca Sahib."

H. laughed. He had in any case demolished the barriers. In spite of race, creed and colour he found human Nature everywhere the same at bottom. A man who can share the joys and the sorrows of his fellow creatures whether in the land of white men, brown men, yellow or black men can never be kept away by any dividing line.

H. was an utter stranger in the new settlement, a mere employer of labour. Men came to him, whom he had never known, whose language and manners were strange, unfamiliar and unknown. He called them his men and they became verily his. There was sympathy and comprehension on both sides. The men came to him and told him their troubles. He sympathised with them and was always ready to help them, their joy was his joy, their grief was his grief.

H. was agreeably surprised by the freedom of women in the farm. The men and women, married and unmarried, mixed freely and were always courteous and well behaved. The young men loved to show off. They oiled their hair and put on their swagger garments when the work was over. But a well behaved lad never looked into the eyes of a maid that worked beside him. Their manner towards women was different both from ordinary Indians and Anglo-Indians ways. There was no conventionality, no symptoms of a studied gallantry and no attempt at small talk or pretty flirtations, as in English

society and no veiled prudery of an Indian home. Men and women associated freely both at home and in the fields. The absence of the Purdah killed irrepressible curiosity, which even well-born Indians cannot resist in the presence of the veiled women, nor do the caged women resist the temptation to catch a glimpse of the forbidden land. It seems as if the pursuits of pleasure in Europe has led the smart set into perilous paths, while the Easterns in their anxiety to make woman a play thing, a mere object of pleasure, have unfitted her to be the mother of brave and heroic men. Here in this land of dust storms, they followed a happy medium. "Woman" obtains respect as a mother, and the maiden as the sister. There is nothing of that reckless levity which one meets in the central Punjab, or the flutterings of the butterfly woman for life which, alas, is discovered only by those who learn to deny the self.

H. was very much respected but his men did not hesitate to deceive him on an occasion. They thought he was rich enough to stand a little bleeding. One evening as he was smoking away, surrounded by his workers, a woman approached him. She wore a rueful expression. There was a glint of determination in her eyes. Some of the workers stopped and looked over their shoulders with suppressed smiles. She flung her child before the Sahib in a dramatic manner. "I am starving", she said. My husband is in the jail. I have no one to look after me". She knew the Sahib was tender hearted. The ready tears started.

He did not quite comprehend her meaning. "Where is your husband", he inquired in his broken Hindustani.

"In jail", she replied and bent down her eyes as Nathu advanced towards the group.

"Help her Sahib", said Nathu, "She is very poor."

"Her husband has been in prison for ever so long", repeated several voices.

"I want just to go and see him in Multan", she continued. "I want only the Railway fare for myself and my children to go there."

The Sahib kept silent : observant though saying nothing.

They now all began to entreat him to help her.

The Sahib was not to be so easily entrapped. He came out with a counter proposal. "All right", he said if all of you give four annas each, I will give her two Rupees

Nathu at once uncoiled the first coil of his turban, and loosened the corner knot and brought out a four annas piece which he promptly placed on the palm of the woman's hand. The others agreed but made no payment. This gave the Sahib his clue.

"All right", he said "I will deduct the money from your wages and send my Chaprasi to buy her the ticket." The proposal evoked no enthusiasm. The men slunk away. The woman walked back and the matter was dropped at this stage.

Two days after, the same woman came for medicine accompanied by another old woman. The Sahib recognised her.

"Who is she", he asked the woman accompanying her.

"Nathu's wife", was the prompt reply.

"Aha", said the Sahib with a laugh. "The cat is out of the bag. Your husband has been ever so long in jail."

"What of that", she said. "He has had 15 years of it I can assure you."

"My husband was 20 years in jail", said the other woman. She was not going to be beaten down by Nathu's wife.

"Grand", said the Sahib, "You are wonderful."

"We were merely trying to test you" said Nathu, advancing from behind the corner of the tent unashamed.

A huge laugh closed the episode. J.S.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY—YPRES 1915.

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt
 With bayonet and with spade,
 Four hundred to a four-mile front
 Unbacked and undismayed—
 What men are these, of what great race,
 From what old shire or town,
 That run with such good will to face
 Death on a Flemish down?

*Let be! They bind a broken line:
 As men die, so die they.
 Land of the free! their life was thine,
 It is St. George's Day!*

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand
 At bay by yonder bank,
 Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand
 Close up the quivering rank.
 Who under those all-shattering skies
 Plays out his captain's part
 With the last darkness in his eyes
 And *Domum* in his heart?

*Let be, let be! In yonder line
 All names are burned away.
 Land of his love! the fame be thine,
 It is St. George's Day!*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

From "The Times."

INDIA: HER PEOPLE, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS.

The Governance of India, as it is and as it may be : a handbook of progressive politics, by Babu Govinda Das.
(Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras, Rs. 3.)

THE SITUATION.

Babu Govinda Das of Benares has carried a keen intellect and a soul of fire in a body racked by endless diseases and sufferings for over 50 years, and from the earliest years of his life he has devoted himself to the careful reading of books on every conceivable subject: history, politics and sociology having been specially studied. In fact the only two vocations and amusements he has had in his life has been books and asthma. It has been the serious complaint—not without reason—of his numerous friends that by not writing anything himself, his great knowledge was being utilised only by himself and that he was depriving his countrymen of the benefit of his labours to which they were legitimately entitled. Some years back he was induced to write and publish his book *Hinduism and India* which commanded a very large circle of readers and was highly appreciated far and wide. In it he pointed out the social and theological ills of the Indian people with freshness, originality and caustic criticism. Now Mr. G.A. Natesan of Madras is to be congratulated on having induced him to bring out the work under review which

graphically describes the political ills of the land and offers helpful suggestions for reform and improvement all round. The author has ransacked numerous authorities to strengthen his arguments and we have every confidence that the book will gain wide publicity and find access to the high officers now engaged in shaping the future constitution of the Government of India.

To begin at the very beginning, let us take the India Office into consideration. It is not an Office that can be trifled with: it enjoys and exercises very substantial power. Says the author:—

“In spite of recent great constitutional changes and much devolution of power, the real power behind the throne is the India Office, and it is essential that the powers and functions of the Secretary of State for India be brought into greater harmony with the present state of affairs in the country by a very much greater devolution of his powers to the Governor-General in *Legislative Council*.”

In this long period vast political changes have occurred, and scientific discoveries with their practical applications to every day life have completely altered the conditions of existence. Is it any wonder then that the methods and machinery of the India Office require considerable re-modelling before they can become helpful. The Government of England need have no misgivings in boldly enunciating reforms for India. Their political experience shows “how discontented and rebellious Canada has been transformed into a perfectly loyal and helpful part of the Empire, the penal settlement of Australia into the powerful Australian Commonwealth, and the mutually hating—with the bitterest hatred possible—Boer and Briton [of South Africa

have become so utterly loyal after the grant of self-government, that the Boer Generals, who were foremost in fighting the English are the Ministers in the South Africa of to-day and have swept their old allies, the Germans, out of that vast continent." Reform would, therefore, result in greater peace and security in India and a firmer consolidation of the Empire. Let the British statesmen embark boldly on reform: nothing but good would be the outcome.

The first thing that is necessary is the adjustment of the mutual relations of the India Office in London and the Government of India at Delhi and Simla. The control of the India Office has always been very stringent. The author whole-heartedly supports the authority of Lord Morley when he was bent on reform and is not unaware of the difficulties which arise when a different type of Secretary of State happens to be in power.

"In view of a great deal of nonsense that has been talked by some of the more rabid Anglo-Indian dailies in this country about the autocratic way in which Lord Morley has dealt with the Government of India, his treating the Governor-General and his Council as mere delegates, as hands and mouths for the Secretary of State...it becomes necessary to say a few words...The howl raised by the Anglo-Indian press will deceive nobody who knows the real reasons at the bottom of the outcry against a liberal and not indolent Secretary of State." Here the author clearly upholds the authority of the Secretary of State for he is in a mood of reform; but again we read—this is the other side of the picture:

"For cases where a strong-handed, unsympathetic Secretary of State, mostly ignorant of India and its various

and rapidly changing conditions and unmindful of its interests...pulls the wires from London and keeps the puppets dancing in India, some ways and means have to be found to bring regulating pressure on him."

What to do then ? We seem willing to leave power in the hands of the Secretary of State if he uses it for our good, but how are we sure 'that we would not be having unsympathetic Secretaries appointed more for (their) political views on home questions and for (their) services to the party in power than for (their) personal knowledge and fitness for the post' ? We all knew for a fact 'that no Secretary of State is strong enough to withstand the tremendous social and political pressure of parties, corporations and even individuals.' Sir Charles Dilke has unequivocally stated :

"Even their [the Government of India's] official representative [the Secretary of State] himself is subject to pressure from his constituency, which may render him upon some questions but a half-hearted friend."

To cure the evils, to create a condition wherein ('neither the Viceroy nor the Secretary of State can, profitably to the Indians, be permitted to go his way unchecked by the others'; let us ponder over the suggestions of the author. At the very start he repeats — and very rightly — the age-old demand of the Indian politician to the effect that 'the salary of the Secretary of State for India, and the Parliamentary Under Secretary, should be a charge on the British budget.' This appears to be the only method of bringing India into the arena of English politics : her being regarded as sacrosanct has been instrumental in making her the most neglected, albeit the most important, part of the

Empire. Parliamentary interference is a necessity. Lord Morley has himself declared:

“ That...pretension to oust the House of Commons, from part and lot in Indian affairs...must lead in logic, as in fact, to the surprising result of placing what is technically called the Government of India, in a position of absolute irresponsibility to the governed...No government can be trusted if it is not liable to be called before some jury or another.” Lord Courtney writes:

“ No part of the expense involved in the Government of India comes before the House of Commons in Committee of Supply. The salary of the Colonial Secretary is voted by Parliament, and there is thus a possibility of annually reviewing his policy in the full activity of Parliamentary session. The salary of the Indian Secretary is paid by India and never comes before the House of Commons...”

It is high time now that this ‘most elementary justice’ should be done to India.

Another important suggestion of the author is that the present India Council should be enlarged and metamorphosed into a Board of High Commissioners. There should be fourteen such Commissioners, not more than four being appointed by the King-in-Council ‘from among the eminent British public workers’ and not less than eight being ‘elected from among the eminent Indian public workers by the non-official members of the provincial and Imperial Legislative Councils of India, so that every major province might be represented’: the author wants the Government of India to nominate not more than two members. As matters stand the India Office is the exclusive preserve of retired Anglo-Indians and this has very disastrous effects on Indian progress.

Indians must be largely represented in the India Council for 'no person, however sympathetic, alert and intelligent can adequately represent people who are of a different nation than himself.' Sir Charles Wood has openly said:

"It is notoriously difficult for any European to make himself intimately acquainted with either the feelings or opinions of the native population." The proposed Board is to have no administrative functions: it is to be entirely consultative and advisory.

Babu Govinda Das has some very scathing words to say about the 'secret department' and demands its instant abolition. Another suggestion is that 'the statutory provision that Members of the India Council must not be Members of Parliament should be repealed.' Readers of Lord Morley's recently published *Recollections* would remember that this provision seriously interfered with his desire to nominate an experienced administrator to his Council. Then, it is no more safe to allow India being constantly saddled with financial burdens without as much as 'if you please.'

Says our author:

"Having no Indian electors to conciliate, no Indian votes in the Parliament to reckon with, he [the Secretary of State] as well as the Cabinet naturally take the line of least resistance and never hesitate to transfer the obligation incurred for British benefits to Indian shoulders. The only method which would be a safeguard against such unblushing transactions would be a tribunal removed from the din of political strife. *The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would be an ideal body for adjudicating upon all such questions.*"

The author also suggests that 'all revenues or moneys raised or received by the Government of India should vest in the Governor-General-in-Council, and not, as at present, in the Secretary of State acting for His Majesty the King-Emperor. They shall form one consolidated Revenue Fund to be appropriated by the Legislative Council for the purposes of the Government of India.'

Before closing his interesting chapter, Babu Govinda Das would like India to be directly represented in Parliament 'for the purpose of making its voice heard in the home of its rulers'. So far as India is not as autonomous as the Colonies there is no other way open to have the voice of this country heard in the Imperial Legislature, and the number of Indian representatives in Parliament will be so very small that there need be no fear of unnecessary interference of India in the domestic politics of England.

The second chapter of the book under review deals with the Imperial Government. 'The whole thing needs very careful overhauling and a thorough scrutiny by a commission of enquiry which 'should make a *full* and *genuine* enquiry into the *entire machinery* of administration as was done in the olden days when the East India Company's Charter had to be renewed periodically.' This work should be carried out by a Retrenchment Commission for 'expenditure has been going up by leaps and bounds ; salaries are being increased, special allowances are being granted, highly paid posts are being multiplied, and taxation is becoming ever more burdensome, while the economic condition continues to be deplorable.' This is a general consideration. On special heads the author recommends that the Viceroy's term of office should be four



years 'with the distinct understanding that if (he) has proved himself to be wise, progressive and sympathetic..., he should be re-appointed for a further four years' term, by the Crown, *on a petition* by the Legislative Council.' The Viceroys' salary should be the same as that of the Governors-General of Canada, Australia or South Africa, *i. e.*, £10,000 a year. 'Surely this is ample emolument.' The author is totally opposed to the proposal of having a member of the English Royal Family as the Viceroy of India. That would only add to expense and prove entirely useless. The Viceroy is an important personage and the Government in England should exercise the utmost circumspection in appointing him. The Viceroy must be a man of 'transparent sincerity, whole-hearted sympathy.' 'On the intellectual side...he must be a sound financier and business-man, and he must be an economically-minded man and up-to-date in the real...workings of the political economy that is being actually practised by the various nations of the West. He must possess enough strength of character and honesty of purpose to keep steadily before himself the good of India and not allow himself to be made a party to its hurt.' Such men must England send out to be Viceroys of India.

The Executive Council of the Viceroy should come and go with him. 'All ministers should be bound to put their resignations in the hands of the succeeding Viceroy or Governor within a month of his taking office. This will give the necessary free hand for the appointment of a Cabinet homogeneous in its political connection, and not one whose integral parts are ever warring against each other.' Then these ministers 'should have no prospects of further preferment under the patronage of the Viceroy.' That

alone can insure absolutely independent and disinterested counsel in the executive government of the country. This reform was advocated it will be remembered by the late Mr. Gokhale as well. Mill has said:

“The advisers attached to a powerful and perhaps self-willed man ought to be placed under conditions which make it impossible for them, without discredit, not to express an opinion, and impossible for him not to listen to and consider their recommendations.”

Babu Govinda Das would abolish the present epithet of ‘member’ and call the executive councillor a ‘minister’ which is a more dignified term and is in keeping with usage and tradition. He recommends eight ministers to be respectively in charge of (1) finance and revenue; (2) justice; (3) war and marine; (4) the interior; (5) commerce and industry; (6) foreign and feudatory affairs; (7) education and public health; and (8) agriculture, fisheries, forests and irrigation. We need refer to only one or two salient points and leave the reader to go to the original for the rest. So far as the ministry of war goes, the author says:—

“Let the portfolio of war be held by a senior army man, but—this is the crux—let him be dissociated from the *actual command* of the army. That should be the business of officers on the active list. Abolish the post of the *Commander-in-Chief* with its dual duty of actual command of the army and that of a minister of war.”

Then the foreign department needs organising. The Viceroy should not be his own minister in this department.

The home department ought no more to be allowed to be in charge of law and justice. That is an anomaly. Says the author;

"What is really wanted, in the interests of genuine British justice, is still further to enhance the prestige of the High Courts by not only handing over to them the full executive control of all law courts subordinate to them, and the abolition of various provincial judicial departments or, to be quite accurate, of handing these over to the subordination of the High Courts but—and here is the kernel of the situation—of attaching all the High Courts to the Government of India, under the minister of justice." These various ministers should each enjoy a salary of Rs. 5,000 a month and not less than half of them should be Indians:

"We want that *not less than* one half of the ministers shall be native Indians, and, further, that *not less than* one-fourth of the higher grades of the Secretariats shall be manned by Indians. The present state of affairs by which theoretically admissible to every one of these posts they are, for all practical purposes, kept wholly out of them, is absolutely indefensible. We further want that *not more than one half* of the ministers shall be Englishmen chosen from among the ranks of men trained and educated in the public life of England, so that India may have the benefit of a wider outlook and larger experience of the outside world."

Though the Viceroy appoints his ministers, the author suggests that there should be some safeguards by which, if the peoples' representatives in the legislative Councils feel that the appointment of some one would be undesirable, they should be able 'to prevent such an appointment.' Then these ministers ought to have attached to themselves advisory boards. 'They would help them to see where action was imperative and where the ground was to be

allowed to lie fallow. They would be feelers warning them of dangers ahead.' The chief aim in all these proposals is that the Government of India should no more continue to be a close preserve of the bureaucracy and influenced by the vested interests of that narrow oligarchy. Walter Bagehot has graphically described the ills of bureaucrats and bureaucracy :

"It is an inevitable defect that bureaucrats will care more for routine than for results; or, as Burke puts it, 'that they will think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms of it.' Their whole education and all the habit of their lives make them do so. They are brought young into the particular part of the public service to which they are attached; they are occupied for years in learning its forms, afterwards, for years too, in applying these forms to trifling matters. They are... 'but the tailors of business; they cut the clothes, but do not find the body'... 'Not only does a bureaucracy... tend to under—government in point of quality, it tends to over-government in point of quantity'." The secretariats breed these bureaucrats. Mr. Bernard Haughton, himself of the Civil Service, has said that 'the secretariats are the very apotheosis of clerkdom, and they tend to infuse in those who labour in them, a clerk's mean outlook on public policy' and he boldly states :—

"Though the Indian Civil Service were manned by angels from heaven, the incurable defects of a bureaucratic government must pervert their best intentions and make them foes to political progress. It must now stand aside and, in the interest of that country it has served so long and so truly, make over the dominion to other hands.

Not in dishonour, but in honour, proudly as ship-builders who deliver to seamen the completed ship, may they now yield up the direction of India."

Among the other suggestions of the author we should mention the establishment of a Supreme Court of Law at Delhi to which appeals could be sent from the High Courts at the option of the litigants who may prefer to go to Delhi rather than to London and which would 'serve as a sort of Hague tribunal for settling differences between the suzerain power and the vassal Indian States, and among these States themselves'; the founding of a 'non-territorial university complete in all its faculties' at Delhi; the abolition of the Simla exodus and thus making Delhi 'the one and *only* capital of India from which Secretariats are never moved and *where only* the meetings of the Executive and Legislative Councils are held'; and lastly, the granting of much larger fiscal and administrative autonomy to the provinces. Says our author on the last point :—

" I would strongly plead...that the routine net of dull, respectable mediocrity be not wound tight round the provincial administrations choking out all initiative ; but that the utmost freedom compatible with the safety of the Empire be allowed to these, to experiment unflinchingly and tread out new paths for themselves and for others...By limiting the sphere of activity of (the provincial) Governments, the Supreme Government deprives itself of a unique field of observation and experiment."

SRI PRAKASH.

Benares.

(*To be continued.*)

IN ALL LANDS

**The German
Offensive.**

The German offensive against the French army was just successful enough to occupy a little more territory in the early part of last month. Paris was said to be threatened, but for one reason or another the enemy slackened his efforts. His losses were great, the French resistance was stubborn, and if he was not strong enough to hold the British army in check in the north, the advance in the south would have created serious difficulties. He did not succeed in detaching the Allies from each other, and he will perhaps be obliged to attack the northern and southern portions of the Allied line alternately. In the last week of the month Mr. Lloyd George was expecting daily, perhaps hourly, a huge offensive against the British. He was, however, confident of complete victory in the end. On the other hand a German minister created a sensation in Berlin by doubting if the war will end before 1920.

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**The Austrian
Offensive.**

It is surmised that Austria refused to send her troops to France or Flanders on a large scale, but consented to launch an offensive against Italy, so as to divide the attention and energies of the Allied army. In any case the long expected offensive was launched last

month, with success at the outset. But the onrush was not only resisted but turned back, and the enemy was compelled to retire across the Piave, which was in flood. The Austrians claimed to have taken 40,000 prisoners, though the statement was contradicted in Italy, and the Italians appear to have taken 20,000 prisoners, besides much war material which was left behind by the retreating enemy. The first offensive, therefore, ended in a defeat and it is not expected that a second attempt will be made early. The economic condition of Austria-Hungary is said to be desperate, but this is an old story. At least one large organisation appears to demand immediate peace, and such demands must have been heard before. So the war will last, no one can conjecture how long.

* * *

**America and
the War.**

The rate at which American soldiers are pouring into Europe has given satisfaction in England and France. An American minister told an interviewer about the end of last month that 900,000 had reached France by that time. German submarines are said to be active in American waters; indeed they are believed to have reached the northern Pacific to supplement the arrival of Germans by land at Vladivostock. They may be working some havoc among mercantile vessels, and stories of their attack on battleships appear to be circulated in Mexico and elsewhere. Brazil has begun to patrol the seas on behalf of the United States. Nevertheless troop ships, which are protected by destroyers, do not seem to have been attacked with success recently, and whether the submarines are destroyed more quickly than they are replaced, or not, they have not checked the

flow of American soldiers into Europe. These have already distinguished themselves in several actions and must turn the scale in the stupendous struggle.

Every village in Russia has its own government, says Mr. Lloyd George. The Bolsheviks suspect Germany of supporting an imperialistic movement against them.

Russian Affairs. They have perhaps several enemies. Semenoff headed a revolt against them in Siberia and is believed to have been defeated by them. A prominent Bolshevik leader was shot dead in the streets in the last week of last month, and others do not go about without an armed escort. No one can tell who will come into power when they are overthrown and what their attitude will be towards the other Powers in Europe. Germany seems to be as much in an expectant mood as any other Power, but her agents may be working with definite aims, and if monarchy is restored it may for the time being form an alliance with Germany. But Germany's hands are full and at present she may be content if Russia is useful in solving her food problem. It seems that Turkey wants more from Russia than is ceded under the recent treaties.

Many of the stories which reach this country regarding the difficulties of the Central Powers may be exaggerations. It is, however, inherently improbable that forced treaties secure real and lasting peace. If Bulgaria is satisfied, Turkey is not, for though she has got something in Asia, she has got nothing in Europe, and the Turks are said to be satisfied that the ultimate object of the Central Powers is

**Peace and Dis-
content.**

to exploit their Asiatic possessions and not to allow them economic independence. The final peace is yet to come and no one can tell how Turkey will stand after the war. But the German Press has begun to assume a tone of severity towards Turkish aspirations. Ukrania is independent of Russia, but is under the heel of German officials. Her harvest this year is said to be bad, and yet she will have to meet her obligations. Rumania is trying to swallow and digest her indignation. Indeed no one will be satisfied until all the nations involved in the war participate in a general peace.

* *

In the last week of last month Baron Kuehlmann delivered a clever speech, apparently in reply to Mr. Balfour. He declared that world dominion was a dream which Germany had never cherished, and which only Napoleon had the folly to harbour. He cast the responsibility for the present war on Russia: no one had done that before, but Russia is now dumb and no one will think of claiming an indemnity from her in her present condition. He asserted that Germany had no more vaulting ambition than that of securing her colonial empire and promoting her trade, besides being a strong independent Power. He declined to shout out his ideas regarding Belgium, but did not add that he was prepared to communicate them confidentially to any Power. He thanked Heaven for the gift of Mackensen and Ludendorf, but did not expect that military successes would end the war even in 1919. He claimed that Germany had twice before made honest endeavours to bring about peace, and, therefore, it is now the duty of others to propose negotiations.

Japan is said to be making active preparations for war. Siberia is now open to the Germans and numbers of them are believed to have arrived at Vladivostock.

Asia and the War.

Hundreds of Czecho-Slovaks are also said to have gone there with a view to participation in the war against their former friends, the Austrians, after crossing America and the Atlantic. Some of them have managed to join the Italians, but they can approach the Western Front in Europe in large numbers only by crossing Asia and America. Japan has very largely benefited by the present war; her trade has prospered and she has gained valuable concessions in China. It is expected by some that Germany will manage to get not only her food supply from Russia, but men to fight, for in the present condition of that country patriotism is not enlisted and directed by competent leaders and men may be found to fight for money in Asia, if not in Europe. If Japan does not intervene, the danger to India will be greater.

* * *

Home Rulers in India as well as Ireland expected that the war would force the Government to accede to their demands quickly. In Ireland a Home Rule

Ireland and India.

Bill was being drafted, when the Government detected a conspiracy to help the enemy and conscription was opposed by many. The War Cabinet's present attitude is against proceeding with the reform until Ireland evinces her readiness to co-operate with the rest of the Empire in the crisis through which it is passing. The incident is instructive to Indian Home Rulers. Some of them have repeatedly commended the example

of the Irish patriots. They were advocating the policy of bargaining with Government and promising support only on condition of the Government granting Home Rule at an early date. If all Indian publicists had adopted a similar attitude, Mr. Montagu would probably have suspended his scheme of reforms. But the bargainers are a small number, and the Government will proceed with the work undertaken at H. E. the Viceroy's instance.

A letter addressed to President Wilson by a leading Home Ruler of Madras attracted the
America and India. attention of the British Parliament last month. When Mr. Montagu was in India, he spoke severely to Sir Subramina Aiyer and he has now publicly condemned the letter in Parliament, the author has renounced the titles which the Government had conferred upon him, and no further notice need be taken of the affair. Dr. Aiyer's famous letter to President Wilson promised him at least five millions in three months for service at the Front, and five millions more in another three months after the promise of Home Rule to India, and requested the President to intervene, so that this huge manpower might be available in the war. Americans are accustomed to deal with large figures and to listen to exaggerations. But this promise of ten millions in six months by a retired Judge who had no experience of recruiting or fighting, must have staggered even the American President. Among other doubts it might have occurred to him to ask how India would finance so huge an army. India has some financial dealings with America and may have more if the War Loans are not taken up quickly. How many loans will have to be launched before making up the 100 millions promised to England ?

Ferment in the States.

With the spread of education, the political ferment which is working in British India is bound to affect the relations between the Government and the people in the Indian States as well. Now that the British Government has declared its policy to be to grant responsible government to the people of India, a public meeting was held sometime ago in Baroda to request the Ruler of that State to make a similar declaration there. It means that the power of the purse is to be placed in the hands of the people. In Mysore a deputation of Non-Brahmans and Mohamedans last month prayed to H. H. the Maharaja that these communities might be adequately represented in the public service and the legislative and other public bodies. It is sometimes asked why the denominational spirit which so often shows itself in British India is not visible in the Native States, the insinuation being that British officials encourage it. The deputation in Mysore shows that with the growing consciousness of rights, these disputes must occur everywhere.

Passive Resistance. The passive resistance in Kaira, by the payers of land revenue, was declared to have come to an end a few days before the War Conference at Bombay. The Government had explained in a Press Note that the greater part of the revenue had been paid, that suspensions had been granted where the raiyats were unable to pay, and that the resisters were those who could but would not pay. The attachments of pots and buffaloes reported in the papers seemed to show that the recovery of the revenue in many cases was difficult owing to the real inability of the cultivators to

pay. The local officers notified what the Government had laid down as a principle already followed, but it evidently not invariably followed, and the movement was not declared to have stopped when the raiyats were told that they would be made to pay only when they were able to pay. The story sounds rather curious, but the officers may be congratulated on the final result. It is reported that the spirit of resistance to what is felt as injustice has come to stay and shows itself in several ways.

Parties and Methods. The older leaders of the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League saw no necessity for a Home Rule League, inasmuch as the goal towards which the two earlier movements were working was also the attainment of self-government within the Empire. But the older leaders were represented as lacking the necessary energy to infuse into the agitation sufficient vigour and to quicken the pace towards the destination. The Congress was divided into two parties and the new League with the help of one dominated the other. The history of political agitation in all countries shows that the ball kicked down the hill gathers momentum in its course and cannot be easily stopped. In Calcutta the Moderates, who represent the original Congress, have started a National Liberal League of their own. They are not in sympathy with the methods of the Home Rule League, while young men in Madras tell Mrs. Besant that she is too slow for them.

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM.

NATIONALISM may, in its origin, be regarded as a pulse set in motion by the spirit of the Creator of Being, breathed upon the protoplasm of the Nation and developing through the ages movement and force, until it gives rise to visual appearances, and men recognise it as an influence moulding human nature, and through human nature the State, in so far as the latter is the product of conscious human effort. And, as a phenomenon, it has many phases. The activities of many, joined together by those associations which make up the sum of National consciousness, express themselves in as many ways, and each expression is a phase of Nationalism. The political phase is one, and sometimes but a minor one, but as Nationalism seeks always to express itself in the erection of a State, and as the State has in the world's eye a more tangible form and a greater significance than a literature of a social system, the political phase has appropriated the term almost to the exclusion of the rest, and at no period to a greater extent than now. The apotheosis of political Nationalism is being consummated in a bloody sacrifice. Whatever may be thought of the motives actuating the several States engaged in this awful war, this at least is beyond doubt, that on behalf of the rights of nationality, as opposed to

the claim for universal dominance, resting on the possession of a pseudo-superior culture, hundreds of thousands of splendid lives have been laid down. No finer assertion of Nationalism has been or ever can be made.

Nationalism, then being the dominant phase in the present stage of the evolution of European civilisation at least within the political sphere, having reached its zenith will begin to wane. The seeds of death are in the womb of life, and the stages of evolution grow ever more narrow in duration of time although they touch ever widening areas. To rush into prophecy is a risky proceeding but to-day when every other person is proposing panaceas which will prevent the recurrence of such a stupendous disaster as the present war, it may be permitted to glance in the light of history at such evidences as the present affords of those tendencies by which the future will be determined.

The evolution of political organisation bears a close resemblance to that of economic organisation, the tendency being in each to an ever broader environment, from the tribe to the nation, from the self-sufficient artisan to the Trust. They have run not on parallel but on converging lines, and economic motives now always influence; if they do not dictate political measures. Throughout the changes the people have remained slaves, merely changing one master for another, freeing themselves from the slavery of one set of conditions only to become subject to another, aware in the light of subsequent events, that the famous saying of Sieyès "the Third Estate! it is everything" was the most bitter irony. It would seem that man is by nature a worshipping animal. He must be subject to somebody or something. Freed from the shackles of the Feudal system, the vassal becomes a citizen and worships a King.

A leaven of each abandoned superstition still clings to him and to some degree influences his relations with the object of his worship. Thus a duke still expects and very often gets reverence, landholders seek to be, and are in some cases, landlords ruling their vassals and serfs with as much arrogance as in feudal times, and the master and the boss are common types in the industrial arena as in the political. But the coming of Nationalism brought about a relation between the individual and the object of his worship which tends to important developments. The reverence paid by a subject to a feudal chief or to a king was wholly objective. This right to rule emanated not from him but was based on a sanction, whether divine or otherwise, in which he could claim no share. Louis XIV's assertion "*L'état c'est moi*" was not so much a boast as the statement of an accepted fact. To serve and honour the king was the duty of the people, to rule that of the king. There was neither community of responsibilities nor partnership in advantages, acknowledged between the rulers and the ruled. But Nationalism has altered all that. The individual is conscious of the closest communion between himself and the other components of the nation. He is an essential part of an organism and every movement of the latter, however slight, is transmitted to him. In exalting the nation he exalts himself, if it is injured or insulted the injury or insult is personal. The conception of a people one and indivisible occasioned a revolution—that of the indivisible nation, which is but a development, has convulsed the world. The influence of Nationalism is partly subjective. The citizen is as it were born into a noble family and seeks to become worthy of it. Its traditions become his, national prestige lends something to him; he develops into a fuller, a worthier

man and national pride makes him alike ambitious for himself, for his fellow subjects and for the nation to which all belong. In the subject, nation activities thus set up tend to focus in political effort, but they are more evenly and more widely distributed in the independent State. This growth of Individualism is thus a concomitant effect of Nation worship, and it may be emphasised by reaction against the opposite tendency and harden into Anarchism; while on the other hand, the individual obsessed by the passion of exalting the object of his adoration may lavish his strength to create a monster, and hence we have jingoism, imperialism, militarism, terms which express different forms of this idolatry. Anarchism thus far is negative. It has not yet been able to achieve or even to conceive any concrete expression. But the rankness of Nationalism in the apotheosis of the State has found a very striking expression in the conception of the Kultur State. To realize what this means, to understand how it has gripped the imagination of a people naturally unimaginative, is to discover not only the reason for this war and its inevitableness, but the key to the history of Germany since the inception of the German empire, or the German nation as they saw it. Organisation in Germany has been developed to the perfection of a fine art. It extends even to the mental activities of the people, and a theory which obtained the sanction of authority finds general acceptance. Now nationalism was such a powerful influence in Germany that certain features of it may be said to have been made in Germany. For instance National Economics is a German conception—the universality of economic theory finding concrete expression in free trade being

rejected by German scientists as flabby cosmopolitanism. To the German mind the German Empire was the highest achievement of the present stage of political evolution, and Nationalism having effected this could do nothing more than reproduce feeble imitations of a masterpiece. Like a machine which has outlasted its efficiency, it should be scrapped. The German mind is very logical, and working on the assumption that the German Empire was the apex of modern civilization, it argued that the next stage in evolution would proceed from this point, the next political conception would be wider than the nation as the nation was wider than its predecessors. What could it be but the Kultur State? Such seemed to be the inevitable trend towards which the Gods urged mankind, and Germany was the instrument by which the will of the Gods was to be manifested to the world. Germany strives for the Kultur State with the same intensity as the Crusaders sought to reach the Holy Land. His is a lower ideal but not altogether ignoble. We cannot palliate but we can understand the ruthlessness of their methods, the blasphemous utterances of their philosophers and divines. Fanaticism has bred outrages in all ages and the outrages of Germany are only greater because organised and carried out with more efficient instruments. The madness of Germany on account of which the world groans is only the extreme type of a disease which has affected other European States, a disease bred from the rankness of Nationalism. Social evolution is determined by innumerable factors, some of which are unseen and imperceptible but not the less powerful on that account, others perhaps visible but defying measurement and seeming greater than they are. Neither to any man nor to any

State is it given to control the destinies of the human race, and the great successes of life are due to the cultivation of a sensitive aura within which development takes place in close harmony with the spirit of the age. A great prophet, man or nation, may hasten progress. A great genius may interrupt it, but no earthly power can side track civilisation. In attempting to do this lies the madness of Germany. The Kultur state may be in the womb of time, but not the German Kultur state, which is the still-born product of frenzy and pride. Elsewhere we must look for the evidences which go to indicate the form which social and political development will assume.

That Nationalism could be exploited in the interests of a class has long been obvious to many. Their belief has been confirmed by the present war. At the root of labour's resistance to the growth of armaments before the war, and to its prolongation at present, is not the actual loss or suffering occasioned, but the fear that the growing power of labour in combination may be arrested and neutralised by an increase in the resources of the capitalists; and although, as has been made evident, this war is not an economic or a trade war in the usual sense, that is, it is not due primarily to Germany's need for economic expansion, yet the ambition of capitalists all over the world has been and still is a powerful contributing cause; and if we watch the course which labour organisation has been following in recent years we shall be guided in our conception of the form which political evolution is likely to take. This tendency has been to an ever widening organisation of the forces of labour. Syndicalism was becoming an imminent danger in the years preceding the

war. The growth of this tendency is in the direction of international action which in the opinion of labour is an effective remedy for the danger of the migration of capital, for it is plain that if labour conditions are everywhere alike, capital must be satisfied to remain at home and make the best of a bad bargain. Other influences lend their weight to drive men's minds in the same direction. Certain facts which although elementary and axiomatic were concealed beneath the ponderous arguments of the scientists, distorted by the shiftiness of the politicians, and obscured and concealed by those who would strengthen class interests at the expense of the many, are now coming into the general ken. A good many hoary respectable hypocrisies have been stripped of the alluring garb with which convention had shrouded them. A good many shibboleths have lost their force, a few truths have come to the surface in this general upheaval. Humanity has again got hold of the truth, let us hope not to lose it again, that the test of civilization is human welfare, the moral and material possessions of man, that human efficiency is not merely an instrument in the production of wealth, but an end towards which all human effort must be directed, and that political freedom or national unity is only a means by which the development of mankind is furthered. On the basis of these simple truths the next stage of civilisation will be raised; and as a corollary to their recognition will follow the realisation that all artificial barriers whose action prevents the full development of any unit, individual or group, must in the interests of all be destroyed. The example of Germany notwithstanding, the war has taught the necessity for the closest and at the same time the most unfettered economic

relations between peoples. The pressure which will undoubtedly make itself felt when the war is over will emphasize this, and thus economic forces acting upon human consciousness already more enlightened and broader will bring about a conception of political organisation wider than the nation. Internationalism is the influence to which Nationalism will yield.

A very acute thinker, Mr. Hilaire Belloc has remarked that although internationalism would, if accepted, diminish the risk of war and localise quarrels, nevertheless, so powerful is the glamour of nationalism and so deeply laid its foundations, extending as they do in the popular conception back to the earliest history of the race, to the clan, the tribe, the family, and thus so strengthened by their association with those things which men hold and will continue to hold most dear, that everything points not to its decay, but to the growth of its influence as a political factor. And it is quite true that if the average man were asked to choose between the nebulous and uncertain advantages of a condition of internationalism and the real and tangible benefits which he derives from his nationality, there could be no doubt of the direction in which his choice would fall. But men are not asked to make the choice, nor do any but the very exceptional ever adopt a particular political faith. Stages in political evolution are not arrived at through human consciousness working from a particular formula, rather is the formula the expression of the play of forces which have produced a certain condition and these forces are largely economic and social and are set in motion by imperceptible changes in man's general outlook on life. Internationalism is an outlook on life just as nationalism is and feudalism was, and the

conditions which will make it generally possible are rapidly coming into being.

But what concrete expression in the way of political organisation internationalism will take, depends upon a more exact measurement of the many forces which will contribute to it than can be attempted at present. The horrors of the present time have aroused a passionate eagerness to find a remedy against the recurrence of such calamities. Various panaceas have been proposed. The League of Nations is the latest and the most widely accepted at present, but neither this League of Nations, inevitably reminiscent of the Congress of Vienna so wisely planned and so admirably intentioned, nor the Hague Conference sitting in permanent session, is likely to solve the problem. Human nature is an obstinate complex thing and human activities refuse to run on artificial tracks however smooth they be, however pious the intentions of their designers. Men and nations will "gang their ain gait," will cut out paths for themselves. All that can be said is that Internationalism will be the creed of the future and that the political organisation which will result from it will be very largely determined by economic forces and by the developments in economic organisation.

MACLIR.

HOW GERMANY MAKES PEACE.

SINCE December 1916, when the Kaiser made his formal offer of peace on the basis of a draw, and warned the world that he would not be responsible for the consequences should this magnanimous offer be refused (as though he and the system he stands for were not immediately and everlastingly responsible for the whole world calamity),—since that day there has been a succession of “peace campaigns” and “peace feelers” emanating more or less openly from the enemy side, each one, it is interesting to observe, making itself felt at the precise moment when Germany’s internal or military situation has rendered such a move from her point of view advisable.

The Power that precipitated war at the moment of her own choosing, is attempting to precipitate peace, also at the moment of her choice.

If there is any point on which it behoves us to be watchful, to be wary, it is this.

When the representatives of the Nations, the few picked brains of the whole world, assemble at the Conference Board, they will be sitting down, trained and tense, though outwardly composed, to the most subtle and most momentous game of skill the world has ever seen, on the result of which will hang the fate and happiness of unborn generations—it is scarcely too much to say, the future of mankind.

Each side will hold a number of Trump cards, put into their hands by the sacrifices of the races which they represent, and, conscious of their well-nigh overwhelming responsibilities, will play those cards, we may be sure, with all the ingenuity of which the human mind is capable.

But no skill in play will compensate for the holding of a poor hand.

"Not by speeches and majority votes are the great questions settled" said Bismarck in 1862 "but by Blood and Iron." Until Prussian militarism is finally crushed, that is terribly true.

We must send the representatives of Liberty to the board in a position as strong as we can make it:—and *no weariness on our part, no apparent reasonableness nor tempting proposals on the part of our opponents, must be allowed to induce us to send them there sooner.*

Even if we had not an object lesson in Germany's methods of making peace, her methods of waging war warn us to prepare for whatever double-dealing and duplicity might enable her to snatch the slightest advantage.

Fortunately (in this sense) we have such an object lesson. Unfortunately for Russia, fortunately for mankind, we have before our eyes to-day the most tragic evidence of Germany's methods of peace-making—of what happens when idealism run amok without material backing finds itself in the ring in opposition to a ruthless diplomacy based on Blood and Iron.

At the beginning of July 1917, the Russian armies under General Brusiloff ended the long inactivity caused by the Revolution, by once again attacking the enemy. But in a very short time it became evident that the influence of

the flood of half-assimilated ideals which had swept away the Russian state organisation was too strong for army discipline.

The London *Times* of 21st July 1917 dramatically presented the situation.

"German attacks on the Russian front in Galicia have succeeded. At first they were repelled, but at a critical moment some Russian troops refused to fight. "Our failure," the Petrograd Official report says, "is explained to a considerable degree by the fact that under the influence of the extremists several detachments, having received command to support the attacked detachments, held meetings and discussed the advisability of obeying the order, whereupon some of the regiments refused to obey the military command".

And on the opposite page the famous Reichstag resolution of the 19th July, which promulgated the formula of "no annexations".

"First of all, the territory of the Fatherland is inviolable. With an enemy who demands parts of our Empire we cannot parley. If we make peace we must in the first line make sure that the frontiers of the German Empire are made secure for all time.

"We must by means of an understanding and give and take, guarantee the conditions of existence of the German Empire upon the continent and overseas. Peace must build the foundations of a lasting reconciliation of the nations. It must.....prevent the nations from being plunged into further enmity through economic blockades, and provide a safeguard that the league in arms of our opponents does not develop into an economic offensive alliance against us."

As an apparently plain statement of war aims, that may surely be regarded as a masterpiece of duplicity, Germany, being mainly responsible for their condition, had good reason to know how greatly the talk of no annexations, of "give and take" and "lasting reconciliation" would appeal to the war-weary Russian Socialists. She knew how such a manly but moderate statement of her aims would soothe the growing demand among her own people for a move towards peace.

And in the application of these high sentiments there would be found loopholes enough and to spare. The German Socialist leader Bernstein has pointed out, for example, that the Chancellor's demand for a peace which would "secure Germany's frontiers for all time" was entirely incompatible with "no annexations" as applied to herself.

It was the same old game—a carefully staged comedy. to throw dust in the eyes of the world, and especially of Russia. No annexation of German soil, but any annexation of foreign soil necessary to "make secure Germany's frontiers for all time"—that is how it would work out. Germany's deliberate refusal to make any definite statement of her intentions with regard to Belgium, for instance, contrasts strangely with her expressed desire for "reconciliation" and "a just and lasting peace." She had no intention whatever of pledging herself to restore the independence of Belgium. Germany takes all she can, and lets go only when she is obliged.

True to her principles of thoroughness, Germany had the Russian ground well prepared in advance for the kind of peace-seed she intended to sow. Of all European people, the Russians are the least practical and most

idealistic. Wild, unpracticable ideals of international socialism were so deeply instilled in the minds of the Russian working classes that it needed but the promise of their realisation to undermine all thought of patriotism and honour and good faith.

"To the German Socialist, on the contrary, there is no such thing" as international socialism where German interests are concerned. It is a German invention used to humbug the rest of the world in the interests of Germany. Like everything else in that country, socialism is a Government weapon.

The game is a simple one. All good socialists are to oppose war actively in their respective countries, while German opposition is to be confined to vague declarations, with nothing more definite which might hamper Germany's action. We may recall how on the verge of war they sent a special envoy to assure the Socialists of France that in no circumstances would their party vote for a German war credit, in order to persuade their French "comrades" to refuse support to the French Government.

Exactly what Germany had been working for came about. Russia had become an uncontrolled and ignorant mob, drunk on fantastic promises, with leaders of its own crazy type. All was ready.

Look on a little. We see the Russian leaders, still fondly believing that they have only to open their arms and cry "*Kamerad!*" and the Germans will fall upon their necks like long-lost brothers—sitting down at Brest-Litovsk to negotiate formal peace with the Central Powers.

The proceedings of the gathering, said the President, Herr von Kuhlmann, are to be guided "by a spirit of placable humanity and mutual esteem."

The Russian stipulations included:

No forcible acquisition of territory.

The restoration of political independence to people who have lost it during the war.

The determination of their own destinies by national groups.

Compensation of private persons.

Can there be anything more pathetic than the spectacle of these poor, silly dupes, after discarding their arms and throwing wide their gates, proceeding to bargain with that grim figure from without as though they stood on equal terms? They had thrown away all they had to bargain with. They impose conditions? So might children impose conditions upon an ogre! To-day, the ogre "accepts in principle the Russian proposals," with his sinister smile of "placable humanity." The children discovered soon enough.

The negotiations proceeded. But before long it appeared that every German concession was nullified by some craftily drawn qualification or reserve. "No troops to be transferred from the Eastern to the Western Front." The ogre readily agrees, merely adding as an afterthought, "unless such transference has already begun."

Of course it had already begun. And it is safe to say that at the present moment not a single German is left on the Eastern Front who could be more usefully employed in the West.

Little by little, as the conference dragged on, and the Russian delegates got drawn more hopelessly into the toils, the Russian people more hopelessly disintegrated, the ogre showed his hand. The children were frankly bewildered. To them it was incredible that, now that they had indicated the way to universal brotherhood and happiness, that anyone should hesitate to throw down his arms and follow it.

"Russia will withdraw her troops from all parts of Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Persia occupied by her, while the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance will withdraw theirs from Poland, Lithuania, Courland and other regions of Russia." Agreed.

But a few days later, the delegates of the Central Powers handed in a note which creates positive dismay. Pledging herself to live henceforth on terms of friendship with Russia, Germany went on to declare that "the peoples of Poland, Courland, Lithuania and Esthonia have already clearly expressed their desire to be annexed to Germany. Accordingly, basing their action on the principle of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, Germany will remain in occupation of these regions, which Russia will hand over to her." None knows better than Germany how to assemble an artificial body that will express any desire which will suit her schemes of self determination.

Of what avail was protest? The Russian delegates complained that this was not at all the sort of peace they bargained for. The Austro-Germans affected to be affronted. "Really," they replied in effect "one would suppose, from the high tone adopted by M. Trotsky and his

colleagues, that they were victors imposing terms, and not, as the actual fact, vanquished obliged to accept conditions."

The mask was soon thrown aside, the situation stood clear at last in all its hideous nakedness. The Russians, in their mad idealism, and foolish trust in their German socialist "comrades", who, being what they are, have shown themselves to be not "comrades", but decoys, had thrown away their arms in the face of a cunning and unscrupulous foe, in the preposterous belief that he would follow suit; they had nothing left to bargain with, they were helpless,—and, perhaps for the first time, they realised it. Beguiled and betrayed by their German confrères, they have in their turn betrayed their Allies, their cause, and their country,—and for what?

For the sake of an ideal which all the rest of the world sees to be impossible of attainment so long as there remains a Power which bases itself upon Force, and has adopted bad faith as an avowed principle of policy. Their only excuse is that they were treacherously misled by German lies and cunning; their only achievement is that they have made the Central Powers disclose their hand for all to read.

If there were ever any doubt about Germany's real attitude towards "lasting peace" and "reconciliation" there can be none henceforth. The only peace she recognises is peace under an iron heel, and reconciliation by submission. Better terms than those can only be obtained by fighting for them.

Disastrous as Russia's collapse now appears to us, a grave set back to her friends and a tragedy for herself, it may be that in the end it will prove to be a blessing in disguise, if only because it has shown the Allies, before it is too late, the true nature of the people with whom we

are dealing, and that, unless we want a peace that leaves the Central Powers unhampered to do as they please with the world, so that they will have nothing to gain by war, there is no course left to us but to deal with them very faithfully.

A STUDENT.

CLOUDS.

Red and purple, pink and gold,
Low in the western sky;
The sea is wrapped in a silver fold
As the clouds on the mountains lie,
Turning the water to opal and pearl,
Covering the sky with a misty whirl
Of colours of rainbow hue,
Covering all with a filmy cloak,
The verdant valleys seem to choke
With the soft grey mists and the evening dew.

The colours soften to mauve and grey,
Sheets of amber across the bay,
They gleam for a little and then are gone,
As night, in her mantle of black rolls on.
Out peep the little twinkling stars,
Yonder's the great red planet, Mars;
The moon sails on her silver way;
Once more the end of a perfect day.

September, 1917.

KATRINE SILBERRAD.

THE ARMY OF TO-DAY.

I suppose it has been the lot of every resident in the British Empire to see the British soldier leaving home to proceed overseas on the most momentous journey of his life, the journey to the field of battle. Those who have looked on him have seen his merry eye lit with the fire of romantic longing, and heard his good-hearted laugh and song. If he had any misgivings on his fate in the crowning carnage of war, his face never gave expression to his feelings. Child of a great illusion, he laughed his mood away and hid his own soul. He was going out, a brave-hearted lad, to battle ; another man to swell the ranks of our mighty Army.

Out there the civilians who have donned khaki enter on a new life, and new experience. The battle front will never be understood by those who remained at home, despite Somme films and War Correspondents' stories. The atmosphere of war is confined to the field of operations, and no outside imagination can picture or penetrate it. The man who helps to hold a trench would willingly change places with Damocles who had to fear death from one quarter alone ! The trenches hold death at every corner, from the furious shell, the vicious shrapnel, the hideous mine, the frost fiend, disease, and the ten thousand several

means of destruction which modern war has let loose on the European nations.

The greedy casualty lists eternally cry "More--more," and are not satisfied. Full blooded men have sunk with the tumult which they created, and hearty fellows come out to take their places, to dare as they have dared, and die as they have died. Now and again the appalling conflict may sober for a second, only to be taken up anew with redoubled intensity; the raw winter day is made lurid with the blazing hell-fire of destruction, and summer with its fields of poppy flowers is made pungent with the smell of death and decay.

Who shall pay tribute to the fighting Britain of to-day, tell the tale of its prowess, endurance and chivalry? Shall we ever find a writer to tell the story and give due praise to the mushroom army which has arisen as in a dream, but which is very real in fortitude, veteran self-discipline and self-control, which is vigilant, energetic and ready to sacrifice its own will almost without convincing its reason?

The story of our day is too big for any pen, only in the hearts of the people will the history of our times be written, and written in blood and tears.

The war is one great long-drawn battle which ceases not by day nor night. The fighters never rest, the frenzied attack gives place to stubborn defence; men die, and others as brave and hearty take up the fight over their dead bodies. Moments of hell-frenzy, when the swift clear steel carves the path of victory through the shell-shriven barbed wire contraptions which fence the enemy's alleys of war, are followed by days of tense waiting as a trench is held and consolidated.

Men's souls are tried when they cling on to a trench which the enemy endeavours to shatter to pieces. It is then that men prove their worth, for their endurance is tested to the uttermost. Our men seldom give way, and we know of none who give themselves up as prisoners to the enemy. On the other hand the Germans are pleased to finish their share of war in captivity with a whole skin. We who have witnessed the marvellous war organisation at home have marvelled at it, but it scarcely prepared us for the tremendous fighting and unending resistance of our armies with its back to the wall. The German Army, at the height of its strength, is being held and is thrown back by a young giant that has not yet attained the zenith of its power. Our air service is far superior to that of Germany now. Probably our machines are nothing better than those of the enemy ; but the spirit of our young aviators is superb. Every fallen machine bears tribute to their worth. The German flyers, more discreet and less courageous, seldom cross our lines, while our boys move through the high heavens at will. Nothing deters them ; they train their machine guns on the hostile trenches, locate the enemy gun emplacements and give the range to the British artillery. I have seen many of these young heroes return at dusk to their aerodromes behind the Allied lines full of the romance of their work and the spirit of game, a joy flight through the sky. They speak little of the daring of their job : they merely bless their luck in being masters of their profession. They are men of whom Great Britain may well be proud. The last three months of fighting, with its colossal artillery havoc and dogged infantry perseverance may well give hope to the England that waits at home. We all love

peace and dislike war, especially war as it is waged to-day. But of the men who have gone out to fight there is no reason to feel ashamed. In the medley of heated passions they have played their part nobly, fighting with a zest when the battle was bloodiest, but ready in the hour of victory to take the enemy prisoner and hand him over to safe escort. There is no long-lived rancour in the hearts of the brave boys who fight so cleanly and courageously. A new chivalry has sprung in the mind of Flanders, and there the traditional and heroic soul of England has come into its own. I know them well, the men of the British Army of to-day, men who laugh at death, weep over a fallen foe, grumble at fatigues, go into a bayonet charge with sublime nonchalance, and join in a song with their mates, even when the threat of death hangs over their heads. Mons knew them in defeat; Picardy saw them in victory, always the same, light-hearted, simple and brave. Their worth can never be gainsaid, their fellowship never questioned. I know them in all their moods, in depression and jubilation; little incidents make for either in their lives. An extra fatigue depresses them, especially when the work to be done is of no importance, an extra hour of sleep makes their mornings light and enjoyable. But even in despondent moments their jokes shine like stars.

A few weeks ago, when we were holding a trench near Vimy, a working party went out on our Front to put up wires. The enemy discovered them, and opened a terrific bombardment. Presently one of our officers discovered one of the working party walking from the trench on the way out.

"Where the devil are you going?" asked the officer.

"Just going for a stroll down to the dressing station," the man replied.

He was wounded in five places, and one of the wounds eventually necessitated the amputation of his right forearm.

The British soldier has much to his credit in France.

The patronne of the Café smiles when she hears his gay "Cheero" in the village; the children cluster round him in his billet. He evinces as much interest in "piggy-back" as in fighting, and laughs and sings at both. His big-hearted carelessness strengthens the bond between Great Britain and France. The soldiers of both countries have fought side by side; the peoples of both countries have lived together, eaten at the same tables and slept under the same roofs. The bonds formed in days of stress will not be severed in times of peace. ●

The British soldier has begun to take the war seriously; a new determination has been born within him. He wants to win now; once he used to want to get the job finished and done with, he wanted merely to give his foe a little chastisement and let him go home again when he promised to behave properly, become a better boy, and never play the fool again. But now the soldier is all for a merciless drubbing. He wants to beat the enemy, to smash him up. His resolve is written on his face, you see it in his eyes and the determined thrust of his jaw, but above all you can see it painted red in the villages and woods of Flanders. There the spirit of our fighters makes itself manifest in deeds of great daring. Every trench from the Somme to the sea holds men who long to sweep across the parapet, and get to grips with the foe; men

who have left homes and wives behind in England. Our soldiers are now in dead earnest; they want to get home to a country no longer imperilled by invasion or defeat.

'The spirit of the Army of to-day is as the song has it "all right." It is the spirit that makes for victory.

From the Trenches.

PATRICK MACGILL.

THE PHENOMENON OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

Behold a portent rose against the east,
 Where Night still crouch'd enshrouded and forlorn—
 Starless, bereft awhile of song or feast:
 When lo! above the Earth a sheaf, like corn,
 Grew golden in the Heavens—whence it sprang
 Swaying, and pendulous with drops of light—
 Trembling in ecstasy, until they rang
 'The music of the spheres' from height to height;
 Then wove their glitt'ring aigrettes in a crown
 Of awful beauty o'er the sleeping host;
 Where rav'ning ghouls of Death came swooping down,—
 But Angels guarded those they pitied most,
 And bore them on a sail with plum'd wings
 Beyond the order of created things.

V. DE MALORTIE.

April 1918.

*(This phenomenon was remarked by Gen. Sir William
 after who was there.)*

OPTIMISM AND THE WAR.

IN the medley of opinions and feelings, impressions and criticisms, to which the spectacle of war gives rise, the attitude of the optimist is perhaps the one most liable to misapprehension and censure. Let us enquire a little into the true grounds of this attitude, and see if a well-balanced and judicious optimism be not justified by actual facts and experience.

The first point to consider is the mental attitude, and it is well to bear in mind that true optimism is not that which sees only the more favourable side of all these terrible happenings; it has a very just and comprehensive view of the whole, and on this view it bases its final conclusion that all is working for good.

It is now becoming a matter of general knowledge that we all live in our own world of thought, and that as we think of events, so do they appear to our minds. If circumstances do not bring us into very close contact with the more painful aspects of the war, we may choose to ignore it to a certain extent, or to regard it as some dreadful yet rather distant international convulsion, which touches us only as our neighbours and friends are affected, or as our daily life may be modified thereby. We believe in the ultimate victory of our nation, and are content to put up with a few inconveniences and discomforts, hoping

always for a speedy conclusion to hostilities and the establishment of a permanent peace. We refuse to dwell on the darker side, and call ourselves optimists.

The true optimist, however, cannot so readily adjust his mental apparatus to such an easy and comfortable attitude. He does not for a moment ignore the terrible suffering, the widespread distress, the nameless horrors and innumerable evils of all kinds due to the gigantic struggle of the last three years.

It is hardly necessary to remark that a just and balanced point of view can never be attained if personal feeling is allowed an undue influence over the judgment. Bearing this important point in mind, and taking as far as possible the position of an impartial onlooker, let us touch briefly upon the brighter side of a few phases in the great drama.

One of the most striking features is the sudden efflorescence of a vast patriotism—a feeling that may very well have been germinating in the hearts of the great majority, but which required the stimulus of war to bring it to fruition. From a vague indefinable feeling that “one’s own country is always the best,” this national sentiment has developed into a fervent and intense love for, and pride in, that country. Between potential and actual patriotism there is a wide gap, and that gap has been bridged in one bound, during the last three years, by thousands and thousands of men and women to whom patriotism was formerly little more than a name. How many sympathies, hitherto circumscribed by the little circle of family and friends, have not suddenly extended their boundaries, and now embrace not only their own nation, but other friendly peoples as well? It is difficult

to exaggerate the benefit of such a rapid broadening of the sympathies as is involved in this wider outlook. The individuals concerned will probably have considerably hastened their evolution through the development of this faculty, and here it will be obvious that we have the key to all optimism as regards the war.

If we bring this view of the case to bear upon other features, we shall see that while fully admitting the reality (while they last) of the evils attendant on the war, it is difficult not to perceive that the ultimate benefits accruing therefrom will far outweigh them. For if we only get the right perspective, we cannot fail to see that the good must predominate.

Can any impartial observer fail to note the gradual change in national characteristics that is due directly to the war? A kind of general awakening has taken place and it would seem that in each nation the phase entered upon has a direct connection with the quality or qualities that as a national asset were most lacking. Then the increased capacity for self-sacrifice, for endurance, for heroism of every kind that we see displayed on all sides is a national gain too obvious to need any comment. We may gather some idea of the value of this development if we consider its effect upon the next generation, in the rich inheritance devolving upon the children born to parents who have toiled and suffered in these strenuous times, and who have emerged from the struggle with greatly increased capacities for good. Added to all this there is another feature that should not be lost sight of and that is the trend towards *Universality* that is a natural consequence of the preponderance of allied interests. Especially to our own country will this advantage

be immense, since our geographical position, while giving us on the one hand a freer access to other countries (through maritime activity) than most nations possess, has yet on the other hand served hitherto to nurture the defect of insularity. The ideals of the future are National Unity and Co-operation, and although many years will probably elapse before these ideals can become a practical reality, there is no doubt that the present war is rapidly hastening this desirable consummation.

We cannot leave the consideration of the brighter side of the picture without a word as to the general attitude of mind towards our opponent in the conflict. Here the optimist, if true to his principles, will not overlook the opportunities offered for practising forbearance and toleration, nor will he shrink, even from a hard struggle, when he reflects upon the true meaning of the exhortation to love our enemies. The very effort to overcome hatred which must have been made by thousands of well thinking people, is in itself a most valuable factor in the evolution of character; and the tolerant feeling born of such effort is an immense gain to the individual.

To pass on to the darker side of the picture, let us see if we cannot unravel some threads of gold even from the most tangled mass of evils. The unbridled passions, the wanton cruelty and destruction that we cannot ignore, and the appalling misery that meets us on every side—these too contain the hidden germ of future good, hard indeed to detect unless one brings to the task something of the vision of the seer.

It is true that in our endeavour to view these evils as a whole we may be unable to see anything but as it

were a thick cloud of blackest darkness hovering over the heads of the belligerent nations, and threatening to engulf them in its murky gloom. From such a vision we may well turn hopelessly away and aver, indeed, that the war is an unmitigated disaster. But even through the clouds of the dark storm of evil the light of better things begins to break. What if a fiercer hatred, a more savage cruelty and greater lust of destruction be exposed to view than the modern world has yet seen? Is it not better that these evils should come to a head, rather than remain as a hidden canker in the heart of the world's social system? The very spectacle of such an apparent retrogression in the progress of humanity is a valuable lesson in itself and there must be few indeed who have not taken it to heart, in greater or less degree. Even unconsciously to ourselves we cannot avoid an instinctive reaction from a repetition, albeit on the smallest scale, of crimes so truly abhorrent. To take but one instance, surely never in the history of the world have the nations as a body revolted so strongly against tyranny and oppression as exemplified in the case of Belgium—to take one very prominent instance. Will not the spectacle of broken promises stimulate us to an even greater respect for the sanctity of treaty obligations than we had before? And in our horror at the appearance of crimes that most people believed to belong only to the Dark Ages, is it not possible that our standard of the ethics of international relations may be considerably raised?

* It is, however, hardly to be expected that the general advantages of this wider view will bring much appreciable comfort to that section of the community that is perhaps more than all others in need of the consolations of true

optimism. I refer to that large class (unfortunately on the increase) that has suffered almost irreparable loss, in one way or another, through the war. The bereaved, the mourners, the homeless—can one indeed find any argument, any presentation of the Reality, which will lighten their burdens, ease their distress? For the mothers who have given their sons so freely, for the wives who have identified themselves in duty and sacrifice with their husbands, must there not be some tranquillizing consciousness of an ideal kept inviolate, some foreshadowing of a sure peace to come? And for those bereft of this world's goods, through agencies entirely beyond their control, may not they too, in their very distress, be forced to turn more earnestly than before to the only true source of help and comfort, and thus realize that "man's extremity is God's opportunity"?

When we come to consider the results of the inevitable raising of ideals before alluded to, in the lives of our children, we shall be able better to appreciate the advantages they will reap; for taking all the causes into consideration that are now operative, it is obvious that the general standard of morality of the next generation must be at least a degree higher than that which has hitherto obtained. This is an outlook which should tend to mitigate the anxiety of those whose fears for the future of their children are the chief ground of their suffering to day—those who lament that their offspring should be born into such difficult and troublous times. Such considerations as we have touched upon may suggest a modification of this point of view, greatly in favour of the inevitable heritage devolving upon the generation now coming into being.

It is true that the judicious optimist, in his endeavour to adjust the balance of gain on the moral side, cannot afford to overlook the economic results of this world struggle. At first sight these may not appear to be very advantageous, and if we consider the purely material side of the question we are forced to admit that in this field, at any rate, the pessimist has some ground for his gloomier outlook. Fortunately, however, the true well-being of a nation does not depend upon the actual figure of its income, and a restricted financial position by no means implies retrogression in the evolutionary path. The belligerent nations may be poorer after the war, but this fact can hardly be looked upon as an essential evil by any but the most superficial reasoner.

Now the foregoing remarks may possibly lead to the conclusion that the optimist, in his zeal for a more favourable view of all these evils, will be inclined to overlook the necessity of an endeavour to palliate them; but here his very optimism comes to his aid, and enables him to perceive opportunities and to forecast future developments that are not discernible to the less hopeful observer. His efforts will not be diminished, but rather increased, since he is buoyed up by a hope born of his more comprehensive vision, and by his conviction that against all appearances the good must ultimately triumph. He will even carry his enthusiasm into enemy quarters, and his broader outlook, with its consequently enlarged sympathies, will enable him to associate himself (in spirit if not in actual fact) with all efforts to promote the true welfare of that section of humanity which for a space of time he has had to regard as his country's enemy. Especially will this be the case if he realizes that the greater the discrepancy

between the conduct of this section and his own ideals, the greater is the need for a helping hand, an ennobling example and a widely tolerant policy in future co-operation and solidification of international interests.

And who more competent to accomplish this very admirable and beneficent work than those whose calm unbiassed outlook enables them to rise above the region of prejudice and hostile sentiments, and to view the various conflicting features with something approaching to equanimity ?

"The valuable helper is the man who is calm and balanced, while full of sympathy," says a prominent writer of the day, and it is just this balanced sympathy that may become a very real factor in the solution of the present world problem. The satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties and complications of the impending international situation may perhaps be more readily compassed by a judicious and impartial optimism than by any other attitude. For this standpoint no better apology can be found than a further quotation from the writer mentioned above :—"One who stands as a rock above the waves can help another to gain that vantage-ground better than if he were himself battling with the waves."

F. EVERY-CLAYTON.

SOMEWHERE.

TO OUR BRAVE AND LOYAL INDIAN BROTHERS.

Thrum,
 Tis the tap of the drum.
 Come, to the beat,
 With stealthy feet,
 From the coral strands
 Of Eastern Lands,
 To the seat
 Of war, and the cannons roar
 Where the air planes soar
 Thrum—Come!

Where
 Shall we meet this array?
 There—where the fray
 T'wix Life and Death
 Is fiercer to-day.
 No time for delay,
 Onward on.—
 Ships are ploughing the wave
 Men are digging the graves
 For the strong
 Somewhere!

Hail!

Brothers hail!

Wail murderous Huns,

Brave India's sons

Near draw from afar,

To join in the war.

While the guns

Go thundering on, and banners fly--

Shells are bursting far and nigh

Hail! Hail!

Hear

Arms crashing around,

Fear-foeman fear,

A power is near

From the coral strands

Of India's Lands,

It is here.

Stealthy and true, stalwart and brave

Ready to die, honour to save

It is found,

--Here.

Red

To the sky around,

Dead lie stark, earthbound.

East and West march side by side,

Races are one and all defies.

Where the fluttering vine leaves dance

"Somewhere" round the hills of France;

Where the shell,

And the shrapnel burst to flare,
You will find them everywhere
Though like Hell
Where they fell
Dead--dead!

Rend

The high Heavens with prayer:
Send your messages through the bars,
Far beyond the light of Stars;
The king's KING, will list to-night
HE is watching this grim fight.
All is well.
Though the fell,
Wait His time, His Hand is slow,
Also sure, this term of woe
Is no despair
T'will end.

Sleep Brothers sleep
Weep loving mothers
Your own sons and others
Lie stark on the plain.
Though never again
In wars mighty array
Will they march to the fray.
Nought shall despoil
The brave and the loyal
Of gain
To reap.

Strife

It is o'er,

Life takes its dole:

Flesh shall no more,

Fetter the soul,

Seeking the goal

Of Freedom's wide plain.

Untrammelled by pain

It shall pass to the realms of Infinite Peace

Gaining captives release.

Where torture and thirst

Shall be ended.

Where truly shall cease

The desire to be first.

(Freedom's cause well defended)

For *all* shall be great

From the first to the later.

The Supreme Sacrifice

Has paid the great price.

Introspect.

C. M. SALWEY.

IQBAL: HIS PERSIAN MASNAWIS.*

WHEN a literary critic comes within the range of living writers it behoves him to go warily. It is possible that a coloured lens might intervene between the writer and the critic, or too close a proximity might blur the details of physiognomy.

But in the Muslim literature in India the aspiration of the soul towards a higher plane has been uninterruptedly maintained since the time of Ghalib.

Ghalib, Hali and Iqbal are the members of a noble triumvirate. Ghalib destroyed the feeling of the stagnant optimism of decadence. One of his gifts was to create doubts. But he was no unsound doubter who is doubtful of his own doubts. His doubt was like a spark of fire that set a whole world ablaze. The Empire of Moghul Delhi tottered and tumbled beneath the blow of his poetry and went to rack and ruin under his gaze.

Hali who had the fever of the Arab poets in his blood saw the seemingly beautiful world crumble. The sight overwhelmed him with grief but he also felt a new-born power within him. He felt within himself the sorrow of despair and the joy of creative force. He conceived the

* *Asrar-e-Khudi* (1918) and *Rumuz e-Bekhudi* (1918) by Doctor Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal, M. A., Barrister-at-Law, LAHORE.

idea of raising another world over the ruins of the one shattered by his master. And in his bosom he began to build it. A new life commenced with the rise of the vision of hope and much that was dead was brought to a new life again.

With Iqbal poetry is no more under the signature of pessimism. He has breathed self-confidence and has reconstructed the new fabric on an optimistic foundation. His name is the synonym for promise and prophecy. He has subdued the foreign western influence of the present Indian environment with the help of a new moral energy which is derived from purely Islamic sources. His spiritualism has conquered the egoism of this materialistic age. Iqbal is riding at the head of the Muslim caravan going to the eternal city of Mecca.

With Iqbal literature passes into the hands of the young and becomes young. His personality is most revealed in his Persian Masnavis,—*Asrar-e-Khudi* and *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*. They are full of a life-force for which the new generation had looked for in vain in the pale poetry of the lyricists. I have no hesitation in saying that Iqbal has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life. Time alone will reveal the full significance of his message contained in these two most powerful poems of the time.

The Masnavis of Iqbal under review are the parts of an immortal work, which when finished will complete his interpretation of the Muslim world. The chief cause of the decay witnessed in all the Islamic countries to-day according to Iqbal is, that the Mohāmmadans do not live in a world of action but in one of Platonic inaction. The

neo-platonists and Hafiz have robbed them of the noble consciousness of enjoyment in accomplishment and have filled the voids of their lives with a sickly sense of pleasure in melancholy contemplation. The Musalmans have lost the hardness of adamant and acquired the softness of charcoal. The fear of God has left their hearts and the fear of man has taken possession of them.

But all human dread can be overcome by discovering an ideal in life. Greatness is by Divine donation the property of Islam. True belief in the *Towhîd* of God can always destroy the sense of such fear and fill the mind with "entire noble hardness"—the quality of the creators. The *hikayat* of Aurangzeb and the Lion is not the tale of Androcles and the Lion.

The spirit of Islam is the spirit of equality. "The blood of the builder of empires is no redder than the blood of the builder of stone edifices." He who is condemned by the law of *Shariat* cannot be saved and he who is redeemed by the great Qoran cannot be punished.

Iqbal promises to revive and rejuvenate the Islamic system within a calculable period of time as alchemists are said to revive gold out of the ashes of that metal. He is a man of his age and a man in advance of his age. He is also a man in disagreement with his age.

Emerson writes in his criticism of Plato that Hamlet is a pure platonist. Iqbal warns his co-religionists against the Hamletism of Plato. Such moral invalidism has led whole nations to decline and ruin. He will have the Mohammadians live on stable earth. Plato is like the morning lark that floats as disembodied joy in the æther of contemplation. Iqbal is like the sea-gull that rides on

the billows of the boisterous sea of life Iqbal's philosophy is the philosophy of expression and achievement.

Iqbal's criticism of the Greek philosopher is directed chiefly against his mystical side developed and carried to such excess by the neo-platonists. All the neo-platonists suffer from the worst kind of weakness—the weakness of will. Their metaphysics arrests life and obscures its purpose. Does not this pathway lead to destruction? Life to Iqbal is earnest and real. There is nothing which can be raised above the dignity of Islamic existence. Allah himself declares in his Book—

Verily I am about to place one in my stead on earth.

Iqbal is strong, active, creative, contented, optimistic, sanguine and a realist—above all a Muslim. He will not let the "Millat of Ibrahim" enter the city of destruction even though the finger of the great Plato himself point to it.

The apathy and "sheepishness" of the Musalmans in general fills him with wrath and he attributes these to the devitalizing influences of false mysticism or neo-Sufism. Here we see Iqbal as a combatant and his opponent is no lesser a person than Hafiz. He wields his pen as it were a sword.

I am inclined to believe that true mysticism or Sufism is esoteric Islam. But there is no doubt that neo-Sufism is a later growth and is foreign to the spirit of our religion. The fundamental doctrine of Islam is *Tawheed*. The first principle of neo-Sufism is Monism. Monotheism is positive; Monism is nihilistic. Horn is of opinion that neo-Sufism is burdened with Zoroastrian and Buddhist ideas of religion. Von Kremer finds in it traces of the influence of

Vendantism. The truth, I believe, lies between the theories of neo-platonist origin and of an independent growth.

There is an identity between the vision of God in Neo-Sufiism and the vision of the intelligible world as represented by Plato. The ecstatic *Rags* of the Sufis is a bodily imitation of soul the which, according to the Platonian conception, is a mobile circle set in motion through the impulse of desire, round its central point which is God. The cosmology of neo-Platonism and neo-Sufiism has many points of close resemblance. Browne has shown that the writings of Plotinus were known to Sahab-e-Fehrist and Shahrastani.

Now Islam is a stranger to all these extravagant mystical ideas. God is the Lord of the worlds and not a qualification of matter, His creation is no mirage. As God cannot be carved in wood or sculptured in stone, likewise His vision cannot be called before the eyes of the body or mind. Saint Ahmad Sarhindi writes in his *Mulfuzat* "If some mystic imagines that he has seen God either with his physical or spiritual eyes he has seen no more than a fancy of his mind or an appearance born of an ecstatic state of his brain". God is incomparable, peerless, non-appearing. The way to God is the way of Shariat. The distorted notions of neo-Sufiism lead only to the path of those who go astray. The great purpose of Iqbal's philosophy is to purify the Islamic system of thought, by expelling the elements it has borrowed from Plato and Aristotle,—elements which lead directly to monastic nihilism.

Neo-Sufiism is ascetic. It believes the world to be a copy of a shadow—a dream within a dream. It is unwilling to face life. It has destroyed the activism of Islam which

is the life spirit of our religion. Iqbal calls his co-religionists back to realization in action. His ethical realism stands for moral courage, energy, will, virility and expression. But why does Iqbal engage in a rapier duel with Hafiz instead of directly attacking Jalaluddin Rumi—the fountainhead of mystic poetry? The reason is obvious. The mystics when they attempt to write of their experiences have to make use of words suited to the apprehension and consciousness of the people in general. Ideas may be heavenly but language is earthly. Love when illustrated by the images of wine, woman and song is likely to be perverted to the passion of physical and sensual enjoyment. Sanai, Attar and Rumi, in spite of this write in a style which brings out their hidden soul and does not lend their poems to a materialistic interpretation. They may call their readers away from the world but they do no further harm. Hafiz has mixed their narcotic draught with alcohol. His *Diwan* is more intoxicating than illuminating. No doubt like Socrates Hafiz is no corruptor of morals but all the same he has corrupted them. More have drunk the wine of *Majaz* than of *Haqiqat* at his hands. The attack of Iqbal is in fact aimed more at the degenerate epicurianism of the times than the physically expressed neo-Sufiism of the poet.

As Nicholson points out in the Introduction to his *Diwan-e-Shams Tabrez*, degenerate Neo-Sufiism of our time has sunk to the level of clothing the *Pir* with divine qualities. "His blasphemies and immoralities, nay, his very crimes, are not only condoned but glorified. . . The mischievous effect of such theories on vulgar minds need hardly be pointed out". This is another cause of strife between Iqbal and the present day Sufis. When the

Asrare Khudi was published a number of Sufi *Pirs*, who represented the tyranny of tradition and ignorance of the law of *Shariat*, rose against him. "Kill him! he is teaching the Musalmans materialism of the West". "Fools and criminals" the voice of Iqbal was heard above the tumult. "It is strange that I am accused by Monists, Neoplatonists and Nihilists of teaching western thought."

One of the greatest problems for the Mohammadans in India at present arises out of the antipathetic relationship between Islamic extra-territorialism and Indian patriotism. Iqbal feels himself as a fervent Muslim in a strait between the claims of religion and the country. His poetry only reflects what is passing in the mind of the Musalmans of India to-day. He accuses and condemns Machiavelli for having evolved the idea of a territorial state. Iqbal attacks the Florentine "who has blinded the eyes of men" not because his *Prince* has served as a manual for tyrants but because it has destroyed the idea of the "larger state", entertained by Dante and Marsilius of Padua and has imprisoned the Christianity of Rome within the confines of Italy. Iqbal does not like to see the Muslim world "broken into fragments by the narrow domestic walls" of country. The politics of Iqbal are the politics of love not of self-interest. Theology is the true guardian of political life. Country is but a passing and ever-disturbed geographical phenomenon. Historical accidents and events change its limits and ideals. Its duration is short and it cannot last even for a few centuries. The "larger state" of Iqbal is religious, providential and ideal—eternal.

At the same time Iqbal does not maintain that the love of country is inconsistent with the love of religion. The greater love has always room for the smaller love

in itself. The Heraldic eagle of Muslim India has two heads—All-Islamism and Patriotism and both direct life towards the same goal by different means.

Iqbal in fact unites a comprehensive conception of religion with an intensely patriotic spirit—only his political aspirations are subject to a sublime religious ideal. The fusion of a political outlook and a theological point of view have raised his political philosophy to the position of a new ethics.

According to Fredrich Nietzsche there are two forms of art, Appolonian and Dionysian. Appolonian art is all serene contemplation; Dionysian all storm and agitation. Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra* the masterpiece of the new era in Germany is Dionysian in conception and composition. So are Iqbal's *Asrare-Khudi* and *Rumuz-e-Bekhud* the symbols of the regeneration of the Islamic world.

Is Iqbal under the influence of Nietzsche? I believe he is; though he has always worked the borrowed material into something rich and strange. His source in Nietzsche can be traced by the *Hikayat* of "The Coal and the Diamond" in *Asrare-Khudi* which is taken from *Also sprach Zarathustra*—Von alten und neun Tafeln 29. But Iqbal is a greater poet than Nietzsche and has cut and polished the stone and made the diamond his own.

Like Nietzsche Iqbal always stands for liberty of thought and action. He has given the younger generation courage to face life. "Erwirb es um es zu besitzen" The stimulating effect of his *Masnavis* has been great and gives the sure promise of a positive achievement.

"Thus would I have man and woman: fit for war the one, fit for maternity the other." Womanhood for Iqbal is

equivalent to motherhood. "O men fear your Lord who hath created you of one soul (*nafs*) and created therefrom its mate and from the twain hath multiplied numerous men and women . . . and reverence women." The ideal of womanhood is Hazrat Fatema, the daughter of the prophet, the wife of Hazrat Ali and the mother of the martyrs of Karbala. When the eyes of the poet rest on woman they gaze always beyond at "Our lady of Paradise". The eyes of Fatema watch her "children" night and day and shed a supernal light on the Islamic world.

The virtue of woman is the corner-stone on which religion and State rest. The so-called "emancipated woman" who believes in a limited family is a sign of the decline of empires and decay of civilization.

Iqbal has raised a great issue but he has kept back from a discussion of all the problems of the sex-question. It would be interesting to know whether he would give a new interpretation to the laws which lay down unequal terms of marriage for man and woman or would instead offer a new philosophical exposition of the interpretation of the classical jurists.

Iqbal has some points of resemblance with Rousseau. He is an idealist whose dreams are inspired by the glorious visions of the days of the Prophet. The cry of Rousseau is back to nature. The cry of Iqbal is back to the desert of Hedjaz. He grieves to find the Musalmans under the influence of the artificial life of modern society with its insincerities and luxuries. The Muslim traditions are Arab. The Musalmans should preserve their own noble instincts and natural genius. An exact and servile imitation of Europe will no more save them than did a slavish adoration

of Persian manners and life in the past. An exaggerated and obsequious imitation of foreign ideals is a fatal weakness for any people.

But how is Muslim society to be re-established on the old lines of the early Muslim Arab civilization. "History is to the nation what memory is to the individual.". All the past life of Islam—all that the Musalmans have felt, thought, willed and accomplished from the first wakening of their religious national consciousness till to-day is preserved indestructably in their history. And history should be made to repeat itself. Life should be simplified. There should be no room in it for false refinements, sectarian feelings and dishonest and selfish passions. Moral, intellectual and political cowardice which is sapping the roots of Muslim individuality should be destroyed.

It does not mean retrogression. The purpose of the reformer is only to point the way to a happy state of things in the past. It means that plain morals, a courageous view of life and the bold spirit of old Arabia can ameliorate the life of the Musalmans by approximation to their religious ideal. The aim of Iqbal is to attack and kill cowardice in all forms.

The dialectical real logic of the Masnavis when it has penetrated everywhere will inspire the Muslim world with a new life and pave the way to future greatness. Iqbal is a seer. He sees the splendour and magnificence of the golden age of Islam in the past and its return in the future. But the future is discerned as it were through a translucent weltering mist.

It is sometimes asked in this country why the Masnavis have been written in Persian instead of Urdu. Iqbal

is one of those men who appear from time to time as the bearer of a great mission. His message is not for India but for the whole Islamic world. His Masnavis are meant to take the place of the Gulistan of Sadi in the children's schools and of the Masnavi Maulana Rumi in the pulpits of the cathedral mosques, of Delhi, Kabul, Tehran, Cairo, Kazan, Stambul, Medina and Mecca.

The Masnavis are written in a variation of the *Ramul* metre. It is a favourite lyric measure and comes quite near to the fifteen syllabic measure of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall".

I the heir of all the ages in the foremost files
of time.

The variation used by Iqbal is a popular form employed both for Lyrics and Masnavis. Jalaluddin Rumi has written the Masnavi-e-Manawi in the same metre.

The first Masnavi is more realistic; the second more speculative. *Rumuz-e-Bekhud* has lost something in its vivid realistic hold on the imagination through want of a few more *Hikayat*—particularly in the last half of the Book. It is a fault that can be remedied by the poet.

Iqbal has led the Persian literature back from a false artificial classicism to a true classicism. The pseudo-classicism of the post-Saib schools was a faint and unintended echo of the master works of the golden age. Iqbal's reversion to the style of the old masters is due to his antagonism to the hollow artificiality of the polished workmanship of Bedil and his followers, which has charm but no strength and vitality. His style is the large style of Jalaluddin Rumi but alive with words which sparkle like diamonds set in the hilt of a sword. But in spite of

his imitation of his great anticipator, Iqbal is essentially a figure of the twentieth century. The new spirit of the awakened East sought a new body and the muse of Iqbal has supplied it. He has poured new blood into the exhausted veins of Persian poetry and has solved the problem of uniting strength with beauty of form. The language of the Masnavis is energetic—so muscular yet so smooth. To-day when the Persian language is hopelessly disfigured in its own land Iqbal is writing it as it was written in the days of its maturity. The Persian literature is traversing a crisis and while on the one hand we notice a debasement of its standard in Iran, on the other we find that a Moses has struck the rock with his rod from which a new *Kosar* has gushed forth like the twelve fountains of the Israel of old.

ABDUR-RAHMAN SEOHARVI.

Bhopal.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

A VISION OF SELF-GOVERNING INDIA.

“ If you want uniformity, go to Germany ; it is made in Germany. If you want diversity go to the British Empire ; it grows there of itself ”. Thus said Sir Charles Lucas in a lecture recently delivered in the University of London. And whatever that is true in the ideal of Self-government has its sanction in the spirit that is behind the unconscious development of the British Empire. England did not come to India in the hope of conquering the country. Its motive was purely commercial. It was led step by step into a course of action which ended in its overlordship. When the prospect of an Indian empire opened itself before the English people some were afraid of shouldering the responsibility. Sir John Shore's policy of non-intervention was an expression of that diffidence. And yet in a few years England found herself at the head of an empire which, in mere area and much more in the variety of races and cultures found within its boundary is the most remarkable in history. The unconscious development became a conscious purpose when England, on assuming the direct responsibility of governing India, conceived a unique imperial policy. England's mission in India was not commercial exploitation. It did not want to impose upon Indians its own civilization, its own laws

and institutions. In the first place it wanted to restore order and peace. In later years the avowed policy was the development of democratic institutions out of the bosom of India's ancient civilization by an increasing association of the sons of the soil in the administration of the country. If there had been any doubt as to the real purpose of England towards India, the recent declaration of policy in the Parliament has made it clear that India's goal is responsible government within the British empire.

Let us try to imagine to ourselves what this goal is. Self-government means a government of the people by the people themselves in their own best interests. But the federation of a number of such self-governing countries in an empire or common-wealth implies that each country, while seeking its own good, will not jeopardise the good of the other members of the federation. The situation is not very different from the one in which every man who enters into a civilized society finds himself. Each apparently seeks his own good. If in this search he encroaches upon the rights of his neighbours he is punished. If he refuses to mend his ways he is simply ejected by the society either by being transported for life or killed. Fearful as the situation appears to be, the vast majority of us find the arrangement quite good. A good member of society while seeking his own interests takes care not to endanger the safety and happiness of his neighbours. In fact the good of the individual is bound up with the good of society. Self-government within the empire will mean that India in seeking her own social and material advancement will not do any thing that will ruin any of her sister countries. As rivalry is inevitable there will be a big imperial

panchayat in which representatives from all the self-governing countries will sit and settle any differences that might arise among the members of the federation. In other respects the countries will stand together for better for worse. The enemy of one country will be the enemy of all, and the friend of one, the friend of all. The Imperial Conference which met in London and to which three men from India were sent as our representatives, will be reorganized and become the Imperial Council of the Empire.

Very often when people speak of Self-Government some call up the spectre of a Brahman rule. But in a real self-governing India the Brahman as Brahman will not exist, at any rate will not exist as a political unit, much less wield authority. There will be one people called the Indian people and that will elect the very best among them to the legislative and executive councils. Instead of the fatally rigid distinctions based on the unchangeable accidents of caste and race there will be more fluid distinctions based on differences in political insight and on educational and other qualifications. That does not mean that we will have but one class, one religion or one language in the country. That is a hope as impossible as that *all* Indians will one day be of a uniform dark or yellow colour. There will be Christians and Buddhists. There will be Hindus and Muhamadans but there will be no quarrelling over a cow. There will be Anglo-Indians and Eurasians but they will not be flaunting their superiority. We will not quarrel about eating or worshipping cows. Conversions to Islam or Christianity will not be considered a crime against the mother land. The innumerable castes that have surrounded themselves

with the barbed wire fences of pride and suspicion. will be swept away by a recognition of the Brotherhood of man and by an overmastering sense of the solidarity of the Indian people. From the humblest cooly to the most illustrious member of the Imperial Council, every Indian will have learnt to be a true patriot. The cooly will not become a scholar or politician and he need not become either. One is not sure if even primary education will be indispensable for true patriotism. But he will be conscious of an honourable membership in a great fraternity. That will beget a noble pride and a sense of dignity and responsibility where he cannot judge for himself, he will trust himself to the leadership of men who have won their right to be leaders by their character and devotion to the country. That will mean for him a new love and loyalty and a new obedience. On the other hand the learned statesman will feel it a crime to betray the trust of the trusting people. Whether our skins are white or black or any shade of yellow, we will all feel, think and act like Indians, because India will be our common home. In a self-governing India the administration may be less expensive, and a few more of our graduates may find lucrative appointments under the Government. But these are very small matters. One can contemplate with perfect equanimity the possibility of India spending freely upon a bigger army, a new navy and primary education. Then our purse may become lean but our hearts will be stout. We will be doing things worth doing as a nation, will be sacrificing time and money for a cause, the good of the people as a whole. Then will India attain manhood. This has been the dream of our great patriots. This is the picture that has captured the

souls of many courageous and generous Britons who rose above commercialism and petty nationalism. Macaulay at a momentous crisis had the courage to open the flood gates of Western culture on the barren soil of India. And with the clear vision of a prophet he said that the day would come when India would demand self-government and that day would be the proudest day for England. Why need any inhabitant of India, be he black or white, be ashamed of being enraptured of this dream?

Lofty and inspiring is this vision of Self-Government even in its significance for India and the Empire. But as one dwells on the vision it grows bigger and bigger until it comes to embrace all humanity. It seems to possess with it the healing balm so sorely needed by a war-weary world. Baldur, the Good, dreamt of a new heaven and a new earth in which men would live by peace as the heroes in Asgard lived by war. The Hebrew prophet Isaiah saw in the distant horizon the rising of a new world in which "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid". Even in the twentieth century Utopias have not ceased to enchant men's minds. Tennyson spoke of a time when the war drum would throb no longer and when, not the engines of war but "the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe". Dreams such as these gave birth to the Hague international conference. But it is a strange and sad irony of fate that within a few years after the erection of the Peace Palace this cataclysmic war broke out in Europe and international treaties were trodden under foot by an ambitious military caste in Germany. Alexander's brilliant exploits produced only an ephemeral political unity. It seemed as if Rome

was going to weld all the races of Europe into one great confederacy. None of the builders of the ancient empires had eyes to see the vision of a world-wide sisterhood of nations. In the present century when the vision has been granted to the seers of the world there are found two countries which are building Empires, *viz*, Germany and England. The course of events in the present war has made it abundantly clear that Germany has no thought of a "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world". She is fighting for a world domination which would convert this fair earth of ours into a huge slave market. England might have plunged into a similar hideous course, had it not been for the divine chastisement she received quite early in her career of conquest. The American War of Independence taught her an invaluable lesson. That one visitation of sorrow taught England to deal fairly by Canada, Australia and South Africa. She has graciously and with commendable self-denial descended to the level of a sister in a sisterhood of nations. She has caught the spirit of her Master, Jesus Christ, who said, "*Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and who soever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.*" Self-Government for India is bound up with the great ideal of international federation based on love and service. History will record it as the most glorious achievement of England, an achievement which has been possible only to England, that she has not only recognized the legitimacy but has actually encouraged the emergence of the ideal of Self-Government. Even Rome, the most humane of imperial mistresses, did not possess the stamina to ascend this Himalayan height of international morality. It is in this sense that the grant of Self-Government to India is the strength

of the British empire. Not that India's inexhaustible manpower will become easily available for defending the empire against its powerful enemy, but that the empire will attain complete self-expression only when India becomes self-governing is the web that has woven together the destinies of India and the British empire. Through the gradual expansion of her inner spirit, England is going to make the largest contribution to humanity, by providing the pattern for a world-wide sisterhood of nations; and under the guidance of God it has fallen to the lot of India to associate herself willingly in that great task.

Through a lack of zeal or through a recrudescence of commercialism, England might arrest her own spiritual development along these lines. But the danger is no less real and serious of India herself putting off the day of fulfillment by failing to envisage fully and steadily the idea of Self-Government. Those Indians who do not live in full view of this vision will miss sadly the inspiration of a great ideal. Those among our leaders who, in the heat and dust of controversy, forget to dream this soul-stirring dream will become ineffectual. It may, therefore, be worthwhile looking briefly at the actual state of affairs in order to discover how far or how near we are from the ideal. No thinking man would maintain that Civic life would be healthy, while a considerable section of the community is condemned to perpetual degradation and while the country is split into a thousand exclusive sects. The hydra-headed monster, Caste must be slain. And good and encouraging work has been done by the Sikh Gurus, the Brahmins and Arya Samajas. But the Varnashrama Dharma movement is a fearful portent. And the Bharat Dharma Mahamandal with which some of

the most prominent national leaders are associated has failed to help the cause of reform. The religions that have come to India and have brought some complications in their train, cannot be slain like the castes. Nor is it going to be any thing more than a meaningless cant to say that we should be Indians first and then Hindus or Christians or Muslims, as if a devout man can easily subordinate his loyalty to religion, to his loyalty to the country. The only true and national position is to say that you are a loyal Indian not in spite of but because of your religion. Religion it is that must define your ideal and inspire faith in its realisation. Religion, if of the proper type, will be the distant goal on which the heart is set and patriotism will be the expression of devotion to that goal in the realm of immediate practical endeavour. It is only thus that the rival claims of God and country could be reconciled. A vigorous nationalism can prevail in India only when it becomes clearly accepted that conversions to Islam or Christianity do not constitute a national problem. It may be a problem to the Hindu, but the Hindu is but a fraction, be it never so large, of the Indian. One detects a false note in the cry "India for Indians", for it does not apparently include the domiciled European community. There is always something ominous in an uncritical approbation of every thing Indian and a hasty and sweeping condemnation of every thing Western. The contrast between the persistent demand for equality of treatment for oneself and the equally persistent refusal to mete out even-handed justice to the out-castes stands out glaring and prominent. Under the circumstances it is extremely unsatisfactory that the Congress should have left social problems severely alone. One should not ignore the vast

strides that social reform has made in recent years. And what is even more hopeful is that the dumb have begun to speak, and those who are in bondage have vigorously protested that they shall no longer be slaves. But there is still an urgent need for turning the searchlight within—the search light that is turned so steadily and scorchingly upon the administration. If the ideal of Self-Government has really gripped the souls of Indians there will be no halting between the conservative loyalty to the past and the imperious demands of the present and no half measures with evils that are hampering progress towards the goal. May we look to the young men of India for a truer vision of self-governing India and for more comprehensive and adequate methods of realizing that vision?

G. VETHANAYAGAM JOH.

“The Manse”, Vepery,
Madras.

"THE DEBT WAS PAID."

It was the eve of Rissaldar-Major Uttam Singh's retirement from the service. He had served in Gould's Own Horse for close upon 36 years, and every one, from his gallant commanding officer to the lowest menial of the old regiment loved and respected him.

The regiment was "At home" in his honor. Indian and English officers strolled together, and sat round tea tables and the Sirdar Bahadur was going round shaking hands. He was in his uniform and his breast was covered with medals, among them the Orders of Merit and British India glowed in the setting sun.

Colonel Strong, V. C., strode up to the Sirdar Bahadur in the evening and shook him by the hand, "We will miss you a great deal, Sirdar Sahib, it is sad to part after serving together for twenty years. I am sure the whole regiment will miss you."

"Yes, Sahib, the parting from the old regiment and specially from you is painful to me, but, I am getting old having served the Sirkar for nearly thirty-six years, and though you always declare that I am stronger than the young men of to-day, still sixty is sixty and one must go to make way for others. I only wish you will not forget your humble friend."

"Certainly not, we cannot forget you. We are proud of your record in the regiment. I wish we had your son here to take your place amongst us."

"You are too kind. Where would I have been now, had not you rescued me yourself in the Chitral expedition, when you got the V. C. I cannot pay that debt in this life. I only pray that chance may come to me or to my descendants to pay it with interest. Yes, Sahib, my son shall join the regiment, your wish is law to me," the old soldier was apparently moved by old reminiscences.

The Colonel, who could not stand being reminded of the heroic deed he had performed long ago was muttering "Tut tut man it was nothing. You would have done the same, only you were wounded before me, let us forget it. I am glad your son will join his father's regiment. I have not seen him lately. Kirpal Singh was a strapping lad when he was reading at the regimental school. Where is he now?"

"He is studying at Khalsa College, Amritsar. I wrote to him to come here but he couldn't do so; owing to his examination being held in this week."

"What is he studying for?"

"I intended him to join the Lahore Medical College after he passed his First Arts examination, but all that will be seen after the war now. He would have joined long ago, but he is my only son and as I went to France at the outbreak of the war his mother resisted my wishes as to his joining the regiment."

"I am glad you have decided to let him serve his King first and think of his career afterwards. I must leave you

now as so many are waiting to talk to you," and heartily shaking the hand of the old Sirdar Colonel Strong moved away.

The others came up and surrounded the Sirdar with smiling faces mingled with traces of sorrow at the thought of parting from the good old soldier, who had so ably ruled in the regiment for such a long time. After the garden party the whole regiment with the regimental band escorted the Sirdar to the Railway station, and with tears in his eyes, he waved good-bye as the train steamed out of the station. The honor paid to the Risaldar-Major awakened in the minds of the younger men the ambition to serve their King with the same zeal as the retiring and much respected officer.

II.

Rissaldar-Major Uttam Singh was in his village home, his son Kirpal Singh was also home on leave after his final examination in First Arts and was awaiting for the result before proceeding to Lahore for Medical College Entrance examination.

Father and son had gone out shooting in the morning and secured a good bag of grouse and partridges before noon. They were just back home.

After the midday meal Sirdar Uttam Singh broached the subject of enlistment. He had refrained from speaking about it before to allow his son a fortnight's holiday after his labours.

"Kirpal Singh, it is my wish that you should enlist in my regiment for the duration of the war."

His son was startled by the suddenness of the proposal, he had built all his plans on a Medical profession. His mother spoke for him.

"What do you mean?" asked the old lady.

"To take my place in my old regiment. What else can I mean."

"Surely you have not changed your mind without consulting me. We decided that Kirpal Singh is not to enlist. Have you not done your and his share of Sirkar's Khidmat? Don't you know how much I suffered from the fear of losing you. When you were out in France fighting for the *Badshah* I suffered untold tortures. Indeed you have given me more anxious days than days of peace. I am now too old to go through it again. It will kill me."

"What rot" said the Sirdar. "I know you will. You are strong and brave. Don't try to persuade me. I have given my word and you know I never change."

Raj Kunwar shivered. She knew her husband. "Why should not the Sirkar take men from families who have done nothing for the war? Why take away the light of my eyes, the happiness of my soul, the staff of my old age. It is cruel."

"The Badshah has sent his own son. Have comfort wife. The Mulki Lat has sent his son also. I love Kirpal more than you. He cannot die before his time. Isn't it better to die on the field of battle than to die by the poison of plague or by some other dirty disease. Have you forgotten the only wish of our tenth Guru who asked of the "Timeless:—"

"Almighty, grant that I may not cease
Doing good deeds and fighting the foe
And when my worldly time is up
May I die fighting in a battlefield."

"I will not let my father break his word in his regiment," said Kirpal Singh. "I will go."

The old soldier beamed. "I knew you would do the right thing. Comfort your mother, lad, and tell her to be brave like you." The father and son fixed it all up and the mother accepted the event with resignation. Kirpal Singh enlisted.

III.

Kirpal Singh joined the regiment as a Private and the barack life without the comfort told on him. The very men who treated him with respect in his father's time were hard on him. He was, however, gradually promoted and could appreciate the value of discipline. Hard work and the regular life braced him for endurance and what is more he could feel for the Sipahi and his difficulties as he himself had passed through the-mill.

He volunteered for the Front with the first batch of reinforcements, which were expected to leave soon. The party was given fifteen days leave to go to their homes to bid goodbye to their relatives before their departure for the unknown, from where so few hope to come back, but many return.

Kirpal Singh spent his holiday in the bosom of his family. He was full of spirits. The thoughts of the future did not seem to trouble him and his parents too kept their faces smiling and did all they could to make his stay enjoyable. His young wife in her present happiness did not foreshadow future trouble, though sometimes, the thought that he would soon be gone came roosting in and clouded all her joy.

At last Kirpal Singh's leave came to an end. He was having his last meal with his father before his departure.

After the meal, the old soldier took his son aside and said, "Son you are about to leave for the Front from where many do not return, their lot is better than those who die a coward's death or bring dishonour on their name. Remember thy father's record in the regiment. May God help you to repay the long standing debt which I owe to Colonel Strong for saving my life."

"Yes, father, I will try my best to be worthy of you. Colonel Strong once saved your life at the peril of his own, and if luck favours I will not fail, but he is not going with us, so I see no chance."

"Everything comes to those who wait. Never worry about your son and wife, God will take care of them. The old soldier stifled his sobs with difficulty.

"I need not have any anxiety as long as you are alive father," said Kirpal Singh with some effort, "but give the little fellow a good education and make him a doctor if you can."

A batch of fifty sepoy, including one Indian Officer (Jumadar Kirpal Singh) of the Gould's Own Horse was ready to start for Bombay, *en route* to Mesopotamia when a telegram from Simla arrived and the members of the party were told to unpack and resume their regimental duties, as their departure was delayed until further orders.

"The war has come to an end after all," said some.

"No, only the Turks are destroyed and captured and there is no further need to send troops to Mesopotamia," said the other.

"Bah: what do you know about Turks? I, who have fought with them, know better. They are a tough lot to be wiped out entirely, but no match for us Sikhs."

"There must be a shortage of ships to convey the reinforcements, nothing else," informed the third.

"Quite right. My knowing one," put in the fourth. "Do you mean to say that our Sirkar has not got enough ships to convey fifty odd soldiers to Mesopotamia?"

"Indeed, I salute you, hazur, where did you get all this information? inquired the fifth, suiting his action to the words by getting up and saluting the fourth counsellor of the State of India, when some one came up from behind in the uniform of Wordie Major and asked:

' What are you laughing about? where is Jamadar Kirpa! Singh? '

"He has just gone to his bungalow for his breakfast, Sir," said one of the judges of the British War policy, who were now all standing at attention in a row before the Indian adjutant of the regiment.

Addressing one of them he said : " Atma Singh, go and give my salaams to Jamadar Sahib."

Kirpal Singh was instantly on the spot.

" What are the orders, Sahib," he asked. "Your party leaves on the 20th for Basra, you should see that all your men are in a fit condition and ready in every detail to embark. Lieutenant Strong commands your party."

The Wordie Major moved away and Kirpal Singh walked with him just to see him off a few steps. " Wordie Major Sahib, is this new Lieutenant Strong any relation of our Colonel?"

" He is his son, don't you know ?"

" Oh, is it so? No, I knew it not," and saluting the Wordie Major he returned to his own bungalow. His heart

was glad that a son of Colonel Strong will accompany and command his party. A few days later, Colonel Strong's orderly came to Jamadar Kirpal Singh and said that the Colonel has asked him to be at his bungalow at 4 P. M. On his arrival at the Colonel's bungalow, he was introduced to Lieutenant Strong who had arrived that morning.

After shaking hands, Lieutenant Strong said ; " I am glad to meet you Jamadar Sahib, my father tells me that you are an educated man of a very good family and have sacrificed your Medical career at the wish of my father. My father, also, has been telling me about your father's great record in service and his attachment to him throughout his long service. So I hope we will also pull on splendidly together."

" I am much obliged to you for all your kind thoughts, Sir. Your father saved my father's life in the battlefield long ago. And I am glad to be under you."

" Oh, it is all right, let us have some tea. You don't object to taking tea, with me, I hope ?" "

" No, I don't object. The educated Sikhs observe no caste."

" Being a new arrival in India I don't know much about the ways of the people here. I am greatly puzzled."

" But, surely you were here as a boy, Sir," asked the Jamadar.

" Yes, was in India with father till I was five year's old. I was then sent to school in England and have come out again only now."

" Did Colonel Sahib intend to make you a soldier like himself from the first, Sir :

" No, I was going to compete for the Indian Civil Service, but that must wait now."

The Colonel who had left the young men to talk with each other now returned and had a cup of tea with them. Tea over, Kirpal Singh thanked the Colonel for his kindness to him and asked permission to leave them. Shaking hands with Kirpal Singh the Colonel said ?

“Surely it is no kindness at all. Kirpal Singh, you are the son of my friend the Sirdar Bahadur and I am also pleased at your behaviour in the regiment since you joined. Therefore I wanted to introduce you to my son to make you both acquainted, as you are both going under fire together like me and your father.”

“I am greatly honoured, Sir and thank you again,” and saluting the Colonel and his son he left them greatly pleased.

IV.

Two days later, before leaving for the front Kirpal Singh wrote to his father :

My dear father,

Sat Sri Akal.

We are leaving for the front to-night at ten P. M. Colonel Strong's son, Lieutenant Strong, who has just joined the regiment, is going with us, and will command our party. Two days ago, the good old Colonel sent for me and introduced me to his son to make us better acquainted with each other. They were very kind to me, and spoke highly about you. I had tea with them and was altogether happy. Surely you couldn't find better officers in any other regiment. If all of them were like these no one will ever talk of good old aristocratic officers of the old days. They say shop-keepers are now becoming officers, but it cannot be true.

Lieutenant Strong is a open, hearty, good chap like his father. His grasp was warm and kind when he shook hands with me, and made me feel at home at once. I like him very much and will do anything for him. I will write when we reach Bombay. Love to mother and to my little sister.

Kindly give the enclosed letter to my wife. Hoping it will find you in very good health.

With love,

Your affectionate and respectful son,

KIRPAL SINGH.

V.

Kirpal Singh and his party were attached to the 18th Cavalry on arrival and were out on duty. The heat was intense, and even when the shamal cooled it a little, the dust storms were blinding. Kirpal Singh was out for reconnaissance beyond Amara. The land was marshy and there were many bunds and bends in the channels made by the Turks for irrigation in time of peace which were being used as trenches now.

The squadron was divided into two troops. The first troop was led by Major Wilson, the squadron commander and the second, commanded by Lieutenant Strong. The first troop was in advance when suddenly a great noise proclaimed the appearance of the enemy. Lieutenant Strong at once sent a party of one N.-C. O. and three lancers to see what was the matter, and let him know if his help was required. In about fifteen minutes, the N.-C. O. and one lancer reached back with the news that a great body of Turks, apparently from nowhere, were on the first troop and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Two men were

missing as they went right into the fight. Nothing could be seen owing to the dust storm. Lieutenant Strong did not wait to hear more, but with his troop galloped to assist the first troop. A fierce hand-to-hand battle continued for twenty minutes when the Turks began to run and the Indian Cavalry chased them, lancing and firing at the fleeing enemy. In this way the squadron was scattered when the bugle for return was sounded and all who were left of the squadron assembled some distance behind the place of encounter.

The roll call being called, there were sixty casualties. Major Wilson was missing. Nobody had thought of him when pursuing the Turks. Lieutenant Strong at once organised a search, he found Major Wilson at no great distance and was helping him to mount his horse when a bullet struck the Major in the head and he sank down dead.

Lieutenant Strong looked about. Surely the enemy had fled when a second entered his own shoulder and a third shattered his right knee into fragments. Jamadar Kirpal Singh heard the shots and galloped up and saw Lieutenant Strong wounded. 'He had also seen something moving in a bush near. He spotted a Turk and finished him, and then came to the assistance of his officer and helped him on to the saddle in front of him when another shot rang out close by from another direction, it missed him. He halted for a moment to see the direction but the wind was blinding and he could see nothing. He put his horse to the gallop, but he was too late. The hidden enemy's rifle spoke again and the bullet went home, his horse was on the gallop now, and a few seconds later he met a party of his troop who were coming to help, following the direction of the report.

"Take the Sahib away, I am finished, Sat Sri Akal," was all Kirpal Singh said before he fell down dead.

Retired Risaldar-Major Uttam Singh was sitting in his room called "Baithak," sitting room. Kirpal Singh's little son was playing on his knees when a telegram was delivered to him, which the railway station Babu had translated in Urdu for him. "Your son, Jamadar Kirpal Singh died in the battlefield after saving my son's life, who is doing well. All the regiment mourns the loss of a brave soldier and send heartfelt sympathy. Strong." The old warrior was gazing in space when his wife having heard the news of the arrival of a telegram ran up to him and asked ?.

"What is the matter Sirdar Ji? Is Kirpal Singh safe?"

"Yes he is safe with his Guroo." The debt is paid, muttered the old hero as though repeating it to himself.

HAZOORA SINGH.

Delhi.

CLASS INTERESTS.

While it may be somewhat possible to secure separate representation for all classes and interests in the Legislature of the country, executive or judicial offices do not admit of such representation. They can only be held by men who possess certain qualifications; and caste and creed are not at all part of those qualifications. The claim of Indians for higher offices and appointments is primarily based on merit; the essential principle being that where there is merit the question of caste and creed ought not to come in. Its special advantage is that, being of the people and well acquainted with the country, they can perform their duties with greater knowledge and sympathy. Apart from the question of equality of rights, it matters very little, so far as the general administration of the country is concerned, who holds a particular office, so long as the holder of it has the necessary qualifications, and can discharge his duties with knowledge, with sympathy, and with justice. That an Indian can *prima facie* do this better is the essence of the contention in favour of the admission of Indians to high offices. But this contention must lose much of its force when differences among Indians themselves are too much insisted on. Some years ago, in the House of Lords when the question

of appointing Indians to the Executive Council came up for consideration Lord MacDonell said that a Mahomedan should not be appointed unless a Hindu also is appointed, while Lord Landsdowne argued that there could possibly be no Indian, who can speak authoritatively on behalf of all the different races and creeds concerned. If this fact is right, no Indian can be a member of the Executive Council unless there are appointments for the representatives of all races and creeds; and if this is so with regard to the Viceroy's Council, it must be equally so with regard to the Councils of Governors. We do not admit the plea, but have there not been cries from certain quarters which tend to strengthen, if not altogether to justify it? What other conclusion can be drawn from the contention which is now made, that all the castes and creeds should be kept separately as regards representation. What is it but an assertion of divided interests all along the line? And if the interests are so divided, does it not stand to reason that they must be separately protected or left to be protected by English officials who alone, according to some Anglo-Indian journals, are capable of acting impartially.

Those who urge the contention do so, not from a full conception of the broad issues, but from a sense of immediate advantage accruing not so much to the class for which they claim to speak, but to individuals among them. They are just thinking of Legislative Council memberships only; but the application of the principle which they contend for, is calculated to cut the ground from under their feet in their other aim. The population of India is so diversified and so mixed up that it is impossible to have for them all a system of Government which is not based upon the conception of common rights

and interests. A Mahomedan must be able to administer the affairs of other classes as much as a Hindu, enjoying the common confidence of all, and not of any section. If he enjoys the confidence of only a section, he is out of place amidst a mixed population. Our experience of Indian officials generally is that they make themselves acceptable to all classes of their countrymen, and enjoy the confidence and respect of all. The late Mr. Ranade or the late Mr. Tyabji never appeared to any Indian as other than Indian. By no class of Indians was either of them regarded as belonging to a class or community different from their own. In the case of neither would an objection have been raised that he was a Hindu or a Mahomedan. They stood out for India and Indians and not for Hindus or Mahomedans. That is exactly the position which ought to be the aim of every patriotic and broad-minded Indian to attain. Unless that aim is kept in view, it will not be very easy to discount the objections such as we have referred to. To us it is a matter of perfect indifference as to which class of Indians holds any high office, provided the holder of it is not narrow and sectarian in his prejudices, opinions and aims. In the general administration of the country there is no room for a Hindu point of view or a Mahomedan point of view or a Christian point of view. Very rarely does a question connected with religion arise; and even in regard to such a rare question our experience has been that responsible men do not act contrary to their responsibility. Not to go beyond our own Presidency, we have had responsible Mahomedan officials who have never been known to have shown special favour to their class. At present there are two Mahomedan District Collectors; and they are

neither of them less popular among Hindus and Christians than among their own co-religionists. They enjoy a degree of public confidence and popularity which few other Collectors have enjoyed, and nobody has ever objected to them on the ground that they are not Hindu Collectors. To Hindus they are as good as the best Hindus could ever be; and if one of them is raised to a far higher office, as he may well be, we are sure that the entire people of this Presidency will heartily welcome such elevation.

Where there is such an absence of class feeling, why introduce it by mischievous cries about separate interests? There may now and then be foolish narrow-minded men who are incapable of rising to a high conception of broad public and national interests, but we are sure that the solid sense of the community at large is sufficiently strong to stifle censeless cries of that kind. If Hindus or Mahomadans ever make the mistake of opposing the advancement of the other classes on the ground of separate interests, the harm done will be to both. The late Sir Syed Ahmed, great man as he was, was let into this mistake at one time. The Moslem Deputation that waited upon the then Viceroy wisely avoided repeating it. But the undue insistence on separate interests now being made by some people is, we fear, calculated to jeopardise to some extent our common political advancement. A class of new politicians who left politics alone till now, and whose political opinions have not had time to mature, have begun to propound propositions different from the common creed of Indian politicians. Among these are men with youthful energies, but without the maturity of age or wisdom born of experience, or broad-mindedness

arising from free and intimate association with the best minds among all classes of Indians. At this time it is particularly unfortunate that such men should claim to lead or represent a whole community. We do not in the least mean that any class of people, however small a minority, should not have equal opportunities with the rest in the new political life that is opening up before us. We wish, on the other hand, that those who may be in the majority would themselves employ their power and opportunities, so as not to create any sense of unfairness among those who are numerically weak. A higher political wisdom must inspire the leaders of the different Indian communities. They must have a wide vision, a broad outlook. Without this, we may retard our progress and impair the value of the reforms which we are on the point of having. On the other hand, too much attention to the interests of classes and excessive emphasis on the division of classes have also to be guarded against as being obstacles in our way. The reforms are not merely for the present, but for the future; they are not the maximum which we are destined to achieve, but an instalment which, if we make good use of it, may justify an extension. The advance is made on the assumption of a growing national feeling in India. If that feeling does not develop, if its development is arrested by the undue assertion of sectional claims, our path will be rendered more difficult, and our aim less easy to attain.

V. BULASUBRAMANYAN.

Madras.

HISTORY IN WORDS.

It is not pedantry on my part, I hope, to plead that my professional occupations leave little time for literary pursuits, and although I am rather polytheistic, if the word is permissible, in the choice of goddesses that I adore, yet *Themis* (goddess of law) is my benefactress, and I have necessarily to kneel before her every day, and jealous as she is proverbially, I always try to propitiate her. She is, however, cognizant of my devotion also to *Clio* (goddess of history) which possesses a peculiar fascination for me.

By chance, while I was reading a Law Journal, I came across an interesting account of a law suit in France, and it struck me that I might choose something like the subject of that suit which I shall presently mention. I hit upon this subject namely, "History in words." The case I refer to is this. The *Daily Telegraph* says that French Jurisprudence has just laid down that the expression "A scrap of paper" is libellous, when applied to any document. A tenant had not paid his rent, and the landlord, the tenant being mobilized, wrote to the Minister of War that his tenant "looks upon the agreement signed by him as a mere scrap of paper." The tenant sued the landlord for libel, and the Court decided that "whereas the expression 'Scrap of paper' has now become history, and will for ever

brand the nation which has exceeded all records of duplicity and infamy, and whereas to apply such terms to any person is, and will always be, the gravest insult to his honour, he landlord must pay £240 damages, and a fine of £5." The Law Students' Journal (September). (XXXI Madras Law Journal, page 83).

Anybody who has read Archbishop Trench's small book on the "Study of words", could not have helped wondering at the laborious research, which that author has devoted in tracing the origin and the history of hundreds of words in the English language. History leaves no manner of doubt that when nations come into contact whether by commerce or by conquest or otherwise, there is always exchange of thought, a conflict between civilizations, modification of manners and habits and in a variety of ways they are mutually influenced.

"The indigenous sources of the history of Hindu India" says Mr. Vincent Smith "available in India itself are fairly copious. They may be summed up as (1) Inscriptions (Epigraphic): (2) Numismatic: (3) Buildings and Art (Archæological): (4) Tradition recorded in literature (5) Histories more or less regular and to some extent contemporary with the events narrated." To his list I would add current words which preserve some remnants of historical events.

Language is one of the departments which cannot escape the influence unavoidably caused by mutual contact, the result is that a poorer language is enriched from the richer in addition to giving and taking of numeral words. Where historical records afforded by books, inscriptions, coins, perish, vanish or fade away, words supply history and

philology furnishing the materials comes to aid. For example, when we have to trace the connection of India with Egypt we draw on certain words, for instance ships were called *Bairees* in Egypt, Nile is no other than the Neel of India, meaning blue, Nil Ganga, Nil Dhara, Neel as indigo, etc., etc., and the phonetic resemblance between Egyptian words Luxar, Karnac, Ramesis, Minos, Shishak, with Indian words Luksar, Karnatic, Rama, Manu, Shishnag. Likewise the identity of domestic and household words show a common origin of Aryan nations.

Mutual dissensions between Aryan nations are indicated by opposite senses given to the same word, for instance the Persian word Dev and the Indian word Deva have diametrically opposite meanings.

Taking another example, when we have to trace the origin of Navy, we see in Sanskrit Naw, Greek Naus, Latin Navis evolving the word Navy of the modern days. In short language is fossil poetry as Emerson says.

I propose after Bishop Trench's fashion to select a few words current in the present day, which contain some historical material of some sort or other. It need hardly be stated that a host of vernacular words have found their way in the English tongue and have become in the latest dictionaries part and parcel of the English language; for instance shikar, jungle, khud, loot, bungalow, kit (khidmatgar), pyjama, etc., etc. Likewise many English words, some in their pure form, others in a corrupted form, have been introduced into the vernaculars of the country and are so to speak vernacularised; for example judge, doctor, inspector, appeal, degree (decree), etc.

Before the advent of the English, certain Portuguese words had also been similarly vernacularised; for instance *kamra* is a corruption of camera, *martol* is derived from *martalo* meaning a hammer, *nilam* from *lila* meaning an auction, and tank from *tangue*; the metallic tanks are still pronounced as *tankis*.

I will now mention some words dividing them into certain sub-heads:

- (A) Appellations, etc.,
 - (B) Geographical names,
 - (C) Fruits and vegetables, and
 - (D) Miscellaneous articles.
- (a) *Appellations etc.*

(A) We see every day the words 'His Highness' used as an honorific title of Indian princes or other grandees of almost equal position. We read in *Dela Valle's* travels that this term was applied by the Portuguese in addressing Indian Kings after the manner of their own King, when they had one, which, however, when the Kingdom passed to the King of Spain was substituted by the word 'Majesty', a dignity which the sovereigns of Europe enjoy. The words 'His Highness' have come down from that time and have after the Portuguese power came to an end, been continued by the British Government.

The word 'Lala', which is now applied to Hindus, other than Brahmans, generally as a word of respect has a history of its own. We read in *Hang Thsang's Travels*, page CVIII, Volume I, Introduction, the following:

"With reference to Lala or Lara it seems from Cunningham's remarks, (*Archæological Survey*, Volume II, page 31) that this term is equivalent to 'lord'."

Laras, according to Hang Thsang dwelt in Malwa and Walabhi. We further see in Mediæval researches, Volume I, page 305, the word 'Lala' being applied to eleven nations or countries enumerated in the Mongol annals. Can we not from this account, easily conclude that the word Lala came down to be employed as a term of honour on account of its being the name of certain influential tribes in the Hindu and Buddhistic periods.

Let me now make another guess that the "*Lara*" of bridegroom, who is always dressed in royal garb or regal costume is the same word as "Lala", when remember that in dialects L is often pronounced as R and *vice versa* as interchangeable letters.

The word "Kazilbash," which is the surname of a noted family at Lahore has its own history. Kazilbash which literally means red head was the name of a warlike tribe of Persia, so called from the colour of their head dress adopted by order of the first King of *Sophi* or *Safawi* dynasty as a distinctive mark of the Shiah sect; see Dela Valle's Travels, Vol. I, page 173.

Kiranee. The best seamen, says Ain Akbari, came from Malabar. Akbar had his admiralty, an account of which is given in *Ain* 30. We read in it the word *Karāni* which meant a writer who kept the accounts of the ship and served out water to the passengers. In a note to this *Ain* Mr. Blochman says that the word was in the days he translated the *Ain* applied to any clerk.

It is not improbable that the *Karranis* in Akbar's time were Madrasi Indian Christians. The word gradually came to be pronounced *Kirani* and applied to Indian Converts generally. The word is now falling into disuse.

Salatri, which means a doctor of horses was the name of a Brahman Author and the tutor of the famous Susrat. A Muhammadan King either Ghias-ud-Din Tughlak or Gias-ud-Din Khilji before Akbar's time caused a Sanskrit work Salator translated into Persian and styled it Kurrat-ul-Mulk in 783 A. H. 1381 A. D., a copy of which was found in the Royal Library of Lucknow (according to Mr. H. M. Elliot). The preface says that the translation was made "from the barbarous Hindi into the refined Persian in order that there may be no more need of a reference to the infidels". A second translation of a Sanskrit work on the veterinary art styled *Slatori* was made in Shahjahan's reign by Khan Bahadur Feroz Jung who had found the original Sanskrit work among some other Sanskrit works plundered in the reign of Jehangir in the expedition against Mewar from Amar Singh, Rana of Chitor. The translator makes no mention in it of the work on the same subject which had been translated from the Sanskrit into Arabic at Baghdad under the name of *Kitab-ul-Baitara* (Sarda's Hindu superiority).

It is an admitted fact that the Arabic translations of medical works were the foundations on which European medical science was subsequently based.

The Baitar was generally applied to a doctor of horses. Is it not very striking that all beasts of burden are still called Bahtar in some parts of the Punjab and in the Rawalpindi District a Bahtar means a horse. If B is changed to V, we have the root of the word veterinary which English dictionaries say is derived from *Veterinae*, beast of burden.

Now, Our friend the *Nai* has a history too. *Nas* in Arabic means a person who reports occurrences of deaths

in a community or a family. Among Mahomedans he, in addition to his work of a barber, still does the work of such reporting, and on festivals acts as a cook. In some parts of the Province a Hindu *Nai* is sometimes called by the nickname of Raja. He does multifarious duties in Hindu homes. He is not only a barber but a match maker too. I am inclined to think that the word *Nai* is a name given by Mahomedans to a barber in this country. Shall we be justified in tracing the origin of *Khalifa*, another name for a barber, to *Haleqa*, meaning in Arabic, one who shaves.

Let us now come down from words denoting dignity or certain professions to certain menial servants of the modern days, and it is interesting to discover the history of the words *bahra*, *sirdar* and *Mashalchi*. We find that these words have their history. In days when the means of communication were poor and European travellers had to travel in *palkis* with their *khidmatgars*, which must be few in those days, the greater part of the menial work used to be performed by the *doli* bearers. The *doli* bearers were called by the Sahib as bearers, who served him in addition to carrying the *doli*, as servants as well. The torch bearer of the *doli* was the *Mashalchi*, who did the cooking for the Sahib, and is now still called by that name in European kitchens. *Sirdar* was the head of the *doli* bearers and the principal servant or a valet. He is still the Sardar at European Bungalows; (see Baron Huegel's Travels in Punjab and Kashmir.)

Next comes the *coolie*, which is a common word used for a porter. In the Turkish language it means a slave. The origin of the word in India is traceable to *Koles*, the

aboriginal inhabitants of Chhota Nagpur, Mirzapur and Riwa. In the Dravidian language, it means hire. Either the Mahomedan conquerors gave this name to the porters or they came from the tribe which passed by the name of Koles. I would refer to Dr. Oppert's work on the original inhabitants of India for further information on the subject, pages 122 and 149.

We have another word '*nat*'. We understand by the word '*nat*' a person who performs some tricks on the rope accompanied with some music, etc. It is probably derived from *natya* which means in Sanskrit drama stage acting. (Indian drama by Hortwich).

The word *Serwan* is now synonymous with a camel driver. It derives its name from a tribe of that name in Baluchistan, where camels are abundant and where that ship of the desert is the chief means of conveyance. [Masson's Travels in Afghanistan, Kalat etc.

We have an English word 'nomad'. In the dictionaries it is supposed to have been derived from *numdas* living on pasturage from *nemo* to feed. But Mr. Vigne in his travels in Afghanistan, page 83, is of opinion that the tents of the wandering tribes in Central Asia being made of felt called *numdah* have supplied the root to the word 'nomad'. I am inclined to the view that *namdah* or felt was probably the origin of the word 'nomad'.

The word 'sepoy' was concocted by the Dutch to apply to Native soldiers as a corruption of 'sipahi', namely one of the units of 'sipah' meaning army, (see Keen's Hindustan under Freelance, page 9).

YAVANAS

This word has considerably perplexed historians owing to its phonetic resemblance with the word Ionians, one of

the Greek races. The word occurs in the Ramayana and in Panni long before the Ionians (Greeks) entered India. In Dowsons' Classical Dictionary, page 376, we read:—

"Yavanas. The Yavanas of the Hebrew. The term is found in Panini, who speaks of the writing of the Yavanas. The Puranas represent them to be descendants of Turvasu, but they are always associated with the tribes of the North-West frontier and there can be no doubt that the Macedonian or Bactrian Greeks are the people most usually intended by the term. In the Bactrian Pali inscriptions of King Priyadarsi the word is contracted to Yona, and the term Yonaraja "is associated with the name of Antiochus the Great, the ally of the Indian prince Sophagasenas, about B. C. 210". The Puranas characterise them as "wise and eminently brave". They were among the races conquered by King Sagara, and "he made them shave their heads entirely." In a later age they were encountered on the Indus by Pushpamitra, a Mauryan general, who de-throned his master and took the throne." In a note at page 64 of Mr. Dass' Geography of Valmika the author quotes Schlegel and Lempriere's Classical Dictionary as follows:—

The Yavanas. This word is derived from यु + जन (to mix) and originally meant a mixed tribe. "The name Yavanas, or Javans seems to have been used rather indefinitely for nations situated beyond Persia (country of the Pahlvas) to the West. After the time of Alexander the Great, the Indians as well as the Persians called the Greeks also Yavanas." Schlegel.

The Javanas probably migrated westwards and spread over Asia Minor and Greece in ancient times.

According to Greek history, Ion, King of Helice, aided the Athenians in their war against the Eleusinians and defeated them. "The Athenians sensible of his services invited him to come and settle among them, and the more strongly to shew their attachment to him, they assumed the name Ionians. (*Vide* Lempriere's Class. Dict.) The Ionians were subsequently driven out of Aegialus by the Achaeans and migrated into Asia Minor, 60 years after the return of the Heraclidae, (B. C. 1044). The confederacy of Ionia in Asia Minor consisting of 12 States, among which were Priene, Miletus, Ephesus, Phocia, Samos and Smyrna, flourished for a long time till their subjugation by Craesus, King of Lydia". *Ibid*.

It is thus evident that the Javans were originally an Asiatic people, who migrated from the East and at length came to be known as the Greeks under the generic name of Ionians.

The word *halal-khor* has always puzzled me. The antithesis of it, "*haram-khor*" is a word of reproach, and I wondered how is it that a sweeper was called *halal-khor*. But Della Valle's Travels, Volume I, page 54 solved the difficulty. The idea conveyed by the word is that a sweeper is a *halal-khor*, because it is lawful for him to eat everything, in other words everything was *halal* or permissible for him.

Geographical names.

Multan. When Haing Tsang visited it, it was very populous and wealthy. He calls it Mulo-San-Pulu, interchanging R with L its ancient name is Mulasthanpura. It is interesting to investigate why this name? Sir Alexander Burnes in his Travels into Bukhara III, page 114 states "Multan is styled Mallithan or Malli Tharun.

Dr. Oppert devotes a chapter to the description of *Mallas* as a nation repeatedly mentioned in the Mahabarat Harivans and in various Purans; Lalit Vastara and others. Malabhuni and Mallastra referred to Northern parts of India occur in Ramayan and Mahabharat. Mallas are specially brought to our notice by the circumstance that Buddha preferred to die among the Mallas in Kusingara whose last act was to appoint Malla Subhadra as an Arhat. As the name of a people we meet the word in Malaka, Malada Mallava, Oppert's Original Inhabitants pages 18-20.

Is it venturesome to conjecture that Multan retained the trace of its original inhabitants the Mallas?

In the Punjab, a Mul means a Pahilwan now used in the sense of a wrestler though it is the name of a tribe in Persia where too it came to mean a wrestler or a hero, *e.g.*, Mars was called by Persians Pahilwan-i-Sipahir. We have also names like Malawa Ram or suffixes to Hindu names like Sunder Mall, Goojar Singh, etc. The tract Malwa in this province may be traced to one of the principal homes of Mallas. May we not also guess that Malerkotla was a tract inhabited by Mallas. We have a tribe called Malairs in the South probably Mallas in origin, when we remember that Mallas was a very big nation as we have seen they were to be found even in Kusingara, one should not wonder if the present State Malerkotla was a Kot, or Colony of the Mallas called by a slightly different formation of the same word.

Lahore. Though legend attributes the founding of Lahore or Lohawarana to Lova, the son of Rama, it is not probable that Lahore was founded before the first century A.D., as we neither find it mentioned in connexion with Alexander, nor is it described by Strobo or Pliny. On the other hand, it may possibly be the Lahokla of Ptolemy, as Amakatis,

which is mentioned by that author as near Lahokla, has been identified by Cunningham with the ruins of Amba Kapi, about 25 miles from Lahore. The first certain historical record of Lahore is, however, that of Hiuen Tsiang, who mentions it as a large Brahmanical city visited by him in A.D.630 on his way to Jullundhur. About this time it is probable that the capital of the kingdom of Lahore was transferred to Sialkote as Albiruni speaks of Lahore as a province whose Capital was Mandhukur, and it is noticeable that *al Masudi* makes no mention of Lahore.

At the end of the tenth century the kingdom of Lahore was in the hands of a Brahman Dynasty and in A.D 988 Jai Pal the reigning monarch, was decisively beaten by Sabuktgin. (Imperial Gazetteer xvl.p 106)

Among others Lahori is the name of one of the ruined cities in the delta of the Indus (Imperial Gazetteer, xxii .p.403)

Mozung. It is now almost incorporated in the town of Lahore. Perhaps few know the origin of the name. There is a small village near Kabul of this name and a gate in Kabul is called Mozung Darwaza. It must be in the reign of some Pathan Kings that it became probably a colony of Mozung Pathans, which gave the village its name. Masson's Travels, Vol. II, page 260.

Surat. It is commonly believed that the Mahomedans gave this name to the town, Surat in Arabic means a gate. From the fact that pilgrims to Mecca use to start from this place some people thought that the town is called Surat on that account, but the idea is erroneous, possibly there may be a coincidence. Its ancient Hindu name was Surparaka, founded by the King of Vidarbad, derived from Surya, Sun, (Della Valle 18).

Goa. This town did not take its name from any European word as some seem to think. It was *gomant* of the Hindus derived from the Sanskrit Goashtra or a district of Cowherds, the ancient appellation of the Southern Konkan (1. Della Vale, 156).

Bombay is the corruption of Buon Bahia meaning good port, a name which the Portugese gave it (Seeley's Wonders of Ellora).

Colaba, one of the sub-divisions of Bombay is a corruption of *Kala Ab* (Black water, meaning the sea).

Baroch has a history of its own, its Sanskrit name was Bhrigu Kaccha. The Romans who traded in the South of India called it Bary Gaza. It used to be a great port trading with the west. The Roman coins found in the South testify to the Roman commercial establishments (Rawlinson's "Intercourse between India and the Western world").

Palva Bander is now converted into Appollo Bander. (Rawlinson, p. 119.)

Camorin Cape takes its name from Cape Kumari which took its name from the name of a goddess *Kumari* (Rawlinson, p. 112.)

Laccadives Islands; "*Lukhish deepa*" thousands of Islands, (do; p. 147.)

Turning for a minute to Indian music, we find that some localities have given names to a number of Indian *Ragnis*.

Bhupali took its name from Bhupal.

Malhar from Mallabar coast where rain is abundant.

Dhanaseri from a town so mentioned in Ain Akbari, the name of modern Tenassarim in the South of India.

Multani derived its name from Multan.

Pahari a song sung in the hills as contradistinguished from *Des* sung in the plains.

Poorbi a tune or a song sung in the East (Poorab).

Telang. Telegana in the South gave it the name.

Gauri from Gaur.

Todi. It must have been derived from Todas in the Nilgiri hills. Another style of it goes by the name of Jaunpore Tody.

Sindh. This is obvious.

Bengali. This is obvious.

Nepali obvious.

Some of the Hindu Goddesses worshipped in Southern India have furnished names to certain Indian tunes, *e.g.* Bharvi, Gauri, Jajanti, Kaliani, Lalit Devi, Yogeshuri (Oppert's Original Inhabitants of India.) It would be an interesting field for research for a historian of Indian Music to trace how far were the Arayan Settlers in India indebted in this respect to the Dravidians, the original inhabitants of India.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Nashpati. It will be interesting to trace the history of the word Nashpati or its corrupted abbreviation Nakh. In Hang Tsang's Journal we read that Kanishka, the great Buddhistic emperor's fame spread in the neighbouring countries and his military power recognised by all. The tributary princes to the West of the Yellow river in recognition of his authority sent hostages to him whom he treated with marked attention. They were accommodated in winter in a town which reliable investigation has identified to be the modern Patti near Kasur, which was called China Patti, when that traveller visited it on account of the residence of the Chinese hostages there.

Says the traveller "that there existed neither pear nor peach in this Kingdom and throughout Indies until the hostages planted them, and therefore the Peach is *Chinani* and the pear is called the China Rajputra." The former still goes by that name in the north-west of India according to Cunningham, though in the Punjab it is called *Aru*. In Kashmir it is still called *Chinan*; the China Rajputra has been corrupted into *Nashpati*, the *ch* being dropped altogether.

Sungtra, or dropping the G Suntra is a delicious fruit of the Province. The smaller orange is called Naran-gee, which is another form of the Arabic word Naranj, which in Spain is Naranja.

The Sungtra has its history. Baron Huegel says that Portugese monks introduced the Cintra orange of Portugal in the South of India from where the word travelled to Northern India (Huegel's Travels, p 253). In the Punjab it is a graft of the sweet and acid limes.

Kishmish is the name of dried raisins. It is really the name of an Island in the Persian gulf, the ancient Qracta. It was celebrated for its wine which was probably prepared from grapes and very likely the dried grapes exported from there came to be called *Kishmish* in this country. (Della Valle, Vol. page 2).

Anunnas. This is probably not an Indian name. Its Latin name is *Annasa Sativa*. It was brought from South America into England in the reign of Charles III. Lady Montague writing in 1716 speaks of two ripe Annanas (1 Della Valle, 135). We will assume that is it not an indigenous fruit but introduced by some Europeans. It is mentioned in *Ain-i-Akbari* (Blochman, p. 64). Jahangir

says in his Memoirs that it is a delicious fruit reared in the Island of Farangis.

Aloo. I have not been able to trace, in what period this common vegetable was introduced into India. It is not mentioned in the list of vegetables enumerated in the Ain-i-Akbari although *Kuchaloo* is mentioned. We may safely conclude that it must have been introduced here sometime after. That it must have been introduced during the reign of any one of the Mahomedan Kings is evident from its Indian name *Aloo*. We have the name of well-known fruits Alo-i-Bukhara and Aloochar Shaftaloc. In Mahomedan countries plums are called *Aloos* and I should not be surprised if *Arū* is also a corruption of *Aloo*. Few will doubt that potato is an exotic. It is to the Spaniards that we owe this valuable esculant. They met with it in the neighbourhood of Quito where it was cultivated by the natives. In Spanish books it is mentioned under the name of Battala. A Spaniard is supposed to have brought it from Peru into Spain from where it passed into Italy and Belgium, and John Hawkins brought it into England in 1563.

The fact that sweet potato is called *Shakar Kandi* is also evidence of its introduction in one of the Mahomedan periods. The round form of a potato gave it the name by which plums are called in the Persian language. Baron Huegel took potato to Kashmir in Ranjit Singh's time in order to introduce it in the valley and recommended it to the Raja of Askardoo for cultivation in his country and Thibet (Huegel's Travels, page 144). Captain Wade sent it to Kabul from Ludhiana. In Persia it was introduced by Sir John Malcolm, (Vigne, Travels in Afghanistan, page 174). From the fact it is clear that this valuable vegetable which

has now become practically ubiquitous has travelled from the new into the old world and must have been brought into India by some Portuguese priest.

In Fallon's dictionary we have *α'η* its' Sanskrit root. Whether this is a generic name or the name of the modern potato, I could not solve.

• *Miscellaneous articles.*

Murtaban. We call glazed earthen pot by this name. Murtaban is a town in Burmah on the bank of the Salween, opposite Moulmien.

The name of the town gave the name to the article, because it was here that glazed pots as well as other china and porcelain articles were received from across the Indian border where they were manufactured, and from here they were sent out to Indian markets. I would refer you to the recently published Archæological report of the Nizam's dominions where an interesting article on importations of china and porcelain in India appears from the pen of an expert.

Shatranj. The word is derived from Chaterang namely Foot, Horse, Archers on Elephants, Warriors on Chariots. The last is represented by a Howdah as Rookh on Castle. The game is mentioned in Ramayana and according to Firdausi, an Indian King, sent a chess board to Nausherwan about the tenth century. The game travelled to Europe through Islamized Persia where Christians raised the archers to the dignity of Bishops and the Wazeer was discarded and Queen substituted (Harrowitch's Indian Drama and Sardas Hindu superiority).

Pulki is originally a Javenese word Palanchin, anglicised as Palanquin. (Della' Valle, p.31, note). It must be the Dutch who brought the word from Java.

Rickshaw. The word in Japanese was Janrikshaw, the first syllable is dropped, it is now naturalized as Rickshaw in India. Probably some Jesuit priests have brought the word.

Pagoda is derived from But (idol), kuda, (house). We are all familiar with Burmese and Chinese Pagodas. There used to be a coin of that name in Southern India called so from the impress of a shrine it had on one of its faces. The phrase shake the Pagoda tree has come to mean to make a fortune in an easy way.

In the department of Confectionery Mahomedans gave us some words, *e.g.* :—

Halwa—which in the Punjab is called Karaha, metonymy for the vessel in which it is cooked.

The *Dur Bahisht* or *Dil Bahisht*—a well known sweetmeat.

The *Barfi*—The comfit iced with silver leaves.

The *Falooda*—The gelatinous preparation of rice.

Likewise they gave us some words in the culinary department, for instance, the *kofta* now pronounced in European Hotels *kufta*, the *kuliu*, the *korma*, the *kabab*, the *Palao* spelt as *Pillof* in the books of European travellers.

In the dress also we owe the origin of *Pag* and *Pagri*, diminutive, to the Persian word *Pag*, the *Pashmina*, the wool cloth, the *Mushro*, which is a mixed fabric of silk and cotton authorized by Shara, hence the word. In early days pure silk was supposed to be interdicted for orthodox Mahomedans and when mixed with cotton it was legalized. (*Benares by Havell, page 84*).

Atriphal. It is composed of *Harar*, *Bahera*, *Aawla*.

These three drugs make up what is in Hindi called *Tirphala*, Mahomedan physicians arabacised the three drugs as *Halala*, *Balela* and *Amla*, and its compound as *Atriphal*.

Imli. The Arabs called it Samar-i-hind or Timar Hindi, anglicised as Tamarind.

But. A writer in an article 'Influence of Buddhism on Islam' in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, London 1904 is of opinion that the idols, and images of Buddha in Central Asia are the origin of the word *But*. It is a corruption of Budh at first applied to images of Buddha in Central Asia and afterwards began to mean an idol. In the Arabic language Budh means an idol. This article is appearing in Urdu garb in a local magazine (makhzan) which by the way is the origin of the word Magazine (Muhammad Jamil-ul-Rahman, translator, Makhzan.)

It is obvious that the introduction into Arabic of the word Budh clearly shows to what extent Buddhism spread in Central Asia.

Every word that we speak has a history if we could only decipher it.

SHEO NARIAN.

Lahore.

This paper was read by the author at the Y M C A , Lahore

LUNACY.

Are Lunatics those who being dominated by a false leading thought, are confounded by the eccentric results they experience, between what *they* propose and what *God* disposes ?

If so, can we not cure lunatics and save considerable expenditure on Asylums, if we tackle the miserable leading thought, provide them with the anti-toxin for confused wits, and prove its efficacy by the joyous laughter sparkling from a suddenly realised joke !

The matter is worth considering; for here we have the cue to the economic connection between Psychology and an Imperial Budget ! Evidently there is positive money value to be assigned to a 'thought' used to advance the ideas of the individual, and of the Almighty. A Finance Minister struggling to preserve his balance, in the tug between circumstance, the will of the people, and that of the Government, trying to give effect to the will of the Almighty, might soon find himself in a lunatic asylum if he could not realise the joke of it all. But as a holder of office he has to see the safety valve to his mirth is in good order; for, is the whole business of Government and people not initially that, to secure the first need of life--'the daily bread' to every man, woman and child !

Evidently there is a useful limit to the potential indulgence in Mirth—generously provided by Vishnu, the Preserver;—while Siva, the Destroyer of the wicked, keeping a Scout's observation over the 'WORK' of men's minds, their objects, strategy and tactics to gain them, executes justice on the Sons of man, on behalf of Brahma the Creator; who turns them out,—'taza, ha taza nau ba nau! endowed with all the necessary powers for work and duty.

The Optimist smiles out of the Heart's pleasure; while the Pessimist grouses out of his mind's Ignorances.

Who says that either Vishnu or Siva are one or the other? Certainly not the skilled Workman. If Siva was a pessimist he would be a mere Devil. This is what a mass of lunatics account a mysterious mythical personality, charged by a humorous Creator with the business of 'Tempting' the sons of Man, who every body knows need little tempting! It is a handy way for these sons of men to escape responsibility under a Theology, which only scientific experts are supposed to be able to master,—but are unable clearly to explain?

The skilled workman is an Optimist when he feels that the 'System' under which he works for the daily bread is a good one for himself, his family his country, and all the other countries of the world; for then there can be no fighting but perhaps, plenty of good work and pleasure, such as that to be expected when God's Kingdom on Earth, will have come.

'What kind of Kingdom will that be' says Humanity?

It has been variously described by different Theologies, more or less with reference to things the Sons of Man have longed for, but seldom got; while the effort to grasp them by kicking against the pricks of systems, times, occasions

and conflicting interests, of the Neighbour, have perhaps converted the best workman into a pessimist, a drunkard, or a lunatic,—unless as in India he has been mentally cheered and rightly balanced by the magic of Krishna's flute!

Lest we forget, it must be said, that Krishna is an Incarnation of Vishnu the Preserver; the breath and music of whose flute is that of Heaven itself. The spiritual Krishna indeed brings Heaven to Earth; and sustains the despairing and despondent toiling in the field attending the cows; or producing the crops, in direct co-operation with the Almighty, fructifying the seed. This is fully realised by the studied European.

This is in fact and always has been, '*India*'. Agriculture has been the main occupation of the people. They have been favoured by climate, soil, and rainfall; and consequently have increased and multiplied exceedingly; perhaps in excess of the sanitary limit of efficiency per unit. Physique has certainly suffered, in some parts of the South, while mentality remains unimpaired. But if there be lunatics in India in excess of those in other countries let it be proved! The proof might end in startling results. For the whole world might be the lunatics, while the One Prophet accounted the madman of His day, may in the course of 1900 years of subsequent experience, be pronounced to have been the one and ONLY wholly sane!

Then how do we account for this humorous situation at date, while millions of innocent human beings are being slaughtered to please a Germany, that has diligently educated 60 or 70 millions of its peoples—for as long as Moses was wandering with a discontented host in the desert of Sinai—to understand, that 'deceit' and

'treachery' to the neighbour is the divine will of the Creator; and Kaiserdom was appointed to carry it out !

Is it because Jesus had the Power in Himself to speak out in the presence of a World that thought it was sane; ~~and on a subject of World Work and Government, which~~ nobody understood !

Christianity, originating in the working ranks, says 'Yes'. Why? Because it suffered, and knows: while ignorantly conceived 'Systems', barring the 'Co-operation, of the world's peoples, suppressed the TRUTH, which Pilate by his question to Jesus showed He knew well. A Governor under the Emperor Augustus owed loyalty to a System; while the Workman, and Son of Man, owing loyalty to the Government, was silent on the system, and could only answer as the '*Son of God*'. But what could be said? He had already spoken; there was nothing left to say!

Now there are evidences that throw light on the meaning of the Saviour's expression, 'The Son of Man.'; and the Christians accounting Him The Christ—'The Only Son of God.'

The Old Testament refers to the creation of Man as in the image of God; and Moses wrote of God as a Personality, 'Jehovah'; dating the Creation from Adam.

Now Adami in Urdu is the word for a man; but apparently is derived from *Man* as a distinct species of creation; and was apparently adopted for Old Testament teaching as a convenient starting point of History; being the name of a King; a historical road maker; in Taurus Armenia (before B. C. 3750); one of the trade routes between East and West.

According to Colonel Waddell, Adam was a humanitarian reformer; an Engineer, a Democrat, a Workman; and above all, a King of the Hittites * or Aryans, and a Military hero. His followers, the proto-Hittites and cult-associates, were called "*the sons of God*". How could this conception have arisen, and been accepted—apparently in the East generally,—perhaps originating the conception of the ideal of 'Divinity' in connection with Brahmanism, and the divinity of Kings.

King Adam must have been a veritable demi-god, to have possessed the wisdom and power ascribed to him; and the suspicion arises that he must have been the author of the Book of Job, date unknown, but entered at about B. C. 1520 in the Bible of to-day.

But how did the sublime ideal of the Divinity in Man, cut itself short at a monopoly of that element for particular families or races; and reconcile its conception with that of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, in respect of all Humanity?

Evidently there is something lacking in the logic, which must be accounted for by the circumstance of its 'origin'. It apparently springs from the fact of a high condition of civilisation existing in South Asia Minor,—a land Trade route between the group of peoples constituting *Japhet* in the North and West, and those of *Ham* in the South and East,—which presented temptations to both Ham and Japhet to make raids on it, with the result of its ultimate destruction; while the traditions of its excellencies took the form of worship of the Heroes concerned, and the Spirit behind their actions.

* In Southern Asia Minor, where any number of ruined cities bear evidence to former prosperity subsequently destroyed by war and devastation.

The Individual does, the very same thing to this day. We worship the evidence of the Holy Spirit manifesting itself in the mood, and the act. But in work and business, we never know what a man may be tempted, or constrained to do by circumstance, spoiling his record. So we refrain from judging him till the record is closed. Accordingly we worship the part of the record that appeared Godly; hence the worship of Ancestors has become a Religion. The only drawback to it is, that the ancestor's sins are forgotten as well as forgiven—perhaps for some advantage they have conferred on the worshipper ! Our lunacy today consists, of not forgiving the sins of ignorance ; and quietly pocketing any unconsidered trifles a thief may have dropped in his hasty flight !

Our 'thoughts' in the midst of 'systems' in action may not always be those that harmonise with the system we ourselves are following or would desire. Consequently other people finding themselves in the same quandary, there must necessarily be frictions of thoughts and systems, till *one* leading thought and system is entertained for the whole world, that will blend all effort and bend all wills for work and government into a single progressive advance. Meanwhile we must bear with cheerfulness the imperfections of systems, till we can gradually right them without increasing frictions and creating wrongs !

The tangle of the world's thoughts was washed clean and wrung out to dry by Jesus, and the record of the process is open to all who take the trouble to read it. What do the scientists think of it ?

The integration of differences in scientific research without a universal main object at the bottom of it, is enough in itself to cause all but the most studied expert to

head the procession of the world's lunatics. How many of the scientists proclaim their main universal objective ? The worship of self often clouds the lustre of their intellects, and they think to exalt their personalities on the shoulders of a following they flatter, or find handy to their wit.

A Scientist in Government reveals his thoughts in an environment favorable or unfavorable to his personal uplift. Nietzsche revelling in the 40 year development of Kaiserism, with its aspirations to emulate Napoleon, Alexander, Moses, and finally King Adam at vanishing point, begins from a remote ancestry, that surely may be traced to the origin of the species, in a distinct connection with King Adam at least. Hence Kaiserism and the Baghdad Railway scheme are a direct ordinance from God, to repair the ancient cities of the Hittites; though others may be trampled in the dust of Europe on the way thither, and countless millions be sacrificed in the process ! This professor thinks nothing of Christianity ; and the Name of Jesus is not mentioned in the Kaiserly manifestoes; or recorded in print in connection with the Lutheranism, which was principally a struggle of Principalities for Local Government over secular work, against the Imperialism of Church despotism, from Rome.

The Reformation was the opportunity for the Divine right of Kings to be boomed. The people flocked to the centres of Local Government for protection and guidance, and increased the general lunacy by trying to destroy the Religion, on one hand, and the neighbouring States on the other. Privilege of ruling families could be supported by making war to appear a divine 'necessity,' and here we are with Kaiserdom trying to push a strategic political and military combination, making lunacy the Government of the world, with a promise from a professor, that Teutons

will people it, and improve every other race off the surface of the globe !

So much for the monopoly of Divinity for a ruling race theory. What view does the workman take of the monopoly, and the scientists supporting it ?

It is not easy for any individual to say what the mass of humanity, which mostly consists of workmen, would say ; but a guess may be hazarded.

It might be one of the principal lunacies of those that propose to govern, and have had no experience of 'work,' that they never feel diffident of taking up a job. The bigger the job the more attractive it is to the least informed. The drudgery of an apprenticeship is a waste of talent. With good intentions and the Holy Spirit to back it who is the scholar that could not rule!

It is, nevertheless, a curious fact that those who talk loudest about governing, seldom state precisely the particular objects with which they want to govern, what work is involved, when they would do it, and how they would finance it. How they would organise the machinery for doing it and the system of working, and how their proposals would work in with what other countries are doing at the moment, whether impeding or assisting, does not much trouble them. They may be rushing in where angels fear to tread and disorganising the machinery for the job in hand, and the expert treatment of it to secure efficiency and economy; and under a claim to a constitutional procedure of their own dictation, their meddling may cause defeat. War, demands the simple sense procedure of ordinary Martial precautions, and Military law.

Which is the greater lunacy? That of a high ideal of the beauties of Peace and its leisurely processes of

government, proceeding to deal with the practical measures required in *War*; using peaceful persuasion and conscientious objection; or the work man's practical mind that grips the job in hand, and tackles it by force at once, leaving sentiment to a fitting time with peace assured!

Does it never occur to the irrepressibles that even in pursuing the best objective through the highest ideal, there must be method to prevent madness! In the mere matter of the War Budget, and protraction of the struggle, right and wrong are brought into play through the Psychology of the combatants.

However clever we may be in our religion and science, longing to put them in practice, the psychology of the opposing host is a force to be reckoned with, the value of which in warfare, the enemy is always well aware of. He has a whole Code of War Treason and brutal 'Frightfulness' as part aids to military operations, supported by bribery and corruption. We English are bad hands at competitions of this sort. As a Nation we loathe them. Then what are we to think of the asserted sanity of those wanting to dictate to the government, who in their innocence or ignorance seize a time of war to strengthen the hands of the enemy and weaken the defence on which they trust!

We may here take a glance at the Hindu system of work which classes it under that of The Four Great Castes, to see how the powers in action are quite separate, though they are necessary to be employed for each function, under the wise direction of experts of each branch; Government holding the balance of all for the particular work in hand at the moment. No Caste can be superior to the Ruler for the time being without

trouble being created; and we have evidence* of it in the usurpation of rule in Europe by the military. But a world Imperialism of The Holy Spirit exalts the Priestly Caste of all countries into a position for exercising—their ministrations to arrive at good world Government, if they do not disagree to the verge of war over practical theology.

The *Vaisya Caste*, (the traders,) mostly occupied in distributing and exchanging the products of labour—the Sudras), forms a most important agency in the world's work; and from ancient times has been largely represented by the Jews in every country.

Lunacy of Traders takes the form of frantic endeavours to command the world through establishing monopoly of supplies, and creating active competitive demand for them; thus putting themselves in a position to get the highest prices for their wares, and pile up money—the medium of the exchanges—which they hoard and secrete.

Money is a convenient commodity to hold pending the exchange of the products of labour when other commodities do not evenly balance. The holder of the money can determine the way and direction in which labour may be put in motion. Almost all exchanges in a country are done through values referred to the currency. But in international exchanges the standard of measure is Gold. The country engaged in work as a world Power holding gold or the credit which will attract it commands in Trade, and power of defence or offence. All work with the same instinct of piling up wealth, as the individual trader.

The Vaisya caste tries to get monopolies of trades and become powerful, which it may do by fair competition

or deceitful and treacherous devices. If a Government is wholly swayed by the trader its morals will become corrupt, and its lunacy appears in not foreseeing combinations against it.

The Jew is an amiable cultured useful member of a community; but his interests lie in the disturbances caused by Wars, and other cataclysmic occurrences; whence fortunes are made, and international balances have to be made up, through the movement of Gold. World Government calls for National checks against this action of Financiers as it affects Politics. It establishes the necessity for World-protected State Autonomous Government, is wars are to be avoided, and the poor duly fed.

Then, what about the great 'Sudra' Caste of hand workers? These are divisible into those that work on the land, and those employed in the factory.

The former work as tenants or proprietors. The ideal state on the land is for a labourer to become a proprietor; but in the competition to produce and sell, how many survive? The survivors are few, while those who fail are many. Land passes to those with money able to bear the stress of low prices and bad seasons, and yet maintain labour. The landlord can develop the productivity of the land by his savings; and if both landlord and labourers pull together, each may get the daily bread and something over, while preventing the soil being exhausted.

The lunacy of the labourer appears, when he demands wages that the landlord cannot recover from the consumers of the farm produce; that of the landlord when he spends his net revenue off the land, allows it to deteriorate, and neglects the welfare of the handworkers!

When the proprietor is wholly absent, lets the land to tenants on a system of pure usury under contract to pay, irrespective of bad seasons or low prices, then we have the lunacy that is the simple cause of trouble, in Ireland. The effort to work the land on sane proprietary principles, thought to be attainable through Home rule, results in a demand, intended to circumvent the usurer. Since usury, however, is a world complaint, it appears as if the only cure for it in respect of the land is for Government to be the proprietor, and see all fair.

The problem is a difficult one not peculiar to Ireland but is universal; and failure to solve it is not justly chargeable to any Government, but rather to the failure to regulate rents and wages with reference, less to currency value, and more in respect of the necessities of living. But here again how is any Government able to undertake the regulation of economics of every labourer, who often will not even listen to the advice of his good wife, and spends any surplus earnings in drink and debauchery in the bazaar! This aspect of domestic economy and home-rule, can only be tackled through the power of a sound Religion, with the practical application of Caste fines or exclusion from social functions and business, when the dignity of the Caste has been outraged, and its high principles flouted.

Again, in regard to the question of equitable sharing of the annual crop, good or bad, between all the producers and consumers, division on the 'Threshing Floor' has been customary from time immemorial, and is in existence to this day in India. An admirable description of the process appears in an Article by Jagaddhar Guleri, M. A., .

in the Indian Journal of Economics for December 1916, published by the Allahabad University.

Visitors to Kashmir in recent times having the experience of this method of paternal Government, and being able at subsequent visits, to compare it with the the universal (Jewish) system of Cash medium for all business, know the effect on the cost of living; how power is transferred from the Ruler to the Zamindar in the system of economics; and the whole system of Local government is changed by a State entering the trade and business of the world. Closed to all visitors at one time, the Rajas ruled through the Threshing-floor. Gradually opened to visitors who brought in Currency, currency has assumed rule. With the rents paid in currency, crops are only sold to the highest bidder. In order to procure supplies the visitors must pay whatever is demanded. Competition of suppliers does not exist. The Rajah is powerless to control the economics of the State, and the visitors in the hands of the monopolists, press on the supplies in augmented numbers, and still further raise prices !

Poor visitors will naturally soon be excluded, and only the rich will enjoy the delights of the beautiful secluded valley. The whole rural aspect of the scene is changed, and with the advent of a Railway, would become the resort of crowds of Cook's tourists; while the mountains will be blackened, and the Dal Lake filled up with the smoke and grime of countless Factory chimneys !!

This may all be pleasant for the warring Empires voiced by the Emperor of Austria in his reply to His Holiness The Pope. Reported from Amsterdam, Sep: 22, he

reflects the 'sublime ideal' of a forced German and Austrian free run of the world, with bags of gold and the magicians tricks at the bottom of them.

A precious lot of Home Rule any country in the world will enjoy with this sublime combination of Semetic Kaiserism, undertaking the business of Universal Providers ;—but at their sweet will and pleasure ; *i.e.*, when they have abolished all competition, and the Kshattria Caste will have assumed world rule ; instead of being one of the Four Great Castes serving Civil Government.

His Holiness the Pope represents the All Highest Personality, who told the world the True objects and Spirit of all work. In Germany under the Empire, Religion has been made to take a back seat ; His Holiness has been flouted, and a false God set up. It is only with the Guns of Free Nations The Almighty can come to His Own again on Earth, and the poor get their 'daily' bread, in peace and and harmony. The appeal of Kaiserism to His Holiness has justly been characterised as the cap to the pinnacle of diplomatic hypocrisy. The Kaiser while proving the impossibility of effectively working the Imperial system proposes no other.

The feeding of the World's poor is no question of maudlin sentiment, but one of World organization and government.

According to the Austrian Emperor, prompted from Berlin the belligerents, "should negotiate an understanding, with a view to reduction of armaments, freedom of the seas and compulsory arbitration on international disputes. If agreements realising this sublime idea were reached then it would not be difficult to settle remaining questions,

EAST & WEST

and the nations could attain complete freedom of movement on the seas with access to new sources of prosperity."

The working men of the world would be lunatics if they accepted this twaddle in substitution of a distinct 'Plan' for the Reform of the working system of the world. For one thing, the word of the German Government is not to be trusted ; the people are educated to worship their race supremacy, to be attained through deceit and treachery ; and the entire diplomacy of the race is a secret exploitation of other peoples, with no regard for Honour or Humanity.

No working of the existing system is possible ; and till some other system is arranged for, no peace could possibly be permanent. It is easy to see, that the 'access to new sources of prosperity' is only a Teutonic blind ; as a means of future attacks on weak nations, and the further inflation of Prussian overgrowth, by appropriating their land and material possessions.

The means to be employed in German Piracy and Filibustering is the exploitation of the Factory hands Sub-Caste of Sudras.

The enormous increase of the power of a State, or the individual using science and machinery is a well-known fact.

In free and unrestricted competition to supply demand, it is evident, that the best equipped with both these can command the world's markets. The Factory hands get better wages than those employed on the land ; because by the aid of science and machinery their useful outturn is so much greater.

Perceiving their important position in the world's work the opportunity occurs to his sub-caste to aim at supremacy

above all other Castes, and assuming the Government of the world through the assertion of a 'right' to perfect freedom to strike; while the rest of the 'organisation' for the public work may be neglected or destroyed, or its operation suspended at their pleasure.

This is the sublime lunacy of 'freedom' allowed to degenerate into subversion of all organised methods of World Work and Government. Extended on a vast scale by German bribery and sedition, with the Factory backing, and Semetic military combines to circumvent and force the world on its knees before Kaiserdom the Germans have set up '*Behold the Anti Christ*' ! !

The world's lunacy, therefore, consists in trying to work without a World Government; or if it has one, letting its power be kicked about between Nations and Peoples like a Football !

Then how are we to prevent this abuse of a healthy pastime ? The answer comes to us in the humour of the situation when the mass being the most interested in the game, leaves all the rules, and the making of the pleasure of the performance to the few players !

The Individual is governed by his Religion and an intelligent 'system' of work. 'The work that presses' is the prime mover of the masses. Intelligence takes account of the efficiency of existing systems, and how they might be improved; but understanding of the system, present and future, is an essential preliminary of well ordered progress. Arrangements not only have to be made, but also agreed, and cautiously experimented; especially in dealing with big issues or vast masses.

The Vöte of the Mass is a useful authority as a world power ; but only, if it is applied to decide World issues which are clearly put for a simple 'Aye' or 'Nay.'

But where is the sanity of the use of the Vote of a Local mass, except in matters of Peace or War, regarding things that affect other masses, without taking them into account, and trying to accommodate differences ! Yet the masses that fail to recognise the system by which power and authority can best be delegated for the different functions calling to be exercised in the work of the State, are naturally in a state of unstable mentality. Everybody likes to know who is doing what, and why, and by what authority !

Those who thrive, or think they do, by disloyalty to systems in operation are the first to be crushed against the momentum of the mass working under them. Their lunacy consists not in objection to a system, but in failure to point out how it can be improved, and the object to be attained in respect of the work to be done.

A system that adapts itself gradually to the needs of the occasion must commend itself to most intelligences. No system ever yet invented worked well which admitted of the Government of the day being discredited in the midst of a crisis. However bad the outlook at such times, safety lies in determined loyalty, and support to the pivot of the working system, leaving the Government free to supply the men and measures, with the whole power of the State.

Intellectual sanity during unrest exhibits itself in keeping calm ; but those hoping for profit out of unrest, naturally try to disturb the serenity by stirring up the mud. In time of war, military efficiency requires these warplots to be suppressed. Their intelligence is lacking ;

they can only see the few yards in front of them, while Governments are taking a look round the Earth, and measuring mountains.

Then how can the world's calm be maintained, against the undercurrents of the world's work and policy, which imperil the regularity in arrival of the 'daily bread' at the poor man's door ?

Certainly not by trusting all power to a few crack-brained scientists, or to ignorant masses exercising a vote on everything. Then let us go to the poor and hear what they say ; more particularly that intelligent section of it, which trying hard in the general competition for excellence finds itself at the bottom of the scale of economic competence.

The mainstay of these, lies in their religion ; and the sympathy they get from the wealthy. If the wealthy exercise power, the poor will not go unfed. The poor are also a legitimate charge on the taxes, raised from the industries, produced and distributed under a high pressure of individual competition for excellence. They could be given work paid for at competitive value ; but the earning daily might not be sufficient to support life. The deficiency might be made up by contributions from the Poor Rates.

But the capacity of a country to pay indigent or idle poor is limited to what the active worker can produce for them ! State supported poor participating in the national work would like jail worker compete with free competition of efficient for the whole supplies needed ; which has always been objected to by the mass of efficient and capitalists. So the State interference with competition in this and other respects is generally taboo in industrial countries ; and for very good reason.

For, such interference is liable to corrupt the authorities on whose impartiality the public count as supreme judges and arbitrators in conflicting claims, arising out of competitions.

German Professors settle the matter to suit Kaiserism and the Feudal ideal. They say the State is everything (in a Kaiserly competition for survival of the fittest—the most cunning! deceitful and treacherous !!), the individual is nothing (his survival, especially if poor is of no importance in the scramble for power and profit)!!!.

Curiously enough, the competition which is so good in the bulk for Kaiserism, must be denied the individual to bring out his excellencies !

Domestic individualism must be suppressed, that Kaiserism may thrive on militant Foreign economic competition, and be independent of the people posing as a divine ruler feeding his flock!

There will be no poor in Germany because they will be supported by Berlin raids on other countries,—the world being fool enough to tamely submit to the heavenly ideal!

The problem of excess population produced by attraction of the almighty dollar to the divine centre of Kaiserism is easily disposed of by Feudal scientists. If poverty should threaten from any cause unforeseen by the directing hand of Providence! a 'Raid' can easily be organised on other peoples provisions, in which any possible poverty can be wiped out, and a 'just' balance? created between populations and wealth distribution !

Further; should Providence so far have failed in its duty to its specially appointed and annointed Kaiser, or been so lamentably deficient in world science as to unduly

prolong a war and reduce populations, they can soon be regrown in time for the next 'Raid' by the almighty dollar. All that is necessary is to offer 100 dollars, and free love, while abolishing absurd Church formulas and Civil contracts, with all obligations and duties to the neighbour or to offspring, and the thing is done. Any shortcomings in the Creator's management of the Universe can at any moment be got over by exalting Kaiserism and increasing the proportion of outcastes and untouchables that are good enough to fill the ranks of the armies! This is what Rome did under the Empire!!

As for subordinate Sovereigns and the claims of the nobility, is it not well known that their duties are neglected and their work is inefficient! War clears them off and Kaiserism can supply their places with the greatest ease!!

Under the sycophancy surrounding Kaiserdom and its beneficiaries, we now trace the birth of local and temporary Philosophies, and their value to humanity and the world in general. If the great masses including the poor object to them, what have they to say?

Let us first ask, who are the Poor?. The answer seems to be those who for one reason or another find no place in the general system of National work. Those apparently not wanted by the workers under a system; considered by such as a surplus wasteful product; like the seeds of trees for which no use has been found, or weeds that grow up without the sowing and choke the regulation food stuffs, consuming labour to root them out!

Our Heart goes out to such products of a misdirected Power of will, with which The Almighty has endowed

His Creation—Humanity, to work for good and shun evil.

The poor have little physical or organising power of offence or defence, but the State according to its intelligence has power to defend it from itself and others, by paternal advice and assistance. The smaller the State and closer the contact of adviser with poor, the greater must be the moral and material efficiency of that State, in the work of the world. This is the argument for 'the State' to be protected by world-will and Government, against attack by any description of power, except that of God to make His will prevail.

The State may undertake the organisation and protection of its domestic work, without centralising on the Government all the detail of technical business, enterprise, and responsibility; which extinguishes individual opportunity for self help.

But, if it contemplates improving the poor by organising it for work, then first of all, work must be forthcoming, for which there is a world demand.

But this is not all. Take the poor out of the ditch put them in the factory. Will they not seize the opportunity to strike and coerce the public, just as the ones in possession have always done, and do now! Witness the action of Trades Unionism in Australia!

Obviously the intending State Unit of the world's work must have within itself that complete control, that will prevent strikes of organised labour while the poor are unified.

Yet this even, will not make the State a self contained Unit while a surplus waste of population constituting

poor and untouchables is liable to arise! Tackle this proposition and wars will cease for ever!

It was tackled by Jesus long ago; and there have not been wanting both men and women who have endeavoured to introduce the subject into practical politics and social self-government. But owing to the ill considered-doctrines of religious and social customs, in which both rich and poor are equally involved, the Scientists of all the Great Castes, Cassandra like, have been preaching to deaf ears.

The Ideal of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of men forbids the notion that there can be any distinction of Caste in Heaven; but that it is a distinct working organisation everywhere for the business of life on earth we well know; and appreciate at its useful value.

Where Nationality has disappeared Caste organisation readily takes its place, as the natural agency for social and work Government. Let this organisation take up its duties and be availed of for the Public work and administration. In the primary duty of the bread earning and care for the poor, let it see first to the minimising of the sum of human suffering in its own and the world's entire Castes. The first requires active intelligent cooperative mental and physical effort; the second, self-denial, and working in the right 'spirit' towards all God's Creation

Man as a Species has been gifted with a 'dual capacity of will', that is conceded, nay, instructed by all Religions, to act so that the one is a check on the other.

The first impulse and thought is for self; but the old saying 'second thoughts are best' comes to steady us.

The first is the thought of the Son of Man; the second the thought of the Son of God!

Which way will we think in the presence of a 'temptation'? As we decide and act, so are we merely the sons of mere men, or truly accounted the sons of God. According to the effect of our act on the world's progress, and thoughts, so are we judged.

We could not realise this but for the teaching of Jesus, who on this account is exalted by all Christians understanding Him to be THE ONE Son of God above all others who has 'understood'; not only because He enlightened the world on the problems of its work and Government, but because He took the initiative and responsibility of telling THE TRUTH about it, and willed even to suffer to emphasise it.

"Jesus said—Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And again "Blessed are the pure in Heart: for they shall see God."

A mere son of man will increase and multiply the family without any sense of responsibility to posterity and the sufferings it is sure to encounter. A son of God will consider all his children, and, the support he is likely to be able to provide for them, before producing a family to be thrown on the scrap heap.

Jesus showed the essentialness of a solid foundation to an edifice (the World's Work and Government).

But the Organisation and its working, if not strong enough to withstand its own weight, and the storms and winds that blow from unknown quarters, will certainly fall, and the foundations and the cost thereof will have been thrown away.

The lunacy of the entire working men of the whole world then arises from their thinking its work and govern

ment no concern of theirs so long as each in their own houses appears to prosper.

There could be no greater fallacy. Jesus charged every human being with the duty of assisting in and attending to world-work and its effective organisation with a view to Government on sound Principles, which He laid down.

There is a popular notion that the masses in the United States are the freest peoples on earth, and the Governmental organisation secures the will of the directed people being paramount.

If that will is directed to God's will being done on earth as it is in Heaven, President Wilson in his book *The New Freedom* published in 1913, by Chapman and Hall shows that the will prevailing is neither that of God, of the people, or of the Government, but that of a few Financiers, and Commercial agents, working through Trusts, to secure monopolies of power and profit, and huge Business combines, scheming to control the distribution of products between the producers and the consumers !

Home-rule or Local Government of any sort that fails to control these elements, in the interest of all the world's peoples, presents a problem entirely insolvable ; because they constitute agencies acting independently of all Local governments as the work and business of the world is at present carried on.

The question therefore resolves itself into one for *all* working men to join in organising the world's work and government on a system that will give effect to God's will, which has been clearly shown us by Jesus the Christ.

Summing up it appears then, that the chief World's lunatic is the individual who from any cause does not join in securing this organisation of the World's Work and Government !

Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat ! !

J. F. DOWDEN.

SOM-NATH

This Temple of *Som-Nath*, meseems, lies buried in the magic
 spell of the heart of Love,
 Nor a window, nor a hole, nor a single crack in its roof,
 Nor a breath of air comes hither, the air, that blows outside
 Nor a ray of light that shines above,
 No voice is ever heard in the Silence of this Som-Nath
 Perhaps the Eternal Oceans roll below and above.
 And the Storm-girt Temple is forever there,
 The hammers of *Mahmûl* lie in pieces, all about,
 And Mahmûd's mouth is closed with the Temple's Dust.
 The eternal arches of the Temple glow still with the Star
 jewels buried in its ancient bricks,
 The fragile lamps of the Sun and Moon are hanging still,
 It seems no *Mahmûd* ever entered here!
 The Idols in their glory are seated on their thrones as ever,
 There is a Creation in Creation astir in this Enchanted Hall
 How wonderous the statues of marble, they breathe and move
 They look at each other, both love and hate,
 Whatsoever entereth here moves with life,
 The idol and its priest be they of clay.
 A mysterious breath runs through all,
 And the dead rise to recognise their own,
 The closed lids of the marble lift up and two deep dark eyes
 ope as if from a sleep,
 And life smiles in the ruby lips,
 And the ancient laughter rings the Soul,
 Nothing dies here,
 Only the Idols sleep and wake,
 It is the magic Temple of *Som-Nath*.

PURAN SINGH.

WHEN SOLDIERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

II.

Marseilles, 21st March 1916.

FRIEND,

I only received yesterday your letter containing the little photos. I longed to have news of you, and it was with much pleasure that I recognised your writing on the envelope.

I thank you on my part for the sentiments which you press concerning the French soldier. Very few people take into account that which the word *Duty* implies of needful abnegation and of courage, and of the sacrifice which a man must give now to his country.

From my side I am full of respect for those admirable women, of whom you are one, who have not hesitated to leave family and affection and to bring by your presence comfort to those who suffer.

You could not believe how sweet it is for one wounded to feel around him the atmosphere of sympathy which reigns in the hospitals where there are women. Even more salutary than the physical care are the affection and the solicitude that you have for us, victims of war.

In spite of our will and energy there are hours of discouragement ; in weakness the soldier becomes a child, and craves for the affection of which he is deprived. The souls of women alone can understand, and simply, without useless words, without ever suspecting the beauty of your action, you are come, and your presence is enough to give us back hope.

So it is with a feeling of respect mingled with admiration that always I think of the part played by women during the war.

Regarding myself there is nothing to tell you. I wait always for my papers to be in the hands of the doctor. The days are long, and inaction weighs on me. I suffer also a little.

My thoughts turn often to the hospital, and I miss the companionship and the sympathy with which I was surrounded. One needs many such souvenirs to help to support the tragedy of life. And nevertheless one must not be sad, for that is not permitted to a soldier of France.

Your letter is the first that I have received, and everything seems to show that the others have been lost, which I regret infinitely.

I leave you now, write me, for it is very pleasant to have your news. Friendship and respect.

Andre' F——.

* * * * *

The letter which follows is transcribed just as it was written by a soldier in a regiment of Zouaves, who had eagerly improved his hospital leisure by taking some English lessons. A native of Alsace, he escaped serving

in the German army only by leaving home before coming to military age, and at the beginning of the war found himself almost entirely cut off from his family except for such brief news as might filter through by way of Switzerland.

As the letter shows several of his relations, and always more, were mustered into the German army. At the date of writing he had rejoined his regiment in Algeria.

Constantine, March 26th 1916.

DEAR MADAME,

I reply at once to your pretty letter that I have received with a great deal of pleasure because I see that you not forget your ancient pupil. You ask to me if I understand your letter, but, of course, I understand it, I understand better than I write, because when I write I make great many faults of construction of sentences, and I would be very glad if I had my old professor for give me all days a little lesson, because I cannot learn so well myself, but I make my possible for it.

I have bought a writing-book and I write all day exercises, and if I give not to you a derangement I will send it when I have written some exercises, to correct because I am yet much awkward for the construction of the sentences.

You tell me in your letter that you have several chess-players among your woundeds. I have not played chess since the time when I was at Grèoux, my last play was with you. I have not found here one chess-player, and I would be very glad, if I was at Grèoux for to make one play with you.

Now I wish to speak to you of my hand; they have put a little board to straighten my fingers, but it fell always and my hand swelled much. The major (doctor) has told me he give me some days of convalescence; if I can I will write it to you. I think that after my convalescence I will be reformed, (discharged from the service of the army).

I have received two cards of my parents last week, and I am very glad of it, because I have been two months without receiving anything. My brother is always with my parents, but I have a first cousin and two friends who are go to the war last month.

I think that the German have want of much soldiers because my cousin and my two friends are 42 or 43 years old and were reformed during the peace-times. I think that the battle of Verdun cost much soldier to the German, and I hope they will not pass. My regiment has been "*cité à l'ordre de l'armée* for this battle.

You tell me in your letter that you will send me the newspapers and reading that I have ask to you. I thank you much in advance for it, because you are very good for me. I will be very glad to have some English reading, because I find the time long here.

I have written last week to Garnier, and he has not yet answer to my letter. I will write him another letter to-day. I hope that he is always, well, and that he straighten a little. (*qu'il se redresse un pen*).

You tell me of your letter that it is bad weather at Gréoux, but here we are not cold, we are much warm.

Receive, Madame of your ancient pupil who never forget you his best Friendship.

J—.

Marseille, 7 October 1916.

VERY DEAR "MAMAN",

How happy I was this morning in entering the house for breakfast to receive your kind letter; you cannot believe the pleasure, the joy that I felt and how many thanks I owe you. For the tonic you sent me I will tell you that before breakfasting I took a little spoonfull. I will tell you that it is good to take. Again, thank you, *from the bottom of the heart. That has given me great pleasure.

For my health I must tell you that I suffered much during these last two months. Now since two or three day's I sleep better, and I suffer less, there were many days that I was discouraged, so much I suffered, and I thought often of you, for near to you perhaps I should have suffered less, you would have given me courage. *Enfin*, what can I say to you except that I will not forget you, and I always think of you, for how many time you have put courage in my heart while suffering since that cruel wound. *Enfin*, *patience*, I shall be cured perhaps one day. At Marseille the weather is very good, even warm since some days. It is better like that, for how the winter is sad!

I end for to-day my little scribble.

Your little wounded who thinks of you.

F—.

(He was wounded in the first month of the war).

* * * * *

The following was written by a French soldier, a workman from Lille, who at the date of writing had been at the Front for over two years, without ever having been able to obtain the least news from his wife and two small children held in the invaded territory.

Sunday, 5th November 1916.

MY DEAR BENEFACTRESS,

I send you two words to let you know that I am always in good health, and I hope that my letter will find you the same. I have also to tell you of all the misery which I suffered in the trenches of the Somme. We had an immense bombardment, during the 17 days that we were in the trenches, and the 17 nights we never ceased to be bombarded, we had the asphyxiating gas, and they threw on us a burning liquid, and then we had the rain so that, we were soaked to the shirt; afterwards we had frost, so that many had to be taken away with frozen feet. Afterwards we had hail, and such a cold that one could not stand upright. I have been in this war for nearly two years, but I have never suffered like this time. I have also to tell you that I was twice knocked by a shell, so that I knew no more where I was. But that which I regret most is for my father's watch which I had on my wrist, and which I can no more find. I went to look in the trenches after the bombardment was finished, but I could not find it. Unhappily it was the only souvenir which I had of my father, and I took great care of it, but in such moments as those one is crazy. Then we attacked, and retook the German trenches, and then we took 600 prisoners, and I assure you it was terrible. But then, *que voulez-vous*, one must hope that the good God will reward us for all the miseries that we go through. Now the time seems to me very long in the trenches as I do not know the hour. I do not have much now to say to you just now, so I finish my letter by sending you my best remembrance from your "*poilu*" who fights always for France.

Clement Dumoutier.

The letters which follow were written by a French boy in a regiment of Zouaves. After a critical illness in this hospital during the summer of 1916, he returned to the Western Front, and spent the winter of that year, and the following spring in the mountains of Macedonia. The letter dated August 1st, 1917 is addressed to one of his former nurses.

VERY DEAR *Maman*,

I write you this letter to give you as often as possible of my news, which are very good for the moment. After several days of marching at last we are in quiet where I can recover a little from my fatigue, for I had my feet which were in a pitiable condition. I read again your letter which gives me so much pleasure to have good news from one who is so kind to her little spoilt child so that I keep the deepest remembrances of affection and friendship of a true little "maman" such as you have been for me. There in one passage of your letter you tell me that you have the ward of Madame G——where I had my little room when I was all alone. Ah, yes, I see again all there was in that little room, the two beds, the mantel with the glass, behind the door the toilette table. How often I found it sad that little room, there I listened for your steps. I dreamt often that I heard them coming, and it was there that I saw arrive Madame V—. You had said to me, "it is my friend who comes from America," and you said that now we are together downstairs, and here beneath the eastern sky my thought flies to you under the beautiful sky of the Côte d'Azur, always with the hope of seeing you again.

Deign to receive, dear 'maman', the greatest affection of spoilt child, and obedient servant.

Alphonse D—.

(I have added a few punctuation marks which were altogether absent in the original).

* * * * *

The following letter which seems like a postscript to the previous one bears the date of six weeks later.

DEAR 'PETITE MAMAN',

I hope that you have received my letter which I wrote you directed to your new address, this is to tell you that I have had fever during some days but there is nothing to do. I am still at the infirmary for some days, and from there I join my company. Take as much rest as possible for you deserve it well. We others, my regiment, is in repose until the 5th of next month October. I dreamt often of you in my fever; it seemed to me that I was with my dear and good 'maman', but she is very far from her spoilt child. Write me always to the same address. Receive, madame, the sincere and devoted affection of your child who thinks of you.

* * * * *

26th October 1917.

MY DEAR 'MAMAN',

I hope that my letter will find you always in good health, and that your little rest will have done you great good, for you well deserve it. When do you think of taking up again a service in a hospital to devote yourself, again for the poor soldiers of France. I know your devotion for I have well seen it, for you were a real mother. I have to tell you that my regiment is no longer resting, we ought to go to the attack on 30th October and here are two days

that we march under the rain and the wind, which is very cold but we are contented ; in marching we sing the old songs of France which put so much gayety in the heart. One must, for among us there are those, who amid that foolish gayety have sadness in their eyes, above all the older, the fathers, who look at us the young ones and say to us, "All right, children, soon the cares of age will come too quickly ". They are right, but, *que voulez-vous ? Bonne maman*, I have seen my company go up to the attack at 200 and remain 30, how many times since 25 months. I have the heart hard as a stone, so I joke because one must. I dream also from very far, and I think of your kindness your devotion and that gives me hope, to have a second mother to spoil me, and give so many cares to a plain soldier, so I do my duty as I ought to do it. In the expectation of having news from you.

Deign to receive, *Adieu maman*, the best affection of your spoilt child.

A———.

Hyères, 29th July 1917.

Greatly honored and much respected *Mamacha*,

Dear *Mamacha*, I greet you with low bows.

First I inform you that on the morning of the 13th of July I received your golden packet. Dear, my mother, I was so happy I did not know what to do. I thank you every minute. Again I inform you that I have received two letters from Russia, and received your golden communication. I salute you many many times, and I thank you day and night that you do not forget me. Dear "*maia*

mamacha ", with nothing can I thank you even so little. If I remain in life, and return again to Russia to my own mother, I will relate about you, that when I was in the far country of France the little Sister was to me a Mother. Dear *mamacha*, please take again and again, "thank you " from the heart.

I remain in life and health. I beg you quickly to answer.

3rd July 1917.

Much honoured little Mother,

Dear *mamacha*. On the first lines of my letter I inform you that I arrived happily at the town of Hyères towards 11 o'clock of the night, and I thank you, dear and precious (golden) Sister. For your kindness I do not know how to thank you. Only that I have much happiness and joy. Dear *mamacha*, if I may see you after the war ! "*Moià mamacha* ", I embrace you from afar, and I say, morning, day, night, Thank you, thank you, my Mother.

Dear little Mother, nothing new here. All is like always.

Quick, quick, answer. *Au revoir*.

I remain in life. Soon we go to Salonika.

Au revoir.

Greatly honored little Mother.

Dear "*mamacha* ",

First I inform you that every day I think and am happy that I have in a far country a true mother who

loves me and takes care of me like my own mother, and since a long time never forgets me. Dear "*moia mamacha*", I will never forget you, but I will always be thanking my American mother. Dear little mother, I pray that you live long and again long in good health. Dear mother, when I was in Russia I was unfortunate and orphaned, but now I have a mother who never ceased to care for me from the 24th January to the 29th June.

Au revoir. I remain in life and health. Here is no news. Again, sincerely greet the sisters from me.

Salutations from———dear and much much honored Mamacha Ekaterina. Please answer soon.

I greet you most sincerely, and with the best wishes, much honored Sister.

How are you feeling, dear little Sister, what is there new and good since we went away, and does the time pass pleasantly ?

We then, dear little Sister, as soon as arrived at Hyères there we met with friends, and without stopping to rest we began to walk about. The town pleases me very much, although it is not large, it is gay, and full of people, particularly here are many pretty young ladies, and little women, which pleased me excessively, so that I, dear little Sister, have no more appetite and sleep no more at night.

I pray you give me quickly your maternal counsel that I may know what to do, and that my head may not be entirely lost.

No, little Sister, to speak seriously, very and very heavy and sad (I am) to part from Cannes ; from all who cared there for me, kind and good towards me, is it not you, little Sister, to whom I am most entirely indebted, and is it not you whom I thank most of all ? Yes, I remember perfectly that you gave me the care of a mother, and watched by me when I lay on my bed without consciousness, and scarcely alive, and very well I remember other evenings when you came to our room to drink tea, and sat with us like a mother with her children until the night came. And all that we will remember, and we will thank you, as long as we shall exist on this earth.

And now, little Sister, I wish you every every good.

Leonide.

* * * * *

The date of this Russian letter is adorned with a design of leaves in pencil, and the first pages are so flowery as to suggest that the writer had been borrowing from a soldier's romance book, the more so as the opening sentences each end with a rhymed word.

1917 year, October 29th month.

Salutations, dear and kind Sister, how are you, and how is your precious health, and here, dear and kind Sister, is a beautiful day when I sit at a table of the depôt, and reflect within my head when I send a letter truly to whom in this country and in this land can I send from whom may come a reply, and in beginning this letter I shed bitter tears, the pen falls from my hand, and the heart goes out to you, dear and sweet Sister, and to your dear and precious words, and I trace a line with the pen once, but all the time the tears in the eyes, and I wipe them away with the little handkerchief.

Dear and kind Sister, I think of you, and when I was at the hospital, then it seemed to me that I found myself at home, and I was not anxious about anything only I was happy to be with a dear mother, and again better than a real mother, and you cared for us like your children, and now I find myself at M——— and I carry in myself a great sorrow, and here no one notices my sickness, and since I arrived here I am always ill as when I was on the Front. I can eat nothing except milk, and the doctor ordered me milk during a week, and afterwards nothing, and every day I go in town and buy milk with my money and so that is very hard for me to live and that is so in the world, and I myself know not what to do. And so much agony in my heart that I can no longer bear it. Again I have received a letter from home, and again misery has begun to torture me. In the letter from home my wife writes that she perishes and the children ; (there is a) great famine in the town, and all so dear, there is nothing to buy with, and nothing to do, our life is like that. And to you dear and kind Sister, my profound respects, and I greet you sincerely, and I embrace, dear Sister, many times your white hands that work always, and I wish from the Lord God good health and good success in your cares, and that God helps you in your affairs, and in everything, and I will never forget you, and will always keep your memory, dear and kind Sister, and I pray you, Sister, give from me to all the sisters and wish them from the Lord God good health and all good in their affairs, and that God will give them all, the best in the world, and that God will not leave them alone in the sorrows as you have not left us. All the soldiers that you have cared for and healed of their illness, all you

have accompanied in going away better than in the house of the parents.

And now *Au revoir*, dear Sister, forgive me that I have written ill, for my hand shakes much. I wait your reply with impatience.

He who lay in Ward 1,

Andrea M—.

Town of Hyères

I send sincere greetings dear Sister, Madame W—, and I offer to you, little Sister, all respectful salutations, and affectionate low bows, and I ask for you, little Sister, from the Lord God good health and happy success and the best desires for your life,

Afterwards I inform you, Madame that I received the 5th November a letter from Russia which you forwarded to me at Hyères, for which I thank you from the heart, Sister, that you have sent me my letter. I was very happy to get a letter from Russia, and again I pray Madame when you get again a letter, please forward that letter to me at the town of Hyères.

I, Ignace Feodorovitch Ianovski, remain now at Hyères in the division of the convalescents, to us soon comes the Russian Commission. I was not yet before the Commission, and Balchakoff is named to return to Salonika.

No news, little Sister, but I ask you to write me an answer, if you please, I would be very happy to receive from you a letter.

Now *Au revoir*

Sincerely and affectionately,

Ignace Feodorovitch Ianovski.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

BRITISH INDIA AND INDIAN INDIA.

The most interesting Chapter of Babu Govinda Das' book under review is the one on the Indian States. The British-Indian politician leaves these severely alone. If ever we read of these States it is only of the princes and never of the people. Many a charitable and educational institution in British-India owes much to the generosity of the Indian Princes, many have been the appeals successfully made to them for help, many of them have been pointed out to the British-Indian Government as worthy of imitation for the political progress of the people—but, as a general rule, we in British-India are profoundly ignorant of the actual conditions of life and work in the Indian States. Babu Govinda Das' pages throw welcome light in these dark corners of India and we welcome his straightforward writing. His effort is to bring British India and Indian-India in line for the common good of the whole land. The writer starts his survey from the time of Lord Curzon's Delhi Durbar.

"If the ruling Chiefs feel that their status as sovereign princes and their personal dignity are more and more on the wane under the overwhelming, incessant and minute pressure of the Suzerain working through the mysterious,

omnipotent ways of the Foreign Office and its agents, they ought to realize that they cannot fight successfully for the removal of the pressure and all that it bodes as long as they persist in keeping up *personal* government. The only way to resist it, and to get the better of it, is to get beyond and *above* it; by doing 'better than the British Government of India.' Autocracy necessarily implying selfishness is not a sufficiently powerful weapon with which to ward off attacks, much less to fight with. From being the 'led' they must become the 'leaders.' Instead of being dragged at the tail of the car of progress, let them make a spurt and win the dignified place of being in its van."

The position of the Indian Princes is 'an anomalous one, for neither does international law apply to them, nor are they under Municipal law in many respects,' and the result is that their 'undefined position is...fraught with mischief and peril for them.' 'A direct subject of the British Government, however humble his station in life, is far better off—seeing that he is subject to well-defined law and Courts of justice—than any feudatory, however potent he may be.'

"It has only to be remembered that even to-day in India there are roughly 700 States, and some of them so ridiculously petty as to have barely an income of Rs. 50 *per annum*." Of these 700 States there are only a hundred and seventy under the direct control of the Supreme Government and the rest are under the Provincial Governments. The princes themselves live under the most corrupting of moral influences. Royalty whether in the East or the West, in the past or the present is much the same. To quote Bagehot :

"An hereditary king is but an ordinary person, upon an average at best; he is nearly sure to be badly educated for business; he is very little likely to have a taste for business; he is solicited from youth by every temptation to pleasure...A monarch in the recesses of a palace, listening to a charmed flattery unbiassed by the miscellaneous world, who has always been hedged in by rank, is likely to be a poor judge of public opinion."

Besides these evils inherent on birth and rank there are other disabilities of the Indian princes. Says Captain Sutherland:

"The paralysing effects produced in these independent States by their reliance on foreign power for protection,... had the effect of the severing of that sympathy which binds the Chief and his people together when they have to struggle against other power..."

The condition of the subjects in the States is deplorable. Lord Morley has said that 'the State money which they (the princes) treat as their own, flows out on every side, and in the first instance, to those around them, to their relations, their courtiers, and, their flatterers.'

Sir John Strachey, however, has spoken of them as breakwaters in the storm of the Mutiny 'which would otherwise have swept over us in one great wave;' M. Chailley has said that if they had not existed, 'a huge wave of insurrection would, in an India entirely British, have swept over everything;' Lord Canning declared long ago that 'the safety of our rule is increased, not diminished, by the maintenance of Native Chiefs well affected to us... Should the day come when India shall be threatened by an external enemy, or when the interests of England elsewhere may require that her Eastern Empire shall incur

more than ordinary risk, one of our best mainstays will be found in these Native States.' The splendid services of the Indian princes in the present war have amply proved that they can be thoroughly depended upon to succour the Empire in the hour of its need.

Babu Govinda Das wants a code and a court, to govern the relations between the States and the Suzerain power.

"A political code would have the supreme merit of definiteness and unambiguity; it would fix the British Government to one system of measures which all would be prepared to act up to, and the mutual obligations of the two would be impossible to be misunderstood...With a Supreme Court to interpret such a fundamental law of the realm, as, for instance, in America, there would be the further guarantee that its clauses would be fairly construed and enforced."

These reforms would place the relations of the Suzerain and the Feudatory on a satisfactory basis and it is also hoped that they would make for an increasingly civilised and progressive administration of these States to the benefit and happiness of their subjects."

The Indian princes, for purposes for reorganization, can be broadly classified into the two classes of 'those who really exercise the powers of a semi-sovereignty' and 'those who are rulers only in name.' The latter should all go. It is essential to have 'a certain definite standard of size, income and population' for a State to make its ruler a prince; all those who do not conform to the standard should be 'given the rank of premier zamindars in their respective provinces.' 'This is, of course, a delicate matter and will require...great *finesse*...But the situation

has got to be faced with courage and with pertinacity, and of course, with great sympathy.' Babu Govinda Das' own suggestion is that to be a ruling prince, one's revenue must be not less than fifteen lakhs a year and one's territory not less than one thousand square miles. The next thing to do would be to abolish the provincial political departments and bring all Feudatory States in direct relation with the Government of India. Then 'every ruler (must) grant a constitution (to his subjects) under the guarantee of the Government of India against its being withdrawn;' and thus organise the executive, legislative and judicial departments of his State ensuring peace, security and justice to all concerned.

Without adding further to the bulk of our review of this chapter in Babu Govinda Das' book we shall ask the curious reader to go to the original for his views on the council of princes, education of princes and princesses-nazars, honours, and other important and interesting, topics dealing with the Indian States and their rulers, and their part in the progress of the country as a whole.

The problems of provincial administration, the status of the various provinces as units of government, their relations with the Imperial Government are all important and embarrassing questions. We, therefore, turn to Babu Govinda Das' chapter on provincial governments with much eagerness. The Decentralisation Commission report says:—

"The Government of India exercise a general and constant control. They lay down lines of general policy, and test their application from the administrative reports and returns relating to the main departments under the

local governments... They also employ expert officers to inspect and advise upon a number of departments which are primarily administered by the local governments... These officers are commonly known as Inspectors-General."

The local governments have over and over again resented the intrusion of the central power. 'The late Sir George Campbell--Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—who perceived this all-absorbing tendency of the central power so long as seventy years ago and strenuously fought a losing battle against it, demanded in his *Modern India*, an "administrative code" which would clearly lay down the different spheres of work of the provincial and the Imperial Governments and prevent encroachment by the stronger on the preserves of the weaker, and put an end to squabbles by the avoidance of overlapping and the definition of the spheres of control ?

The sagacious and sympathetic Lord Hardinge saw with the statesman's eye, the remedy for the evil in 'provincial autonomy,' but the mere phrase is no solvent of troubles. Rightly says our author :

" This autonomy would be a very dear purchase, and a sad mistake, if it were only to result in the setting up of a number of local autocracies in place of a distant Imperial one. *If it is to be fruitful of good instead of evil, it must be guided and controlled or stimulated into activity by enlightened Indian public opinion, able to make its voice effective through its control of the Executive and Legislative Councils.*"

And the first requisite is the raising of all the provinces to the status of governorships. The Decentralisation Commission has luckily recommended this step. As to the qualifications of the governor, 'the Indian contention is

that no European who has served his term in the country is fit for this high position, and so their demand is for a governor who has a standing in the *public life* of Great-Britain and has done good work in the House of Commons.' The Decentralisation Commission, though trying to steer a middle course have not concealed their bias for governors direct from England and even such stout champions of Anglo-Indian governors as Sir George Chesney have recognized the value of the infusion of fresh blood. Says he :

" It brings Indian official life to that extent in touch with the English political world...It is scarcely possible that a man should be raised from the ranks of a service in which his life has been passed without taking with him more or less of bias for or against some of his old associates which may be displayed in the subsequent distribution of patronage."

The next important question is that of the provincial boundaries. Babu Govinda Das has examined the various proposals on the subject before the country including the general principles enunciated in the despatch of the Government of India in August 1911. His conclusion is 'that roughly-speaking, each province should comprise an area of about eighty-thousand square miles, about forty millions of inhabitants and an income of about three crores of rupees, subdivided into about thirty districts each.' Then provinces should be so situated that each of them should have an opening to the sea. 'A sea-board and a good harbour is of vital importance to every province.' The author is totally opposed to non-regulation provinces which he regards as an anomaly and recommends nine provinces for

India : (1) Madras and Ceylon ; (2) Bombay and Berar ; (3) Orissa ; (4) Punjab and Baluchistan ; (5) Western Hindustan ; (6) Eastern Hindustan ; (7) Bengal ; (8) Assam ; and (9) Burma and the Federated Malay States. The question of the redistribution of territories is a very ticklish one and we shall leave the reader to go to the original for the author's reasons of such a classification. We can assure him that there is much food for thought in the suggestions as put forward in the book under review. The author, before quitting the subject, suggests a High Court and more than one university for each province.

When governorships have been granted, executive councils must also follow and much of the author's suggestions in this respect tallies with those he has already made for the Imperial Executive Council. The executive councillors or ministers should be six in number in charge of the various portfolios and at least three out of these should be Indians. For further details we shall refer to the book itself.

The judicial department of provincial administration, the author would hand over to the High Court and 'this coupled with the separation of the judicial and executive functions will help to purify justice and re-establish the faith of the people in it.' We have the high authority of the eminent Cambridge philosopher, Professor Sidgwick for the separation of judicial and executive functions. He says:

"It is evident that these two businesses require to a great extent different intellectual faculties and habits for their efficient conduct ; the former needs a thorough and exact knowledge of the rules of civic duty that government

has to enforce and impartiality and expertness in applying them to particular cases ; the latter demands skill in organising and combining the labour of a number of subordinates—policemen, prison officials, etc.—with appropriate materials, for the attainment of particular definitely prescribed results. We have, therefore, *prima facie* reason to allot these functions to separately constituted organs." It will be remembered that Montesquieu praised the British Government on the one ground that it separated the executive, legislative and judicial functions and entrusted them to independent hands.

The scathing remarks of the author on the police, the punitive police, the C.I.D., and the confidential reports deserve the closet study and the most careful thought of all interested in the moral and material well-being of the country. We shall, however, linger for a brief moment on his remarks on the cow-sacrifice riots of which we hear so much and which assumed serious proportions in Arrah the other day. He appeals to Hindus and Muslims alike to realize 'once for all that they have got to live together as members of a joint-family where each member has to be helpful to every other member and tolerant of the peculiarities of every other member. Constant pinpricks, intolerant bigotry, can only lead to perpetual strife and unending grief.' If the Muslims are sure that their holy books do definitely require cow-sacrifice, the Hindus must bear with it for the greater good ; if, however, this is not so, why should they not respect the sensibilities of their Hindu fellow-subjects ?

Among the other suggestions of the author we should mention the abolition of the hill capitals ; the abolition of the Boards of Revenue and the various Commissionerships

such as financial, settlement, excise, etc., and the larger employment of Indians in all higher branches of the public service. The author rightly calls 'the present system of practically reserving all the high posts for Europeans' as a 'fatal drain of knowledge and experience.'

Says he :

"Further and still more serious injury is done to the future of the country by this system of keeping Indians out of the higher appointments. It is making them lose more and more the craft of administration and of statesmanship.....(The Indian) feels that the men at the head of affairs are all foreigners and have neither domicile nor interest in the country. So soon as their term of service is over, they carry with them to their distant oversea homes all their talent, their hard-won knowledge, their life-long experience acquired in India and at our expense, which gets lost to us totally."

Babu Govinda Das does not forget the touchy question about social intercourse between the European and the Indian. 'The Club life of the European is responsible to a fairly large extent for his narrowness, his ignorance and misunderstanding of Indian life.' The Club breeds exclusiveness. Then the European official never returns the visit of the Indian and when the latter calls on the former he is not always properly received. 'The visitor,' says the author, 'should not be made to feel that he has come to worship at the temple of a god and must behave humbly. 'In answer to' the plea often put forward, that Indian homes are so arranged that it would be a burden and a bother if a European called,' the author pertinently asks: 'Do not English missionaries freely call on Indian gentlemen...? Do not European travelling agents of firms

call equally freely ? Does the Civil Surgeon...find it derogatory...because he freely goes into Indian homes?' These are rather inconvenient questions to answer. The author also suggests the Moghal plan to the British as worthy of imitation.

Before closing we should also draw the reader's attention to the author's remarks on Indian education. It is an all-important subject and the author's treatment of it is by no means non-controversial. His ideas, however, are worthy of consideration and all interested in education should ponder over them.

Let the author tell the story in his chapter on the legislative councils :

"In the autumn of 1907, hopes ran high that the long years of weary waiting were now to end and our standing grievance that the people who were to be governed were allowed no voice in the matter which concerned them so vitally was going to be redressed. But, alas! for human hopes. The just and generous intentions of the two noble Lords Morley and Minto were very effectively perverted to very different ends by the bureaucracy rampant in the secretariats of Simla and the India Office. Lord Morley's Reforming Bill, which ultimately became the Indian Councils Act, 1908, and which narrowly escaped becoming a total wreck over the rocks and shoals in the shape of the Tory Lords, Curzon and MacDonnell,... became a most mischievous law through the power it gave to the Government of India to make Regulations under it for the purpose of enlarging the Legislative Councils and arranging the machinery and method for its composition and work."

The Government of India cannot be trusted in such matters. Sir Charles Wood has declared for all time:

“ I have seen a measure which I myself introduced in 1853 with one view, changed by the mode in which it was carried into execution so as to give it an operation totally different from that which I intended. The mischiefs resulting from that change have been great; and I am, therefore, anxious, in any measure which I may propose, to avoid the likelihood of misconstruction or misapplication by the Government of India.”

The principle of separate creedal elections has come, unfortunately, to be recognised at all hands and even the reforms proposed by the Indian politicians now frankly admit its continuance. We can only hope that better sense will prevail and the Muslims will themselves give up their demand for special electorates for the common good of the land and for the consolidation of its unity.

Turning from this let us see if the legislatures as constituted in India fulfil their legitimate functions. A legislative council by ‘the very nature of its being demands that it should be the “grand inquest” of the nation.’

“ It must not be fettered if it is to fulfil its mission. It follows from this that all rules and regulations for disallowing questions; of restricting the rights about supplementary questions; of moving resolutions; of ‘dividing the House;’ of initiating legislative measures; of control over the budget—are so many fetters hampering it in its proper work.”

(a) ‘Their meetings are too infrequent to offer the means of confidential and intimate consultation between

the Government and its subjects; and (b) the strict procedure by which they are restrained naturally tends to formality.' John Dickinson, so far back as 1853, condemned in a spirited pamphlet the cruelty of irresponsible Government in India when in England itself the Englishmen feel that it is not too much for them 'to have a Parliament sitting for months every year, to correct and extend (their) legislation to suit it to (their) social changes; to have, besides, the most perfect representation of all (their) complaints and desires in the press which it is possible to conceive; and with all this to watch vigilantly the responsibility of every depository of power amongst us, as our only security against official tyranny, neglect, incompetency, and plunder...'

To come to the author's specific proposals, we find that he would like a change to be made in the number of members. He is not satisfied with the proposals of the Congress-League scheme of reform which appears to be very arbitrary and perfunctory. He says:

"A much better way, and which has universal practice to support it, is the fixing of the number of such representatives on a *population basis*, as bearing a definite relation to the population to be represented, and rising or falling automatically after each census." He is against bi-cameral legislatures for 'the landed interests all the world over is an intensely conservative, reactionary and selfish interest,' and also, in the words of Sheldon Amos:

"It is pure Legislative loss without any compensating gain to have one class of interests or views represented at one discussion and another class at another discussion, instead of having both represented simultaneously to the

great gain of debate and the saving of time, expense and labour."

So the author would like the provincial councils to be the 'House of Representatives' consisting of 'one representative for every half-million of the population;' and the Imperial Council to be the 'Senate' with one senator for every three million of the population, the electorate being territorial and 'on as broad a basis as is possible in this country at present.' There should be uniformity all over the country so that the present chaotic conditions may be avoided and it should also be remembered that 'the adult members of the Hindu joint family must not be neglected, as they are at present, whether as electors or as candidates. The members should be paid. Then alone can they discharge their onerous duties properly. After decades of struggle and agitation the members of the English House of Commons are now paid. Then used to be in India also before the present reforms. Babu Govinda Das suggests an annual payment of three thousand rupees to each member of the provincial and six thousand to each member of the Supreme Council. The author supports his contention on the high authority of Mr. Gokhale: "[well remember his [Mr. Gokhale] telling me once that but for the salary paid, for his work on the Council by the Government, poor as he was, it would have made his work in Calcutta almost impossible."

Babu Govinda Das reiterates the universal demand in India that the head of the administration should not be the president of the legislative council for 'the duties of the president are those of an *unipire*, and it is impossible for a *partisan* to hold the balance even.' As regards the author's views on budgets and budget discussions, privileges and

disqualifications of members and the term of their office, quorum and other such topics we would refer the reader to the book itself.

Without further adding to our lengthy review we shall close with the author's admonition that 'the three most potent modern instruments for the consolidation and uplift of a nation are, universal education, universal suffrage and universal military service; and with the hope that Milton's burning words may be true of India:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid day beam, purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole voice of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twillight, flutter about amazed at what she means."

A Complaint and a Criticism.

It now only remains for the reviewer to offer some criticisms. First of all we will offer a complaint, and that is that the book is too short. It deals with only five chapters of the originally planned book out of thirty one chapters. The dry inumeration of the heading of the remaining twenty six chapters in the appendix of the book gives no comfort and we hope that Babu Govinda Das' health may permit him to complete the task so well begun and that Mr. G. A. Natesan's enterprize may put before the public, at an early date, the author's views of the various problems connected with the country not yet dealt with by him in the book under review.

Our criticism is that the book requires thorough revision. Numerous gaps in thought and argument have to be filled up; numerous involved sentences to be entangled; various paranthetic notes, unnecessary expressions, and repetitions to be avoided' so that the book may form one connected whole. Summarising the chapters is a good idea of the author's, but it appears as if he got most thoughts while making the summary and many suggestions are found in the summaries which are conspicuous by their absence in the chapters themselves of which the summaries are supposed to be made. The already valuable book will become the more valuable if in the next edition, which we trust, will soon appear, these faults of technique are banished as, we doubt not they will be. We offer these criticisms with deference and diffidence, but we fee it but fair to the public to do so. In the end we once more wish the book every success.

As we go to Press we are glad to *notice* that some of the suggestions advanced by the author have found acceptance in the Chelmsford Montagu report.

Benares.

SRI PRAKASH.

IN ALL LANDS.

For one reason or another Ludendorf did not launch the offensive which the British army was expecting at the end of June. On the other hand the Crown Prince attacked the French and the Americans in the middle of July, only to be turned back. The delay is not accounted for; the new guns that were to demolish Paris did not make their appearance. In a fortnight the Germans had to re-cross the Marne and to lose 150,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. Retreats are sometimes said to be strategic and deliberate, and Marshal Foch was once credited with the view that instead of standing continually by on the defensive, an army may now and then feign retreat if it can draw the enemy away to a distance and then attack him when at a disadvantage. The German retreat does not appear to be a result of choice but of necessity and a miscalculation by the Crown Prince.

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On the Italian front the enemy did not rally after the withdrawal across the Piave. The Italians have held their ground and are receiving reinforcements from America. Their activities, in combination with France, have in Albania resulted in the occupation of the mountainous region which dominates the

**The German
Retreat.**

**The Austrian
Attitude.**

right side of the Devoli. For one reason or another the ministers frequently resign in Austria. The ex-minister Czernin, in a remarkable speech delivered last month, declared that Austria had no sympathy with the annexation policy of Germany, and was in a favourable position to negotiate peace. Perhaps the Emperor too is of a like opinion but he is not a free agent, and Czernin is not in power. Before the war Austria was believed in diplomatic circles to have an eye on Ukrania. She has not got that, but a slice of some other territory. Not being altogether disinterested, she cannot complain that Germany wants more.

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**Kuehlmann and
Hertling.**

Kuehlmann resigned shortly after his courageous assertion that military success will not bring the war to an early close. His resignation might have been due to personal reasons quite as much as to his temerity in disparaging the probable achievements of the militarists. But his fall was interpreted as a triumph for Ludendorf and his party. The Chancellor, however, followed up with a speech, which was free from any allusion to military possibilities, but which was on the same lines as that of the Foreign Secretary Nay, he went further than Kuehlmann : he said explicitly that Germany intended no annexations in Belgium, which would be respected as an independent State, and invited the Entente Powers to negotiate for peace. The militarists had thought that they had satisfactorily disposed of Russia, but Count Hertling doubted the ability of the Bolsheviki to carry out the terms of the peace and he would not

recommend another Russian war. It is not known that the Allies have taken notice of the speech.

America and the War.

President Wilson has thrown his whole heart into the war and is rendering assistance wherever he can supply it, for his object is to secure the permanent peace of the world, if possible. A million and a quarter soldiers have already crossed the Atlantic, and they are arriving in France at the rate of about 10,000 a day. The enemy sub-marines have claimed only between three and four hundred victims. They are causing rather heavy damage to the trade and they are sinking even hospital ships. But their effect on the movements of American troops has been practically *nil*; on the war, therefore, it will be very insignificant. At the other end of the continent America is co-operating with Britain and Japan in counteracting the influence of Germany in Siberia. She is assisting Italy. She has not, however, declared war on Turkey and her troops have not appeared in western Asia, though she disapproves of many things that take place there.

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The Russian Revolution bids fair to rival the French Revolution in its sanguinary character. The Tsar abdicated peacefully, but he was not destined to end his days in peace. An anti-Revolutionary conspiracy was believed to be in formation around him and the unhappy Romanoff was shot by the order of a provincial Council, which was approved by the central Bolshevik Government.

The authority of this Government is challenged almost everywhere by republicans as well as royalists. In Moscow the German Ambassador was assassinated by a social revolutionary and two hundred persons believed to be in sympathy with the anti-Bolshevik and anti-German movement were shot down. Another anti-German peasant rising is reported from Ukrania. On the Murman Coast in the north the British residents are said to have joined hands with the Russians in opposing the Bolsheviks. They have an ice-free port and may receive aid from abroad at all times.



When the Czecho-Slovaks pushed their way to Eastern Siberia, it was thought that their ambition was to reach western Europe and fight in France. For the present they have found occupation in Siberia itself. They have been joined by many Cossacks and they seek the aid of the Allies to fight against the Bolsheviks and the Germans. A Government set up at Omsk has declared the independence of Siberia. In Western Siberia, however, the Bolsheviks are in power, and it is not known how Germans will make use of them. It was once given out that German prisoners had appeared at Bokhara and perhaps occupied it. A stone's throw would bring them to the Indian frontier, but no further movements of the adventurers have been reported. In Mesopotamia the British have begun to give a taste of western civilisation to the Arabs. Schools have been opened, improved agricultural and industrial methods are being taught, and perhaps the healing art is making many friends.

**The Future of
Africa.**

Mr. Balfour has uttered a scathing commentary on the German Chancellor's unambitious attitude towards Belgium. He interprets it to mean that no reparation is to be made for the savage crimes perpetrated in that country, but a free hand is to be allowed to repeat them in Russia. They are already being repeated in Rumania, Ukrania, and several parts of Russia. But Count Hertling's meaning was explained by a German paper, which said that Germany would not care much for annexations in Europe, for they would afford little scope for the expansion of her trade. For political as well as commercial reasons she would fight for a strong empire in Africa. If in central Africa she could stretch her dominions from sea to sea, she would not only find an outlet for her commercial enterprise, but be a menace to India on one side, to South Africa on another, and to Egypt on the third. The African races could be easily trained to fight, at least the Germans hope so, and *they* are shrewd.

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**The Imperial
Conference.**

While the details of the resolutions passed by the Imperial Conference last month are not published, it is known in a general way that they dealt mainly with the trade questions which are likely to arise after the war and the development of the economic resources of the Empire. If the Mineral Resources Bureau is to be incorporated by a Royal Charter, one would like to know what its functions would be in India and its relation to private enterprise. The Conference approved of a scheme of Imperial Preference drawn up by a Committee of the War Cabinet. Here again some details would be

welcome. Before the war Indian opinion was not in favour of the scheme put forward at that time by individual writers. The war has altered the situation. It is no longer a purely economic question. Moreover India is now claiming to be placed on a level with the Colonies and cannot object to a policy which affects all.

* *

Several Members of Parliament appear to be anxious to discuss the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of reforms at an early date in the Commons...Mr. Bonar Law

**India in
Parliament.**

advises the House to read the report carefully before pronouncing opinions on the complicated proposals. Friends of India in England have advised the publicists here to accept the scheme for the present, for in a few years more it will be revised. They have still to learn what Indians think. They seem to be in a hurry because a Bill is said to be in the course of preparation. The Bill will not take a final shape before the Government of India reports on the scheme in detail. The Local Governments have been asked to submit their opinions in November, and the National Congress will discuss the report in September. A debate in Parliament at the present stage will serve little purpose. The War Cabinet does not approve Indians carrying on political agitation in England now, while Mr. Curtis thinks they must be heard there.

* *

An epidemic, generally supposed to be a sort of influenza, has swept over India, and for a time it caused serious inconvenience to public business in the cities. It was imported, and it must have raged in other parts of the

The Monsoon.

world. A similar epidemic is reported to have appeared in Germany. The appearance of the fever was at first attributed to the unusual behaviour of the monsoon, which burst a fortnight before the expected date and then held off for a long time. July ought to have been a wet month, but it was not. The long break—if it is to be only a break—has caused anxiety all over India, to the people, who have already been paying high prices owing to the war, and to the Governments which have framed their budgets on the basis of a normal monsoon. In the most favoured tracts it has been in defect by about 20 per cent. In Northern India and the Punjab the defect is twice or thrice that percentage. While the Empire prays for victory in the war, India will have to add a prayer for a return of the monsoon.

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The Government wants so many ships now-a-days, and trade is so seriously handicapped
Ship-building. by the deficiency of tonnage that inquiry was addressed to the Government of India from England whether cargo vessels could not be built in this country. We are dependent on the West for steel plates, boilers, and machinery, and the Government has arrived at the conclusion that steamers, even for coasting trade, cannot be built here, though repairs might be executed at the Indian ports. The construction of wooden ships is about all that can be undertaken in India, and the Government promises support to the enterprise. Recent research by Bengali scholars has shown that large ocean-going ships were at one time built in India, and the art could not have been altogether

forgotten, though no vessels which carry five or eight hundred passengers are even dreamt of now-a-days. With the help of modern engineers it should not be difficult to revive the industry.

* * *

If the impatience of male political reformers in India surprises conservatives, the zeal of educated women must surprise them all the more, for literacy has spread to a smaller extent among the women

**Women and
Politics.**

than among the men of India. They do not, however, ask for special representation of their sex, but only to be placed on the same level as men, so that both may work together. Educated Indian ladies hold political meetings now-a-days and they are invited to preside over men's meetings. The Women's Section of the Home Rule League at Ahmedabad passed a resolution the other day that all the rights granted to men in the new reform scheme must be granted to women. In Burma an English lady has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the Financial Commissioner. Indian ladies may ere long be privileged to hold similar high appointments.

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